WHY I SHOT VOM RATH" by HERSCHEL GRUENSPAN

Liberty

JAN. 28,
1939

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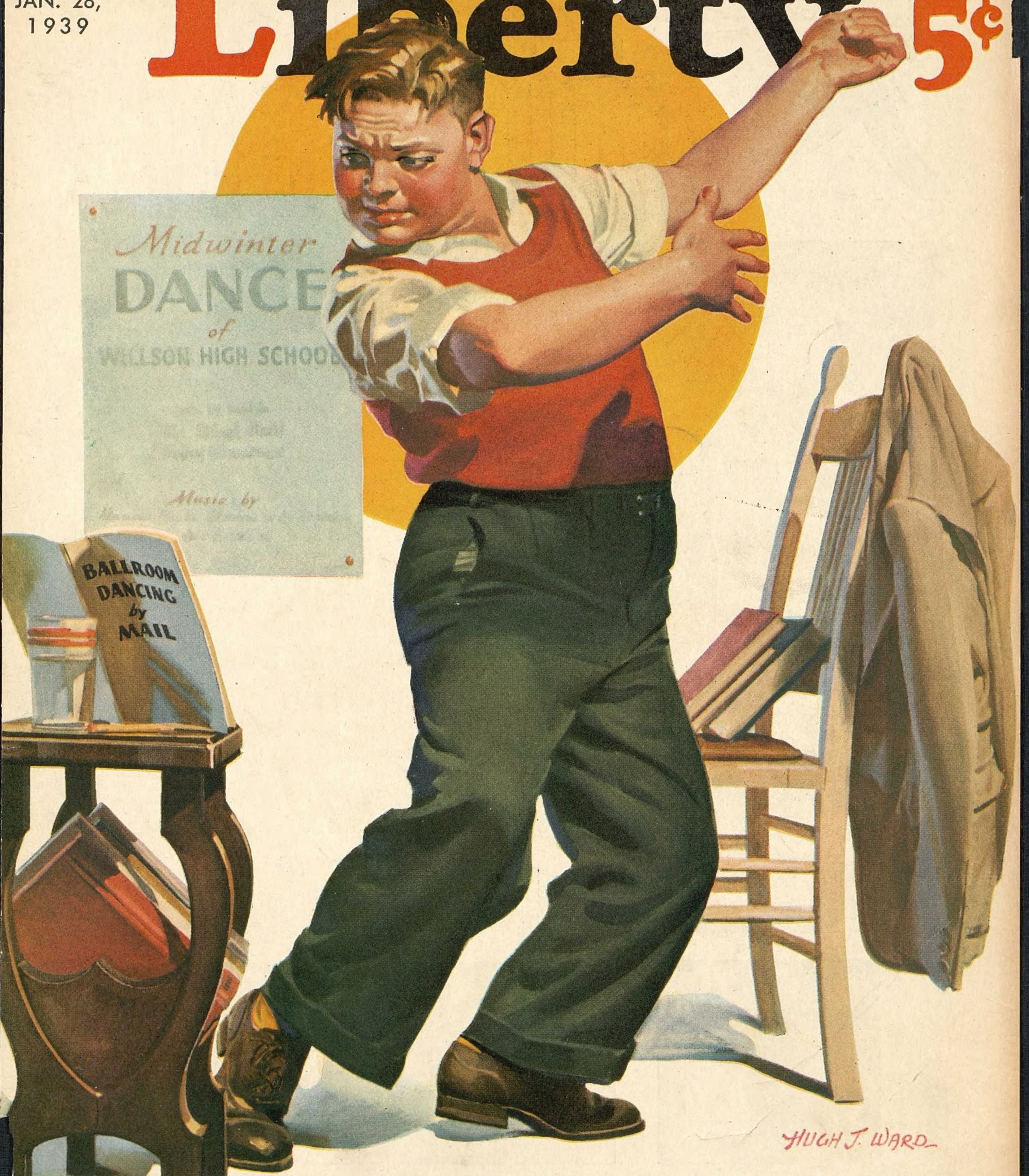
Midwinter
DANCE
of
WILLSON HIGH SCHOOL
Music by
BALLROOM DANCING by MAIL
HUGH J. WARD

DEATH TAKES A RENO HOLIDAY

A NEW DETECTIVE THRILLE
By PHILIP WYLIE

tart Faith Baldwin's Exciting New Love Story in This Issue

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Tom Hardy
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
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OWENSBORO KENTUCKY

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Like an interesting personality, TOM HARDY is attracting many friends for many reasons. And whether *you* like TOM HARDY for its smooth taste...for its mellow flavor...for its Glenmore heritage ... or for its economy, you'll be glad you made this test:

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Pour **GLENMORE** *you get more*

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
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STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
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KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT
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WHISKEY

Change to **MINT SPRINGS**
and keep the change

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey—90 Proof

From Horace the Second . . to Horace the First– some very good advice about Ipana and Massage

Never let "Pink Tooth Brush" threaten your smile— Help guard your gums with Ipana and Massage.

DAD'S MARVELOUS! Gee whiz, he does fractions as easy as teacher. But there was one lesson dad didn't know—he'd never even heard about "pink tooth brush"—about the importance of gum massage to sound teeth and firm, healthy gums.

But dad knows all about gum massage now—and mother does, too—and their smiles are brighter! And the credit goes to Horace, Jr.—and to his teacher. For nowadays, in so many schools, children are being taught that *gums* as well as teeth need special care.

For, robbed of vigorous chewing by our modern soft and creamy foods, gums tend to become weak and sensitive—and, all too often, flash that warning of trouble, a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble, but let your dentist decide. So often, though, his verdict is, "just another case of lazy gums—gums that need more work and exercise." And, like so many modern dentists, he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

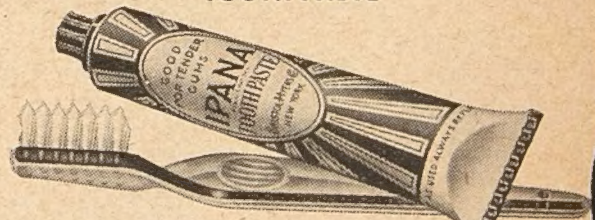
For Ipana is especially designed not only to keep teeth sparkling but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums. Circulation increases in the gums. They tend to become firmer, healthier. Teeth sparkle with a new cleanness and lustre.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you, as it has thousands of other men and women, to brighter teeth and firmer, healthier gums—a brilliant attractive smile.

Let Ipana and Massage be your way to a Brighter Smile!

Why should my smile be so dingy? I'm always cleaning my teeth.
But you don't massage your gums, mother. Teacher says to do it this way for a brighter smile.
Your smile sparkles these days, dear. I'm changing to Ipana and massage, too!

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE


IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS

Get the new DOUBLE DUTY D.D. Tooth Brush —*The brush with the* TWISTED HANDLE (*see above*). *Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

UARY 28, 1939

Liberty

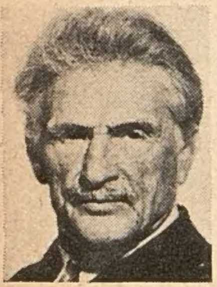
VOL. 16, NO. 4

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

SHALL WE BE FORCED INTO WAR BY RECKLESS OFFICIALS?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

We will have to admit that we have harrowing problems of our own, and we should attend to our own business and leave the affairs of other nations strictly alone. But what can we do to stop the harebrained officials of this country from bullbaiting other nations?

Some of our officials are not unlike Hitler in their colossal self-esteem. They doubtless have an idea that they could efficiently manage the entire world, notwithstanding convincing evidence that they have made a ghastly failure of managing this government.

Now, we are far away from the war-making nations, and until the last few months we have studiously refrained from mixing in their mad preparations for war. And why should we try to compel any nation, through taunting criticism or through moral suasion—especially Germany—to adhere to our particular creed?

We are entirely justified in expressing our abhorrence of the conduct of the German government. It has been brutal, shockingly inhuman. And we have a perfect right to express our opinions as publicly as we may desire—as private citizens—but the officials of this country have no right to express sarcastic and offensive personal opinions of other nations. They are not speaking for themselves. Whatever they say is an official utterance. It becomes the voice of the people of this country, and it is accepted abroad as the attitude of our national government. And even offensive remarks by the officials of other nations are no excuse for a similar offense by our officials.

We certainly want to keep out of war. We do not want to fight Germany, or any other country, because of its failure to follow our governmental ideals. We are facing grave governmental emergencies. God knows they are serious enough to take the entire time and attention of our officials—and then some.

We have no reason to be proud of our national status at this time. We have more people on relief than the combined total of all the European nations, and the dictators of the totalitarian nations only laugh at us when they make comparisons. And they have good reason.

However, the people of this country are determined to pull out of our trouble in spite of the powerful official handicap we are facing—and we hope it will be soon. We have had entirely too much encouragement of class hatred by the officials of the present administration. They seem to enjoy setting group against group, labor against capital.

And now we have the attack on the German nation by Secretary Ickes, whom Representative Dies refers to as a " crackpot." If he is a publicity hound he will enjoy the glare of the limelight that has come to him throughout the world. But he has seriously offended every well balanced American who wants to keep out of war.

We have many fine citizens of German origin in this country, and the majority undoubtedly regret more than words can express the brutal treatment of the Jews by the Hitler government. But our officials are certainly going outside of their domain when they represent this government in provocative criticisms of Germany's national affairs.

We hear much about " face-saving " in Washington. It has been rumored that the mountain of debt the present administration has incurred will certainly bring the wreckage that comes with national bankruptcy. But it has been maintained that a war will save the face of the present administration, and if our country is to be plunged into a bloody conflict for such a reason, our national affairs are in the hands of malicious, heartless politicians.

The calamity we may fear through bankruptcy is indeed a disastrous possibility. But to think that thousands, perhaps millions, of our young men may lose their lives to save the face of the New Deal represents what might fairly be termed a HELLUVA SITUATION.

Bernarr Macfadden

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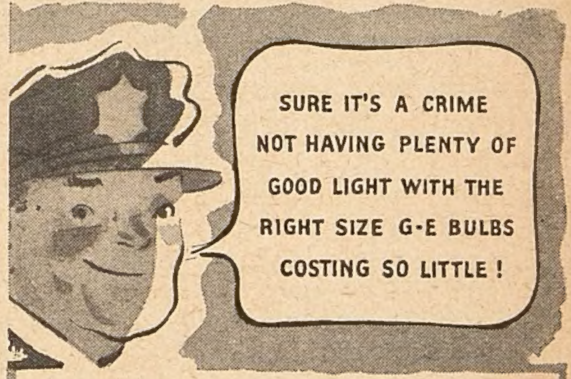
"A fine thing," *I tells him,* "stealing from your own wife!"

1. HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED... I'm goin' up Halloran's steps with two tickets for the policeman's ball, when I hear a yell like somebody's murdered at least. "Hold the fort! "I shout, "I'm comin'!"

2. 'TIS A SORRY SIGHT meets me eye as I dash into the livin' room. There's young Tim Halloran swipin' a 100 watt bulb from his wife's readin' lamp. And she's grabbin' for it.

3. "I'LL LET YOU OFF," says I, "on one condition. My brother-in-law's store's still open, and he sells G-E lamp bulbs. Get it?" Tim grins sheepish-like, and off we go . . . to a lecture on light-conditioning that almost sells *me!*

4. WITH A HANDY PACKAGE of the right size G-E bulbs, the Halloran house is that brightened-up you wouldn't know it! Mrs. H. can't believe it all cost so little. But Tim gets the last word. "Just for this," says he, "I won't buy your two tickets. I'll take six!"


SURE IT'S A CRIME NOT HAVING PLENTY OF GOOD LIGHT WITH THE RIGHT SIZE G-E BULBS COSTING SO LITTLE!

THE COP'S RIGHT! There's a right size G-E bulb to make every seeing task easier. What's more, the new 1939 Edison MAZDA lamps give more light, *stay brighter longer*, and cost less than ever before.

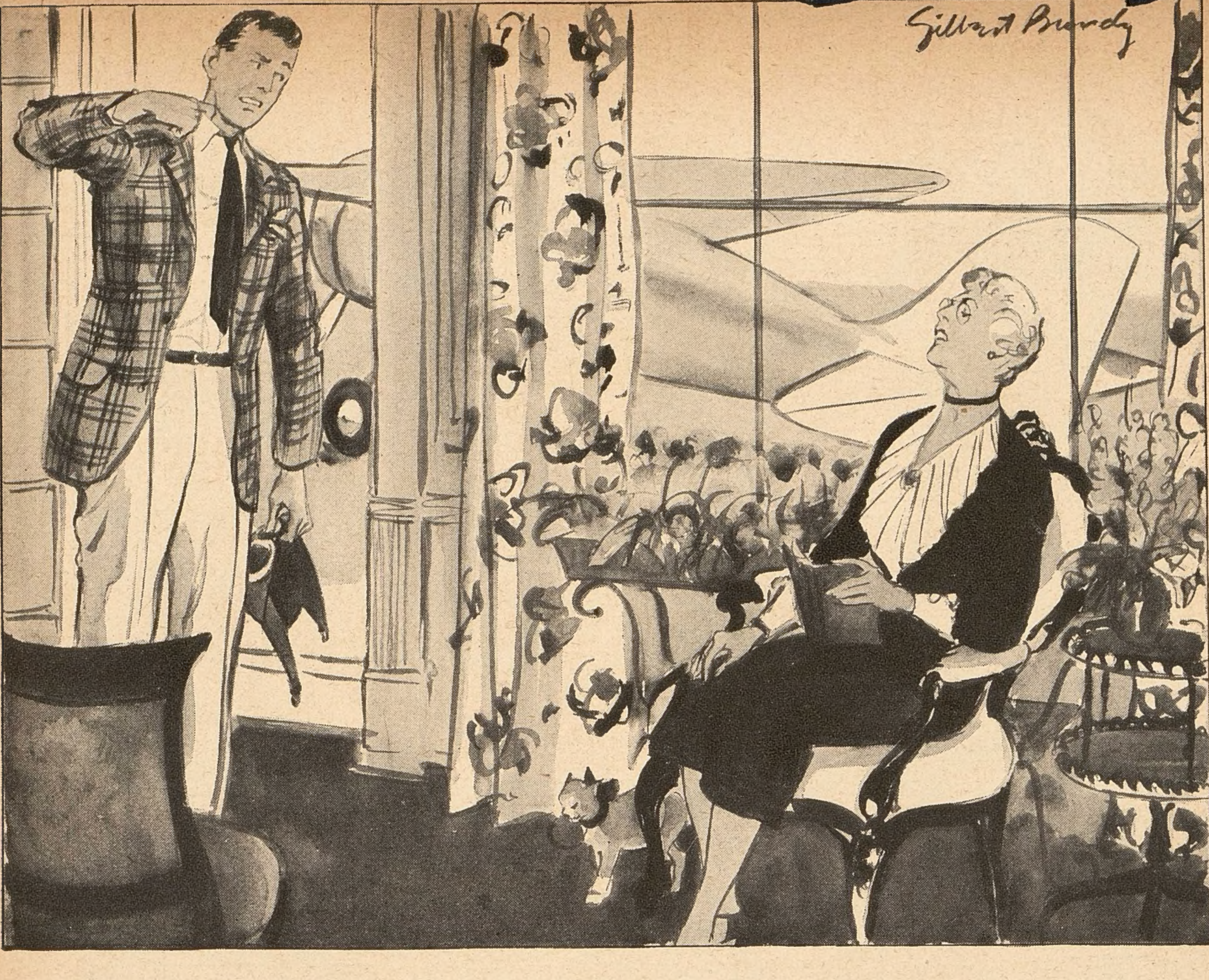
100 WATT..for IES Better Sight table, bridge, and pinned-up lamps, garage, laundry	15¢
150 WATT..for light-conditioning your kitchen, game room, home workshop. Now only .	20¢
MAZDA THREE-LITE lamps for 3-light IES floor lamps, or fixtures. 100-200-300 watt . . .	60¢
75, 60, 40, 25 WATT	15¢

Ask your dealer to make up a package of the G-E bulbs you need for Light-Conditioning.

EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

They give More Light for Better Sight in 1939



"Risking your neck again, eh, William?"

WILLIAM: Oh, come now, Aunt Susan, don't go Gay Nineties on me. Flying's as safe as a subway ride, these days . . .

AUNT SUSAN: *Don't be childish, William. I'm not talking about flying. I'm talking about that doll's shirt you're wearing. You're too old to be dressing up comic, William.*

WILLIAM: Oh, *that.* Yeah, I took an awful ribbing about this shirt down at the field. The dang thing like to choke me.

AUNT SUSAN: *And serve you right if it did.*

WILLIAM: Well, gee, Aunt Susan, you simply can't find a shirt that doesn't shrink. If you buy one with the collar and sleeve length right in the first place, it gets to look like Tiny Garments after it's washed.

AUNT SUSAN: *William, did you never hear of Sanforized-Shrunk?*

WILLIAM: No, I never did. What do you do with it—spread it on bread?

AUNT SUSAN: *William, be serious. Sanforizing is a marvelous shrinking process—*

WILLIAM: Now, Auntie, dear, I've tried all sorts of "pre-shrunk" and "full-shrunk" shirts and you can't depend on 'em. The one I have on is marked "pre-shrunk."

AUNT SUSAN: *But Sanforized-Shrunk, William, is utterly different. Sanforizing is the process that takes practically* all *the shrinkage out of a fabric. The very* most *a Sanforized-Shrunk fabric can shrink is 1%,* by Government standard test! *You know how little 1% is, don't you, William?*

WILLIAM: Auntie, you're making it all up!

AUNT SUSAN: *I'll show it to you—right in an article in Good Housekeeping. Now you march down and get yourself some good-looking Sanforized-Shrunk shirts right away.*

WILLIAM: But don't they cost more?

AUNT SUSAN: *Not a penny more, William. They come all prices, from work shirts on up to the kind you get for Christmas presents.*

WILLIAM: O. K. I give up. But tell me, Auntie mine, just how did you get so smart?

AUNT SUSAN: *William, I haven't spent twenty-five years keeping you out of trouble for nothing!*

"Ps-st! News for You, Aunt Susan—"

Maybe you didn't know that shrinkage troubles are over for you, too! Look for the words "Sanforized-Shrunk" whenever you buy anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon.

- ***Women's Dresses***
- ***Nurses' Uniforms***
- ***Men's Shirts, Slacks***
- ***Men's Work Clothes***
- ***Men's Pyjamas, Shorts***
- ***Children's Garments***
- ***Slip-covers and Draperies***

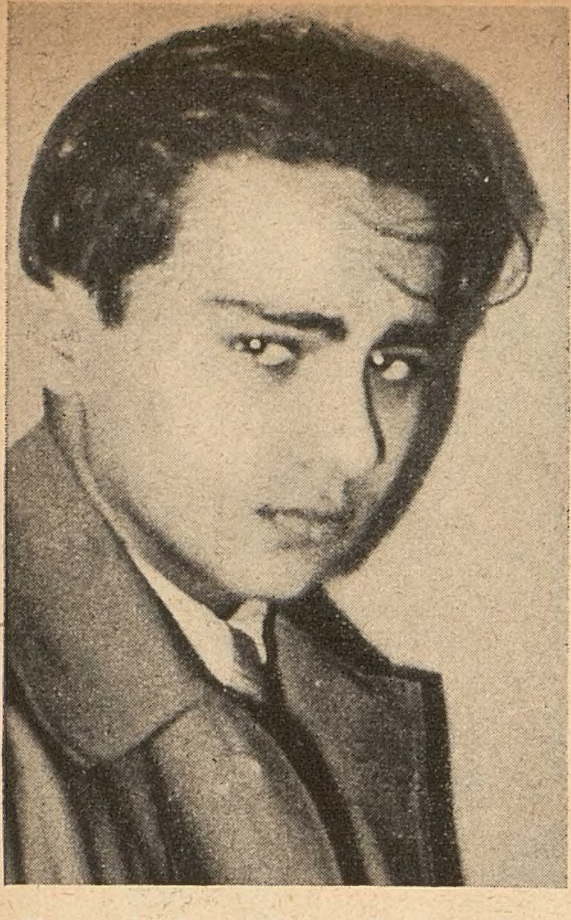
To be sure of permanent fit . . . look for the words . . . Sanforized-Shrunk

"WHY I SHOT VOM RATH"

Liberty presents a history-making human document

BY HERSCHEL GRUENSPAN

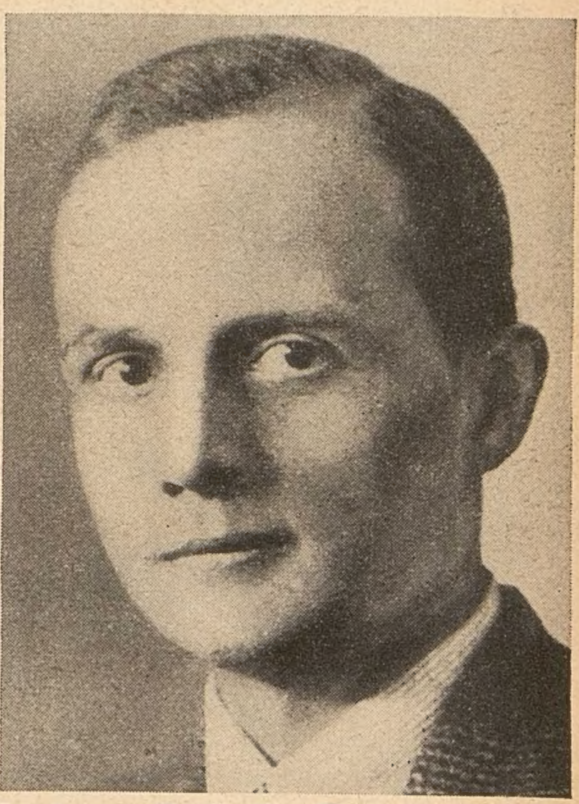
READING TIME ● 2 MINUTES 20 SECONDS



"I would have died willingly telling them that they are cruel beasts . . ."

Below: Following his arrest, he is led out of the Paris police station.

Editor's Note: This confession is a letter written in his prison cell in France, to a friend who is providing him with food and comforts, by the agonized boy of seventeen who killed Ernst vom Rath, Third Secretary to the German Embassy in Paris. Liberty has most convincing assurances that this letter is authentic.



Ernst vom Rath, the German attaché whom young Herschel Gruenspan shot.

I WANTED to write to you for a long time, but I could not . . . my mind is still in turmoil. My God! Do you think I am the cause of all this present disaster which came on the Jews? That thought renders me mad.

I am dreaming at night of ghettos . . . of Jewish women and children running before mounted Storm Troopers who swing whips.

God! Oh, my God! That is not what I wanted. Listen to me, I'll explain how it came, and tell the others so, who may now be asking God's damnation on my head.

I only wanted to draw the attention of the world on those horrible scenes of which my father wrote me, who with my brothers and sisters was among the deported from Germany to the Polish frontier.

I saw in imagination my brother lying there in his high fever in the cold unheated tent of the camp where they were placed. My father wrote that he was dying.

I watched how the cry of the so-called civilized world soon died down. Everybody forgot them there, driven out from their homes like harmful beasts. My family have never done anything wrong in their life.

Why must You do that, God? I prayed in our synagogue at home. I had remorse of conscience that I could work and live quietly in France while they were suffering. I must do something for them, I kept on telling myself. When I went to the German Embassy I knew that every word I would say would be lost on them. My mind became blurred with mad red anger. I looked at them there, and asked myself: "What is the difference between us? Am I not the same kind of human being as they are?"

I can't remember now, any more, what I said when I saw the man in their office. The only recollection I have is that my arm hurt when the policeman grasped my arm as he pushed me into a car.

I wish they had let the Germans take me back there. I would have died willingly telling them in their face at my last moment that they are cruel beasts, inhuman torturers.

I don't care what is going to happen to me. It is not my fate that counts, it is the fate of hundreds of thousands of good, honest people who must be saved. Don't send me anything to eat. I don't want to have any pleasure out of life . . . I live only to be able to tell once more at my trial to the world that they must do something for us.

THE END

Here comes adventure! . . An exciting novel of murder, mystery, and a girl's grim peril in the City of Heartbreak

DEATH

BY PHILIP WYLIE

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

PART ONE—A SCREAM IN THE NIGHT

SHE was crying when she stepped off the train. She pushed the ball of her handkerchief into her eyes, then blotted it against her lips, and then bit it. She wasn't supposed to cry now. From now on there would be—what had they said? Gambling and dancing and parties. Gaiety and glamour. Laughter late at night, and cowboys singing in the painted dawn. She whispered, "Stop crying!" and she stopped.

There was a man with "Sierra-Plaza" on his cap. That would be her hotel. "I have reservations," she said to him. "Mrs. Whitman—Mrs. Curtis Whitman." Then she nearly wept again. In six weeks she wouldn't be Mrs. Curtis Whitman any more. She'd be Mary Hart. And she didn't want to be Mary Hart again. But that didn't matter, either. Divorce couldn't cure what she felt for Curtis Whitman. For she still loved him.

She was in the car then—alone. No other passengers were booked for the Sierra-Plaza. The driver went into the station. She shut her eyes. She could see Curt standing on the platform at Grand Central, saying, "I guess it's best this way, Mary. So long—and good luck!" Saying that, and trying to look calm. She knew why he had suddenly fled.

The car turned. There was a sign overhead. It ran clear across a fairly wide street:

RENO
THE BIGGEST LITTLE CITY IN THE WORLD

She smiled at that.

They passed a score of small frame houses. Then they stopped. In front of the car stood a square plain brick building with a marquee. She wondered why they had halted there. Then she saw a sign on a large window darkened by blinds: SIERRA-PLAZA BAR. This rather small unattractive place would be—her home—for the next month and a half.

She wanted to run. But a bellboy in a tarnished uniform was coming out; so she followed her luggage. And she forgot to tip the driver—anything.

Parlor, bedroom, and bath. Mary looked—at the green-and-mustard stippling on the wall, the worn green and faded gilt mélange on the needlessly elaborated furniture—at the multiple autumnal colors of the upholstery—Grand Rapids in its most hideous period. She wondered what sort of person could think such a place was good-looking. Certainly only one who was immune to color and form and texture. One who had never heard of beauty—either outside or within.

She wanted to lie face down on the bed and cry. The rooms were hateful. All she had seen of Reno was frighteningly tawdry. And she had to stay there. Every minute—for six weeks. It was going to be the toughest assignment of her life. She'd have to fight.

IN the morning she went to see her lawyer. She knew his name—and that was all. Curt's lawyers in New York had managed everything.

Mr. Bleckney was about forty. A lean man with wet lips and too direct eyes. His office was a shambles of open books and journals and filing envelopes frozen in months-old cascade. He said he was delighted to meet her, and he said, "We'll get the business over, so we can go on to pleasanter things."

"I just want to get a divorce in the decentest, quickest way I can. I was told to charge cruelty. Now—you make out a statement for the minimum amount of mental cruelty that the court will accept, and I'll swear to that. The very minimum. I—I hate to charge Curt—with anything. I loathe to! But—well—it seems when two people really want to call it off honorably—hardly any state in the Union will let them." She smiled. "That's why I came out here."

Mr. Bleckney nodded. "I quite understand. However—"

She felt alarmed the minute he said "However." There was something they hadn't told her in New York.

"However—even in Nevada we cannot give a divorce without a reason. We'll have to show either physical cruelty—or mental cruelty of such a sort as to lead to a breakdown of your own health. Now, suppose you tell me the whole story—and I pick out the items I think we can use—?"

Mary stared. Hadn't the New York lawyers told him the facts? Didn't he know she had come all the way to Nevada to avoid making up lies? Didn't he realize that Curt had fallen in love with another woman—desperately in love—and that she, Mary, was getting the divorce because that was what one did under such circumstances? Finally she spoke: "But—there's nothing—"

The lawyer waved his hand. "I can't ask the judge to grant you a divorce, Mrs. Whitman, for *no* reason—"

"I thought—but—don't you have a sort of form for these things? I mean—so that I don't have to say he beat me—or he tortured me? After all—I came here—"

He nodded. "Exactly. Now, see here, Mrs. Whitman. There will be no one present at the hearing. Your testimony will be sealed forever. The newspapers can know only the bare grounds: cruelty. But you must give some sort of instances. Rough language, for example. He repeatedly *threatened* to beat you. He—he tormented your dog. He embarrassed you in front of your friends. He made you so ill and nervous that you feared for your mental and physical health, so you consulted a doctor. He was thoughtless, stingy, brutal in his attitudes—"

But he wasn't! That thought answered each of the lawyer's suggestions. He was kind and thoughtful and generous. He was wonderful to look at and wonderful to be with. A grown-up kid. He was perfect. Only—only—he'd fallen in love with Jeanne Bentley, and Jeanne was

Takes a Reno Holiday

going to divorce Bill and marry him. That was all. He and Jeanne had found out they were in love when it was pretty late—because they were both married. But divorce would fix that.

Divorce. Well—if she had to invent lies, she would. Curt wanted freedom. He wanted it desperately. And she would do anything for Curt. Even that.

She drew a breath. "Well—it began—with little things." She thought that was the conventional opening. And it seemed to be. Mr. Bleckney took a pad and eyed his client encouragingly. "Little things," she lied. "Quarrels about money. He charged me with being extravagant—"

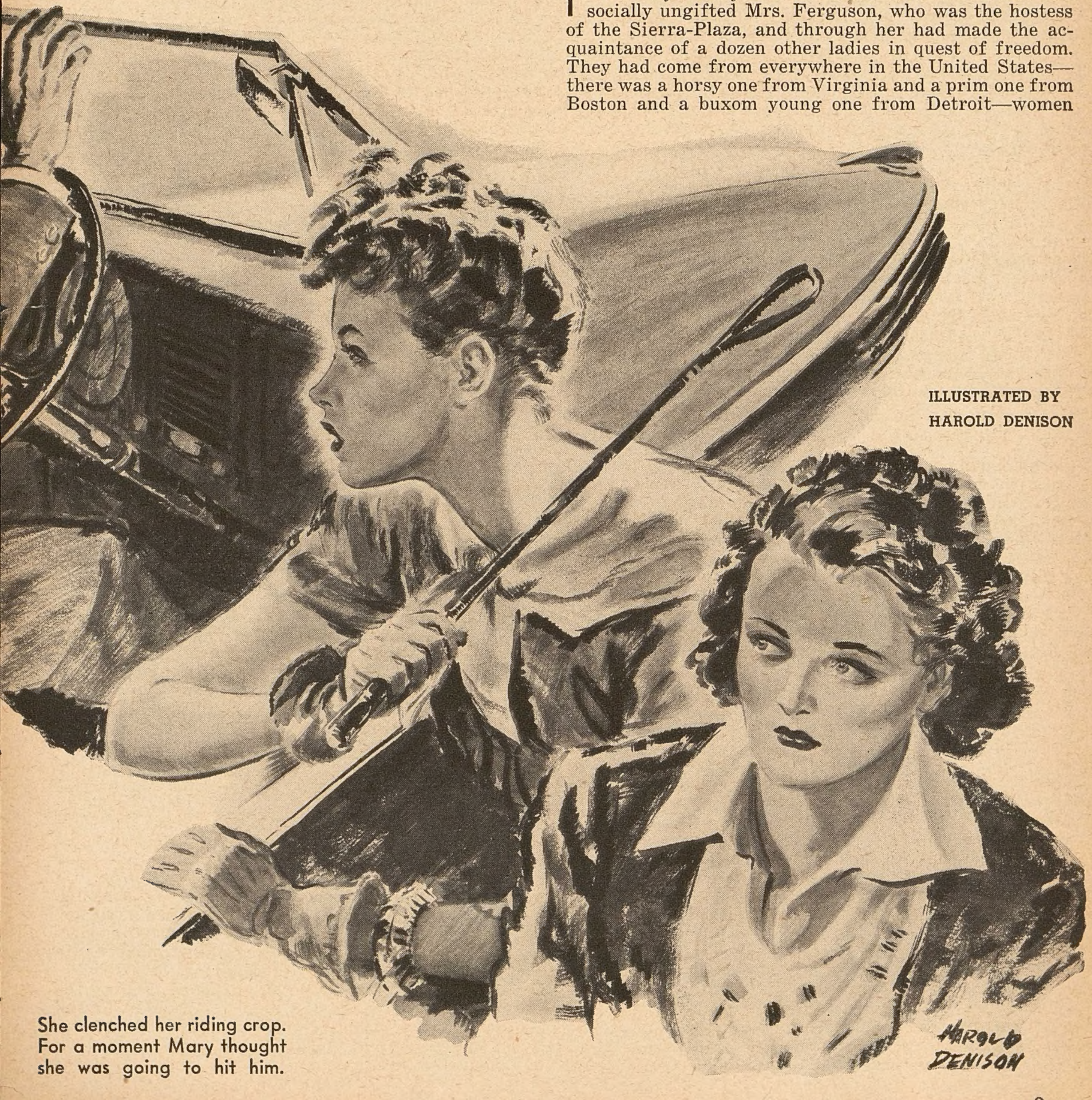
It was her own money. She had her own. And Curt had his. Quarrels about money, indeed! For half an hour she extemporized on the subject of domestic disintegration. Mr. Bleckney jotted down point after point. And, once started, Mary found it hard to stop. It hurt—but it was also funny. It built itself up in her mind. At the end of that time she heard her own voice saying, "There was I—on the divan. And there he stood—over me—waving the poker! And it was a *hot* poker—be-because I'd just been stirring the fire!"

"I think that will do—nicely!"

She collapsed then. She wanted to weep again. She'd been saying that Curt—stood over her with a poker. It was all so—not funny now. It had become real—and detestable—again.

She snatched up her short fur cape and made a quick apology and was gone. He followed her to the door, saying, "Call me at any time—"

IN five days Mary was an habitué. She had met the socially ungifted Mrs. Ferguson, who was the hostess of the Sierra-Plaza, and through her had made the acquaintance of a dozen other ladies in quest of freedom. They had come from everywhere in the United States—there was a horsy one from Virginia and a prim one from Boston and a buxom young one from Detroit—women



ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD DENISON

She clenched her riding crop. For a moment Mary thought she was going to hit him.

who mixed badly, and who obviously envied Mary for New York and for her clothes.

But she had played bridge with them and drunk cocktails with them, and five days had somehow passed. She knew now that not all women in search of divorce spent their nights in revelry. Most of them sat alone, staring into a blank future.

She was used to being asked if she was there to take the "cure," and she could even nod and laugh for an answer.

An habitué. In a few more days she would be approaching other "new" women who had tears in their eyes, and telling them that the "cure" wasn't so bad. Only—it was. Maybe she was a snob—but the grimy little town, so boastful of its "liberty," was ugly and sordid and dull. She'd never get used to that—as she was now to the efforts of countless men to make her acquaintance. She'd even met one whom she liked—a Dr. Ansley from Pittsburgh.

He was gray and old enough to be her father—although not yet fifty—and tall and amusing. He looked sad, too.

There were the women and the bridge games and cocktails and Dr. Ansley. And she had marked off five days on her calendar—like a prisoner doing time.

And then—what might have passed as a long and unpleasant dream became nightmare.

IT was evening on the sixth day. She'd made one of those regularly vague engagements to meet Josephine and Artis and Gracie in the bar before dinner. She went down to the lobby, and as she turned toward the entrance to the bar, she stopped.

A woman was signing the register. Some hint of familiarity caused Mary to halt. As she stood she grew slowly cold. Her heart beat violently and then subsided so that it scarcely beat at all. The tall figure, the dark mink coat, the suède luggage, the little purple hat—but most especially the luxuriant knot of brassy-gold hair.

The woman was talking in a rich, amiable voice: "I was going to take the cure in Arkansas—but when I got there and looked around, I decided against it. Caught the first plane I could, and here I am. Mark the date in your memory—because six weeks from now I'll want a witness of this arrival—"

The spidery-eyed clerk laughed. "You can count on me, Mrs. Bentley."

She saw Mary. Her handsome face sagged. She frowned. She turned, then, and spoke to a girl who was hidden from Mary by a pillar: "Celeste! Take our things up and unpack. I'll be along presently." She took a cigarette from her handbag, lighted it, and then crossed the lobby. "Hello, Mary. I didn't realize I was moving into your hotel."

"I—heard you say—you'd flown—from Arkansas."

"M-m-m-m-m. Funny, isn't it?"

"Not very."

Jeanne Bentley paused. "I thought—I might run into you. I didn't imagine I'd have to do it every day. And I presumed you'd be—hard to bear."

Mary had been devastated. Men liked Jeanne—many men, her Curt included—but not women. Jeanne never bothered about women. Or, if she did, it was to be ruthless. That was her own description of her attitude. Mary had heard her give it: "Women are savages. Why pretend?"

But now, over Mary's bewilderment was superimposed indignation. She spoke before she thought: "I suppose I will be hard to bear. At least, though—*I* try to be a lady."

She saw one of the two bellboys sitting on a bench duck his head in mock pantomime of having received a blow. They were listening. So was the clerk. So were several other people.

Jeanne gazed at her hotly. "I haven't time now to swap schoolgirl badinage. And I suppose—since I've already won the jack pot—I can afford to be lenient with you. See you later."

She entered the elevator.

Mary couldn't lift her eyes. She went slowly to the bar. Artis hadn't come yet, or Josephine or Gracie. But Dr. Ansley was sitting there—alone—at a little glass-and-chrome table. The room was dimly lighted. A radio played softly. He beckoned, and she threaded her way through the murk. She sat down and blew her nose.

"Your hand's shaking," he said gently. "You're white. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Mary murmured. "Only Jeanne Bentley has just registered here. We've already had a scene in the lobby. And we'll have others. She's the kind of woman who fascinates men—and persecutes women. Humiliates them. And she's so beautiful—she gets away with it."

"And who—is Jeanne Bentley?"

Mary stared at him. "She—is the reason I'm out here."

Dr. Ansley's brows arched.

"If you don't turn too obviously—you'll see her."

He turned—ostensibly to order drinks. Jeanne, still wearing a traveling suit, was entering the bar. Before she admitted by any gesture that she had recognized Mary, she studied the doctor. Then she smiled and waved. "We meet again already! I decided to come down for a quick one. Celeste's turned my apartment into a shambles!"

The doctor was rising. Mary murmured names. Jeanne sat down. She ordered and leaned toward the man—as if Mary were not there—or not a person, at any rate. "A Reno physician—or—?"

"Or—" said Ansley.

She laughed. "And at the beginning of your sentence out here—I hope?" The doctor nodded, and Mary saw admiration in his eyes as he surveyed the blonde woman. All men admired her—as if they could not help it—and afterward their admiration seemed to choke off or eradicate their other sensibilities. Jeanne went on: "I suppose Mary's told you that we're out here on identical errands which are also diametrical ones? Her loss is my gain?" The waiter was there, and she took her drink from his tray and lifted it. Her eyes sparkled. Her hair shone even in the shaded lights of the barroom, and her cheeks were a hushed rosy color. "Well—here's to crime! Wait. I have a better idea. Mary, let's drink to Curt!"

So they drank to Curt. When Mary found her lip shaking, she held her glass up to it. Jeanne noticed and Ansley noticed—and she knew they did—but she couldn't help it. The quiver—just happened to her.

THE next day she went riding. She went alone. She was a good rider and she had no need of an amiable cowboy trailing along, singing to himself, his spurs rattling, his boots squeaking in his stirrups.

When she returned to the stable the sun was going down. There was a car waiting for somebody—at its wheel a young man sat—and Mary had another momentary impression of familiarity. She paid no attention to it until she heard him call to a cowboy, "I thought you said Mrs. Bentley would be back at five?" His voice was petulant and high. He spoke in that unhappy Anglicized "American" which is sometimes called "Harvardese" and sometimes "Park Avenue."

"She'll be comin' in directly," the cowboy answered.

Mary tied her horse and walked to the car. "Hello, Mr. Burke. I'm Mary Whitman. Remember me?"

He uncrossed his legs and removed his feet from the dashboard. A tall man of about thirty, with slick black hair parted in the middle and a face that would have been predatory if luxury had not made preying unnecessary to him. That face now lighted up. "Why—of course! Mary Whitman! Knew you'd be out here—come to think of it! Read it in the papers. Tough!" Then his expression became sulky. "Tough as hell—for me."

"For you?" That didn't make sense.

"I mean—you're divorcing Curt—and Jeanne's out here so she can marry him."

Mary guessed—but she was not positive. "I'm still in the dark."

He opened the door and slid over on the seat. "You don't read Winchell. Right after your Curtis fell for Jeanne—I met her. It's one of those things. I got it bad. Followed her to Arkansas—and then heard she was leaving for here—so I pushed along."

"Drove?" Mary asked as she sat beside him.

He nodded bitterly. "I'll say I drove! Look at my license. Can't rent a car with a New York plate in this burg. And what a burg! It gives me the willies! I drove—because my next driblet from the ancestral estate won't be for over a month. Matter of fact, I haven't got a bean. Not a solitary! But I had to come. Lord knows, there've been plenty of girls. But I never got the fever before. It's terrific! I've sent out an S O S to my pals in New York. I've arranged credit, *pro tem.*, at the Sierra-Plaza—"

There were hoofbeats. Jeanne rode in—followed by a cowboy. She rode well. She dismounted with the grace of a fancy diver. "Swell!" she said to her companion. "But get me a faster horse tomorrow." She turned toward them then. Mary was getting out of the car. And Jeanne stopped. She stopped dead and stared angrily. A wicked light came into her eyes.

"Wally," she said in a quiet voice.

"I can't help it, Jeanne! Here I am!"

Jeanne put her foot on the running board of the car. "Why do you think I moved, you poor sap? Largely—to get away from you! And now you've trailed up here! I won't have it! If there's anything detestable on earth, it's an unwanted man making a dope out of himself!"

Mary watched his face turn dark red and then a darker color that was not red. She saw perspiration bead on his forehead. But he spoke in a low and almost gentle voice: "I can't help it, Jeanne! I love you. I can't stick it without you. Every hour I spend away from you isn't an hour wasted—it's an hour of torment!"

"Listen!" Her words were picked to sting. "You've been spoiled all your life! You never faced anything—not even yourself! You're a mollycoddle! You've had everything you ever wanted! Now you've decided you want me. Well—it's out! When I get a notion to be trailed by sick ducks, I can muster a regiment of sick ducks—handsomer than you—and brighter!"

"But—in New York—"

"I want you to turn around and drive right back to New York!"

"I can't," he said bitterly, "because I'm broke. And I wouldn't if I could. It isn't something I can help—"

She clapped her hands over her ears. "Don't go through that again! I couldn't bear it!"

SHE leaned toward him. She clenched her riding crop. For a moment Mary thought that she was going to hit him. But finally she relaxed. "You can drive me back," she said. "The taxi hasn't come yet. And Mary too—if she'll go along—"

Mary shook her head. "Thanks. I've got a rented car now. See you later."

She reached the hotel at the same time they did. She rode up in the elevator and she and Jeanne got out on the same floor. They asked each other the same question at the same time: "What rooms have you?"

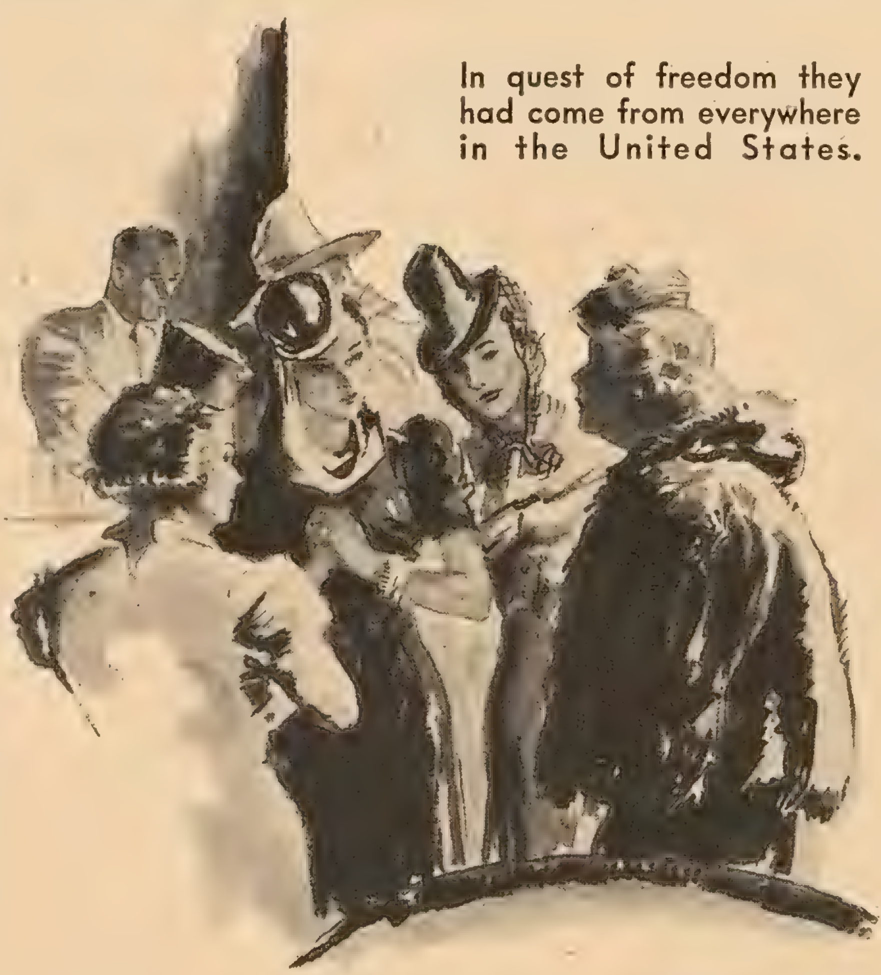
Jeanne said, "Three eighteen."

"It's across the hall from mine."

"Jolly," Jeanne said.

They unlocked their doors. Before Mary closed hers she heard Jeanne's voice raised in protest to her maid: "Celeste! Look at that dress! It's a ruin! What in the world made you pleat it that way?"

Mary wondered sorrowfully how Curtis would like Jeanne's behavior after the honeymoon. It was too bad she couldn't warn him.



In quest of freedom they had come from everywhere in the United States.

PEOPLE like Jeanne," Dr. Ansley said, a day or two later, "are magnets. Two-way magnets. They repel as well as attract. I was over at the Desert Lodge the other night, and she gave young Wally Burke the meanest and also the loudest lashing I've ever had the dubious opportunity to hear in public. I think if I'd been Wally—at his age—I'd have killed her. Right then and there. As it is, she may kill him. If he weren't young he'd have apoplexy. Of course he was tight. They both were, for that matter. Now—she's attracted her sister-in-law because she repels her."

He was talking about Marjorie Bentley—the newest arrival at the Sierra-Plaza. Marjorie was the sister of the husband from whom Jeanne was being divorced. She'd come on the afternoon train. A friendly woman in her mid-thirties who wore mannish clothes and, in her own words, "followed golf balls from green to green and city to city." She had twice been runner-up for the women's championship.

Mary looked at the doctor. They were standing outside the hotel, watching a parade which commemorated some legal occasion. "I don't quite understand," she said. "I should think that, since Jeanne is divorcing Marjorie Bentley's brother, she'd stay as far away as possible."

Dr. Ansley nodded. "Sure. If she could be positive. But Marjorie has a sense of humor—which means she's pretty solid as a human being. And she knows her sister-in-law."

"You mean—she thought Jeanne might be lonesome, so she came here out of the goodness of her heart?" inquired Mary guilelessly.

He laughed. "Hardly. She probably has a kind heart—but none of the virtue in it is for Jeanne. Marjorie came for a reason. She came—I'll bet—to be sure that Jeanne *does* divorce her brother."

"But—"

"I think Marjorie Bentley knows Jeanne thoroughly, and she's afraid she may not go through with this business for some specious and complex last-minute reason. So she's going to see to it that her brother is delivered from the beautiful fiend."

Mary nodded. Jeanne certainly managed to enlist the interest of many people in her affairs. And if the doctor's theory explained the presence of Marjorie Bentley, then Marjorie was just one more factor hurrying Jeanne toward Curt. Mary's lips were compressed for a moment. Then she smiled. "If you're right—I ought to dislike her. But I don't."

Ansley nodded. "No. Matter of fact, Marjorie Bentley is about the soundest person I've seen in this chilly, dusty, nickel-wicked backwash!"

The revolving door had *wooshed* softly. Now somebody said, "Did I hear my name favorably mentioned?"

Marjorie Bentley was standing there, grinning. Her closely cut blonde hair was tied with a ribbon. Behind her was a bellboy with a huge leather golf bag.

"The burning ear eavesdrops," the doctor said. "Yep, we were gossiping about you vigorously while the natives assembled their parade. We were wondering why you came here."

Marjorie chuckled. "Just—to see my little sister-in-law through her operation."

He turned toward Mary. "You see? I was right!" Mary nodded.

Marjorie caught her hand. "Sorry, child. I know that my brother's loss is—in a way—yours too. I think your Curt must have a streak of blindness. I didn't mean that! I'm lousy on people's feelings! A social calamity! Only good on a golf links. Do you play, doctor?"

"Why—sure. Some."

She stared at him a moment. "Some, eh?" she repeated. "I take it that means you're a wow. How about you, Mrs. Whitman?"

Mary smiled a little. "I could maybe keep up with you—if we didn't hunt for the balls I lost."

"Good! We'll get up some games. There doesn't seem to be any place for forgathering here but bars. And I only take one drink a year. A drink of whisky on every birthday. A whole bottle—"

She waved and was gone.

"Nice woman," the doctor murmured.

Mary looked at him. "Yes." She hesitated. "I wonder—"

"You wonder what?"

"Nothing. I mean—none of my business."

He laughed then. "I think I know. You were wondering just what combination of circumstances brought *me* here. Well—put it this way, Mary. A wife in many ways not unlike—Jeanne."

"Oh," she said. "I'm sorry!"

"Let's go inside. Cold here."

With Marjorie's arrival, the stage for what happened afterward was almost set. There was one other actor in the grim piece whom Mary did not meet until after the curtain was rung up—but she heard of her. She heard of her on the night of the parade, then forgot about her.

PHILIP WYLIE

began his writing career with a poem at the age of twelve. Since then he has turned out innumerable short stories, novels, and screen scenarios. But he never neglects fun, and is an enthusiastic deep-sea fisherman and big-game hunter. He has a wife and daughter. The three of them travel a lot.

Jeanne mentioned her. There were a dozen people joined in the routine consumption of a predinner cocktail—Mary and Artis and Josephine, Wally and the doctor, Jeanne and Marjorie, one of the cowboys who had dropped in about somebody's riding appointment, and a lawyer named Millen, who represented somebody—Artis, Mary thought.

Josephine had just yawned prodigiously and said, "Oh-hum! Only thirty-one more days for me to go!"

Ansley looked at Marjorie. "Good game?"

Marjorie was wearing a dinner dress and she had combed out her hair. She seemed less masculine than she had in her daytime costume. She looked, in fact, exceedingly feminine. She made a face. "Eighty-six. And it isn't a hard course."

The doctor chuckled. "Eighty-six, eh? H'm-m-m."

JEANNE had been idly glancing through a copy of a local newspaper. She said an abrupt "Well!" They looked at her.

"Here's a call I really had intended to make! I'd practically forgotten. Listen. 'Mrs. Alice Williamson entertained at dinner last night her committee for orphan relief.' I ought to look up Alice and buy her a drink. We have at least one thing in common—"

"Who's Alice Williamson?" Ansley asked.

Jeanne smiled. "Alice Leigh Bentley Williamson. My husband's first wife. She came out here—oh, quite a long time ago—and got a divorce—and stayed. Married a contractor, or an architect, or somebody else named Williamson. Bill used to talk about her when we were first married. And I used to resent it—because she was one of those intelligent women. I never knew her. But I think it might be fun to look her up—don't you?"

"No." The word was so flat that all the heads at the table turned sharply toward Marjorie. She shrugged the tenseness out of her voice as she continued: "It might be fun for you—but Alice wouldn't like it."

Jeanne seemed pleased to have annoyed her sister-in-law. It was the kind of opportunity for which she had been waiting. Because she had appeared to resent Marjorie's presence almost as much as she did Wally's. "Why not, Marj? After all—she lost him to me—and now I'm losing him—"

If there was fury in Marjorie's gaze, it changed to humor before she spoke again: "I know Alice. She doesn't like you, Jeanne. She didn't like coming back from taking care of her mother and finding you'd eloped with Bill. Neither did I, for that matter—"

"No," Jeanne said. "You've made no secret of that. Or of the fact that you're out here to see I'm actually pried loose from your precious brother. You know, I really think it would be fun to just go back to Bill. It would make you so mad—and Wally so desperate. And it would make Mary starry-eyed for months. Wouldn't it, Mary?"

The doctor would have intervened—but Marjorie seemed bent on prosecuting her own case. "Since you put everything so subtly, dear, it would. Only—if you tried it, I'd drive a mashie through your pretty skull. No. Leave Alice alone. You've made her trouble enough. Just keep right in the groove of the trouble you're making now—and I'll be perfectly satisfied." She glanced unhappily at Mary. "Well—not perfectly satisfied—but—"

Jeanne laughed. "Marj, were you ever psychoanalyzed? I mean—jealousy—and all that sort of thing? A spinster of your age really should see a psychiatrist—"

Ansley whispered, "Keep your head down. Eye on the ball. Relax!"

Marjorie drew a sharp breath and whispered a single word that nobody heard.

Mary said, "I'm buying a second round. Who'll join me?"

THAT was that. They walked downtown together and had dinner at a big table. It wasn't safe—because Jeanne remained on the *qui vive* for an opportunity to strafe her sister-in-law. But Mary and Josephine and Ansley and Marjorie herself saw that none was given. On the way home Mary bought a half dozen magazines. She was invited to the movies and asked to make a fourth for a bridge game—but she went to her room instead.

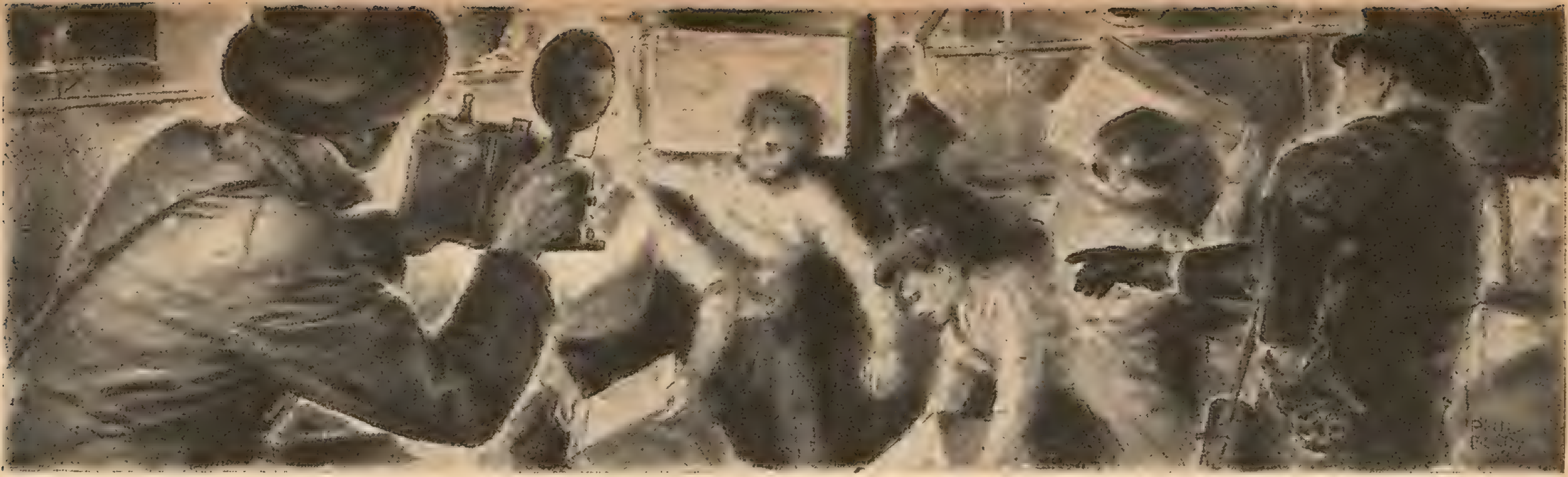
She sat down in her ugly "parlor" at half past eight. She read a story and then an article. She changed from pumps to mules. She read another story. After that she went to the window and looked out—toward the east. Toward home. She wondered what Curt was doing. Probably sitting in the apartment—with a fire—listening to cars mutter along Park Avenue—scratching Holmes, the spaniel—thinking about her. No! About Jeanne. She had an impulse to run across the hall and knock on Jeanne's door and, if she were in, beg on her hands and knees for Curt. Her Curt. But you couldn't do that, she thought. You had to stick it out—for six weeks—sitting with these unhappy women, riding, walking, driving around, drinking cocktails when you didn't want them—anything. Anything—till you'd been "cured."

There was nausea in this idea. She gave up looking at the empty dark street and the stars. She went back to the magazines. One of them had a full-length novel in it. She decided to read that. For a while she sat in a chair restlessly. She considered putting on shoes again and hunting for Dr. Ansley. He was a strong, quiet, pleasant person. And he liked to sit in the bar—spending an hour over a brandy—listening to the radio and thinking—about what she could not guess. But she did not allow herself that anodyne. Instead, resolutely, she began to read the full-length novel.

It was about the South Seas. Girls wearing hibiscus blossoms. Outrigger canoes. Drum rhythms, and dancing at night. Gradually she lost herself in it. Three hours passed. Occasionally people walked through the hall. There were voices. Doors closed and opened. The wind banged the blind. Taxis squalled in the street. But Mary let herself be transported to a warmer, simpler world. . . .

And then the scream came.

Who has screamed at that unusual hour in the drab Sierra-Plaza? Has a hidden assassin struck? And why? If it is a supreme moment of tragedy, how will it involve Mary Whitman? For one swift surprise following another, get next week's Liberty.



I got some wonderful shots. I made pictures from all angles as the men loaded the small boat.

THE UNEXPECTED ANSWER

Rumrunner confesses all! The surprising true story behind a famous "exposé"

BY WALTER RANZINI

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

FIFTEEN years in this news-picture racket isn't so long. You live too fast to keep track of the time. But fifteen years *is* long when you're waiting for an answer to a puzzle, a mystery that has kept nagging at you, asking, "Why, why, why?"

Well, I got an answer today to one of those tantalizing puzzles. And it was so unexpected, yet so simple and convincing, that it made me seem a chump for wondering even fifteen minutes about it.

I was hotfooting it back to the office with some pictures, and I saw this fellow standing on the corner of Forty-second and Lexington.

"Hello, Jerry Hogan," he said. "You don't remember me, do you?" He laughed. "Remember the rum ship I burned up for you?"

I almost dropped my camera. "You're not 'the Fiddler'?" I said.

And I saw then that he was. I remembered that bullet scar on his left cheek, the misshapen little finger on his left hand, the queer kidding look in his eyes. But he looked more than fifteen years older—a lot more.

How many times I'd thought of that guy in the last fifteen years, and hoped to run across him somewhere!

"Let's go some place where we can talk," I said.

Say, how many things can happen in fifteen years! I'm married now. I have three kids. I've got a swell job. But I was a punk then, just come to New York and trying to make good on a metropolitan newspaper.

It was on one of my first assignments that I met the Fiddler. I was sent to take a picture of a rumrunner the Coast Guard had captured and taken into their Long Island base. I'd shot it when this fellow stopped me.

"Look, kid," he said, walking along with me. "How'd you like to get a real picture of that ship—a picture of it going up in flames?"

"Who's going to burn it?" I said. "And what's the Coast Guard going to do while he's burning it?"

"Don't ask questions," he said. "If you want the picture, get set."

"Say, who the deuce are you?"

"Just call me Fiddler," he said, and asked my name.

Within ten minutes I was taking pictures of that ship as it burned.

"See?" the Fiddler said to me. "Co-operation. We like to help newspapermen. You don't know who burned the ship. Nobody knows. You just happened to be on the job. Understand? That way you help us. 'Rumrunners Set Fire to Captured Boat at Long Island Coast Guard Base.' That's the caption for your pictures. Get it?"

"Sure," I said. "And thanks, Fiddler. I got to be going now."

"Oh," he said gently, "you can't leave me now, Jerry."

He stuck his right hand into his coat pocket, and I knew he had a gun there. I was scared plenty.

"I'll see these pictures get back to your office all right, and you might put a note on them telling your boss that you'll be away for some time, but you're going to scoop the town. . . . My car's over here, and you and I are going for a ride."

He put one hand on my shoulder.

"Sorry, kid," he said, "but I'll have to blindfold you. Nothing's going to happen to you," he assured me, "as long as you co-operate."

We went a long way in the car. When the blindfold was taken off, I was in a big mansion. There were three orchestras playing and a lot of people dancing. The Fiddler introduced me to some other guys.

"The kid's all right," he said. "Shall we start?"

They blindfolded me, led me out, and put me in a car.

"We're headed for the dock now," the Fiddler said. "And you're going on the biggest story in New York today. You're going out to Rum Row, kid. You're going to see how the stuff is brought ashore. You can take pictures until you're dizzy. Is that good, or is that good?"

"It's grand," I said. "But why?"

"Never mind why. Just co-operate, kid—and you'll be the biggest picture chaser in New York."

They took off the blindfold after they put me in the boat and we went out to Rum Row. The moon was shining. I got some wonderful shots. I made pictures from all angles as the men loaded the small boat.

When we shoved off, I said, "Thanks again. You've been more than kind to me, Fiddler. But why?"

"We just like you, kid," he said.

On shore, the Fiddler handed me half a fifty-dollar bill, blindfolded me again, and put me into another car that dropped me off at Times Square.

Boy, the sensation those pictures caused at the office! I got a bonus and a big raise. And, as I said, I've been doing pretty well ever since.

Three days after the pictures were printed I got the other half of the fifty-dollar bill. And after that—fifteen years of wonder.

"Let's go some place where we can talk," I said again.

"In these clothes?" he said. "Nix."

"Well, then, tell me why you did all that for me?"

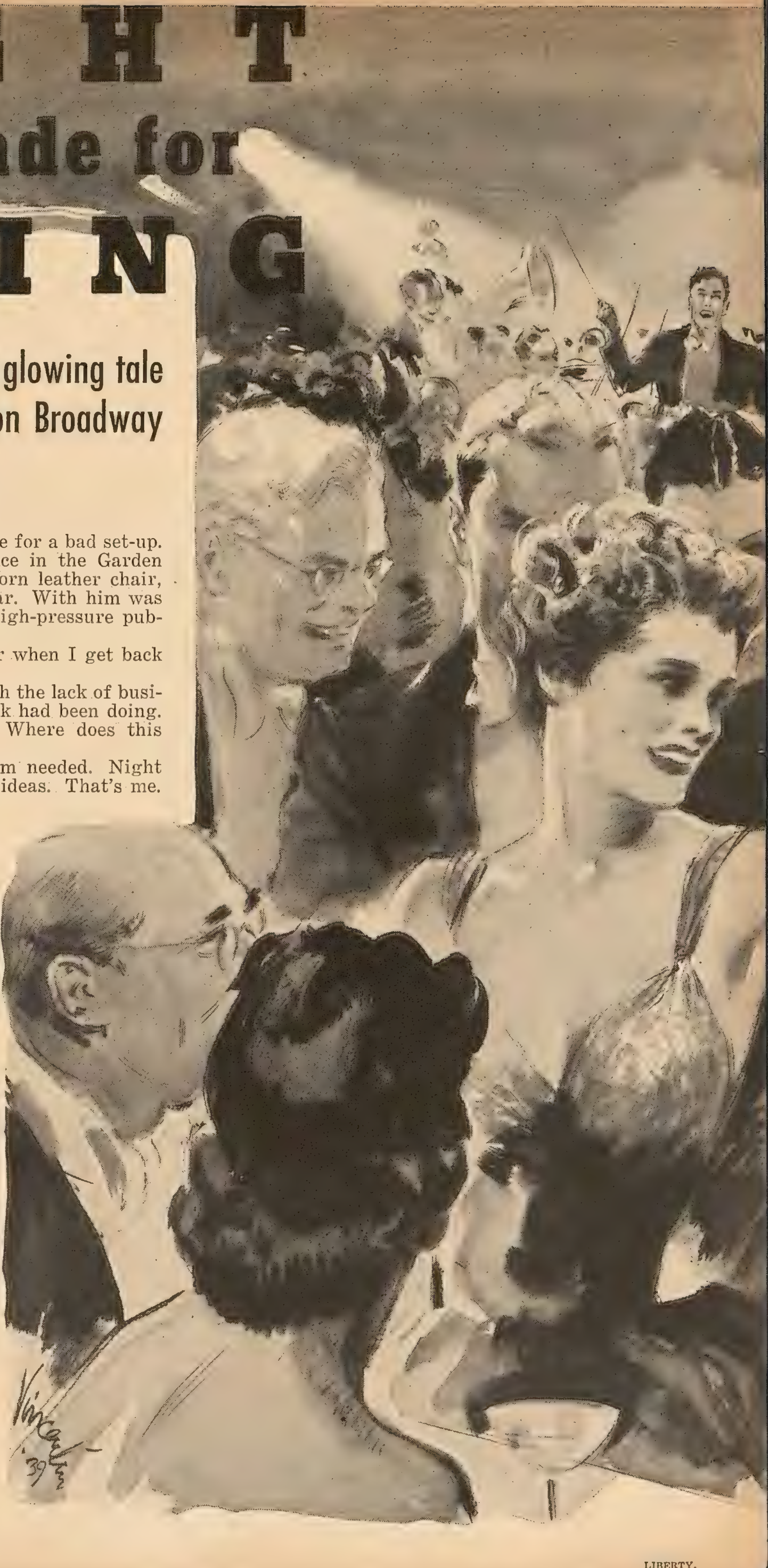
"Didn't you tumble?" he said. "Why, at that time all the New York newspapers were telling the world that the Coast Guard had abolished Rum Row, that no booze was coming in, that none could come in. We didn't like that, see? So we had to get some publicity. You gave it to us. And how! No, I can't go some place with you and talk it over, kid. But just gimme two bits for a cup of coffee and a bed, and I'll call it square."

THE END

NIGHT Was Made for LIVING

For you who remember—A glowing tale of the clock turned back on Broadway

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 45 SECONDS



EVERY press agent has a sixth sense for a bad set-up. When I came into the boss's office in the Garden Building he was sitting in his worn leather chair, short, squat, and bald, chewing a cigar. With him was Steve Morgan, one of the new-type high-pressure publicity men.

"We're changing the Parnasse over when I get back from Florida," the boss announced.

It wasn't exactly a surprise; not with the lack of business the oldest night club in New York had been doing. But it burned me just the same. "Where does this monkey come in?" I asked.

Steve Morgan laughed. "Where I'm needed. Night clubs call for young men with bright ideas. That's me. I'm going to bring in the crowd that counts in New York today. Big-appling; rumbaing. You're living in the dead ages," he ribbed. "This is a young people's world. You've got to be young to keep up with it."

The boss threw his cigar in the wastebasket. "Keep working at it, Morgan. See me when I get back."

When Morgan was gone I stood in front of the desk, cold mad. The boss picked himself another cigar. "So you're changing the old room, after twenty years," I said. "Me too, I suppose."

"We've got other places."

"Give them to Morgan," I said. "If I'm too old and too numb on ideas for the Parnasse, I'm the same for the others."

The boss's cigar revolved. "You don't have to sound off, Tip. We've been together forty years. There's a place for you."

"I don't need a handout," I told him. "I'll clean my desk. Morgan can move right in."

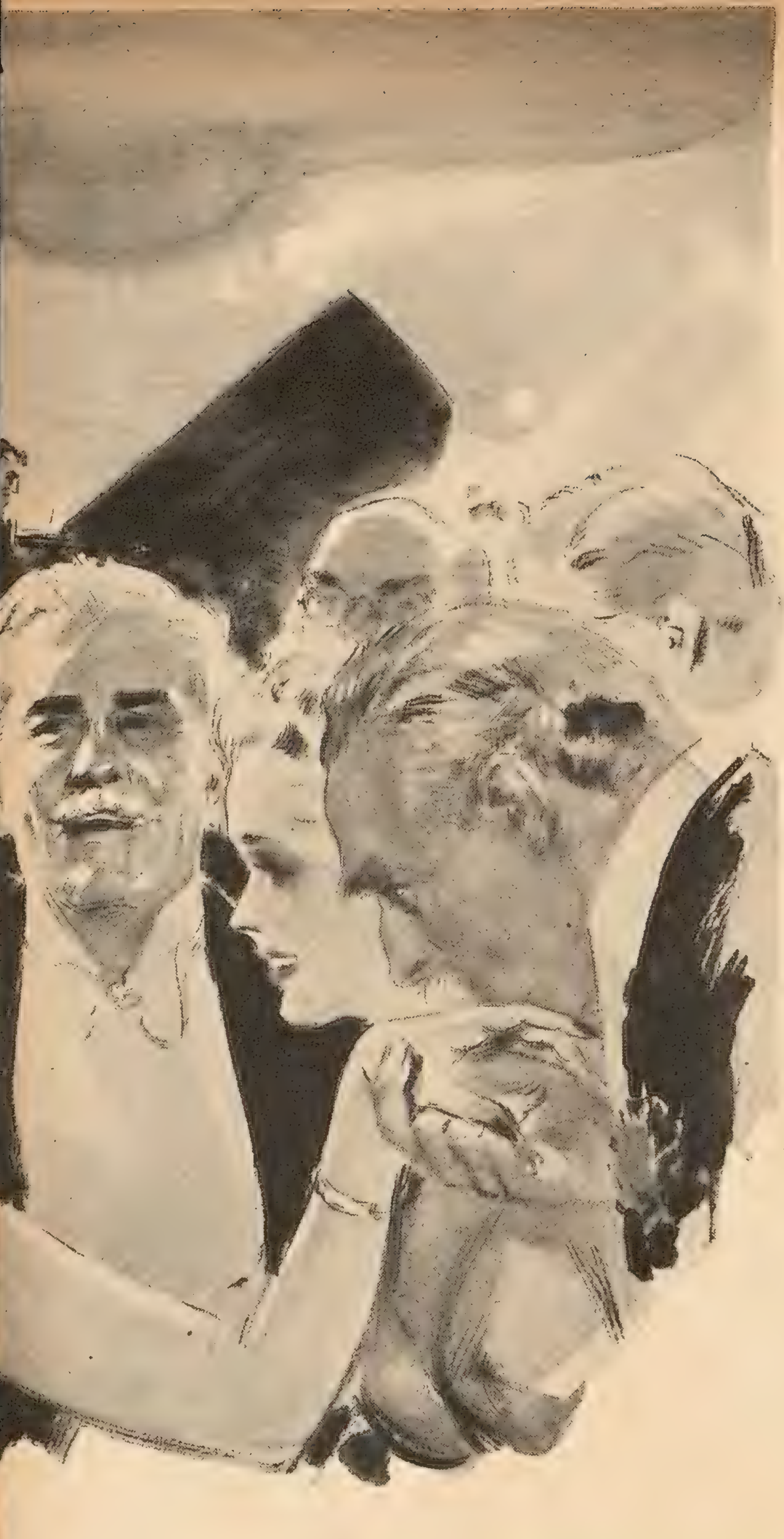
The boss said, "I was looking forward to Miami. I guess that's out."

I glared at him. "All right. I'll stick until you get back. But give Morgan the office to keep away. I'll throw him out on his ear if he shoves his nose into the Parnasse."

Steve Morgan lost no time letting Broadway know he was moving in on the Nelson chain of night clubs. Harry Folsom called me, and Dan Selling's call came soon after.

BY ALEC RACKOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI



When Leila finished they went out on the floor to hover about and recall themselves to her and ask for other songs she used to sing.

Folsom cursed, but Dan Selling is young enough to get a kick out of the other fellow's tough break. " Well, you won't starve. You soaked it away, didn't you? "

As if that meant anything. I said, " I've got enough to see me through," and hung up on him.

There weren't many people in the Parnasse that night, but I couldn't stay in the room at all. It was too mellow with memories; too swell in its quiet dignity. I was on the point of leaving, when one of the real old-timers came in. His lean face was pink and young even though his hair was white.

His blue eyes were sharp. " What's this I hear? Are you really out? "

" It looks like it, Mr. Tinney," I said bitterly. " There's no place for us old men."

" Old? " He smiled at me. " Haven't you heard, Tip? Life only begins at forty. We're just in our young-manhood."

" It doesn't feel that way," I said.

Nograles, the manager, looked ready to weep at the idea of his beloved room being sacrificed to swing.

You can imagine the frame of mind I was in when I got to my apartment in the hotel on Fiftieth Street where I've lived for all of twenty years.

Old Schlitz, who is day steward at the Parnasse and my man of all work at other times, was pottering around. I could tell he'd had the news. He brought my dressing gown and made me some coffee without being asked.

It isn't much of an apartment. The furniture is odd pieces from clubs and cafés long since forgotten. The walls are covered with signed pictures of people I've worked with. My eyes chanced on the picture of Leila Maye. I hadn't seen her since the winter of '15. She'd married some lad in an English officer's uniform who had been sitting every night for a month in the old Frascati. She'd had a voice, that kid of eighteen. And something more. I'd liked her a lot myself.

I sat looking at her picture. Schlitz had stacked the morning papers on the table. I didn't take them up. I knew Selling and Folsom would have the story in their columns. I'd be " that well known figure " and " that hold-over from a bygone day."

I was done, and I knew it. But I regretted not so much what was happening to me as what had happened to everything of which I'd been a part.

Schlitz said, " She lef' you a note, Tip."

" Who did? "

" Ain't you been listenin'? That Leila Maye."

I stared at him. Schlitz nodded. " She called up, an' I ast was there any message, but she says no, she'll send you a note. So the hop brings it up." He gestured to the table and the hotel envelope.

I opened it. I couldn't explain why it made me feel queer. Leila Maye after all those years! And here in my hotel!

It was a short note. It said, " Dear Tip: What a rotten greeting. I hope it isn't true. Call me in the morning. Your morning; around one."

I was afraid to meet her. It didn't need much figuring to decide she was forty. That's old for a woman on Broadway. Then I thought of how I would look to her.

Finally, when the traffic began to roll in earnest, I fell asleep. I woke at my usual hour and called Leila's room. Her voice came to me as familiar as if it had been yesterday I'd last spoken to her. " Tip. It's good to hear your voice."

" What about breakfast? "

She laughed, deep and throaty. I remembered that laugh. " I'm a country person. I've had my breakfast hours ago. But I'd like to lunch with you."

I said, " Let's make it Dominick's. It's still on the same spot in Forty-eighth."

I'd have known her anywhere. Funny. This was a mature woman and yet the girl was there. The same chestnut hair; the same big gray eyes. A little heavier, of course. But just as lovely.

She took my hand in both hers. That throaty voice was a croon. " Tip. Dear Tip."

It must have been a couple of minutes before we got to speaking normal. I said, " Why haven't you called me when you've been in town? "

" I haven't," she said. Her eyes were wide. " Tip, I haven't been in New York in twenty years."

" How come you're here now? "

Her eyes darkened. " Trouble." She was silent, tapping the table with a slender finger. She looked across at me. " Do you remember Henry? "

" You mean that English officer fellow? "

Leila smiled. " He was as American as you, Tip. He was a senior at Harvard. But he thought he ought to go.

We were married a week before he sailed from Halifax."

"Did he—"

"He came back. What was left of him. We were both Massachusetts born. We settled up there. Henry died ten years ago. But I haven't wanted to leave."

"And now?"

"My daughter." Leila's mouth tightened. "She married one of your typical young men of New York. Too much money; too little else. I was against it. I wouldn't even meet him." She shook her head. "So they eloped. I've heard regularly from Betty until a month ago. That's why I came down."

"You've seen her?"

"No. I went to the apartment. It's closed. The superintendent says Betty left for Nevada."

I said, "What are you going to do?"

"If she's gone to Reno I'll hear from her when she's ready. I'll go home."

"When are you going?"

"Tomorrow."

I said, "Come up to the Parnasse tonight. It's one place that hasn't changed since you left; though that'll be seen to quickly enough."

Strangely enough, seeing Leila made me feel more resigned to what was happening, even though I laughed grimly when she said, "Don't you care, Tip. You come on up to Northfield and grow really old near me. I won't let you get lonely."

I took her out to dinner. Got myself up in tails for the first time in years and stepped out properly. You should have seen the way all eyes turned on Leila.

IT was late when we got to the Parnasse, but the room was almost empty. Zeno Blake came from the orchestra stand to grasp Leila's hands. "You remember me, no? You haven't changed. She hasn't, has she, Tip?"

"Not a bit," I said. It made me glad to see how happy she was over her reception. Even Nograles, who never makes a fuss, hovered about, anxious. "I used to be a captain at the Frascati. You recall, Miss Leila?"

"Of course I do," Leila said.

When we were seated and Nograles himself was opening the Lanson '26, Leila said, "I thought I'd forgotten the feel of Broadway. But it's like coming home."

I just nodded. It was worse for me—about to leave.

"Everything is the same," Leila said. "Only I remember this place being so crowded. I'd like to see it that way again. The way it used to be."

I think that was when I got my crazy idea; or else when Mr. Tinney came in, slim, straight, and elegant in his evening clothes. I said, "There's some one will remember you," and got up to get him.

He remembered all right. "You can't recall, Miss Maye. I only stood on the fringe and adored from a distance." He turned to glare at me. "And you say we are old? It can't possibly be, Tip. Not with such glowing loveliness a part of what belongs to us—to our extreme youth."

Leila smiled up at him, and I said, "I've got an idea."

"I've never known you to have a bad one," Mr. Tinney said.

"Maybe this isn't good from any point of view but mine. But I'm going to have one night here when it will be the way it was twenty years ago—waiters who've grown old here; a menu like we used to have and wines as good; Zeno to play the old tunes: one-steps, waltzes, and fox trots. But there'll be no hi-de-ho; no ha-cha. There'll be no neurotic kids. There'll be no man allowed in the room who is less than forty. They can bring the prettiest girls they can find, or their own wives, from seventeen to seventy, but no man under forty passes the door." I drew a deep breath. "I'll do it, no matter what it costs. It's going to be my party. My farewell to the Broadway we once knew."

Mr. Tinney let out a roar. "By Harry, we will, Tip! I'm in it with you. I know a hundred young men like ourselves, just beginning to enjoy life. They'll cheer for the chance." He turned to Leila. "You'll sing, of course?"

She laughed up at him. "I've been solo contralto at church for years. I think I can still make them listen. Even on Broadway."

We set the date for Friday, which gave me five days to work in. I closed the Parnasse tight, there being no reason not to, and Zeno wanted to rehearse his boys in some old arrangements and go over a few songs with Leila.

I got the stewards from our other places together and told them what I wanted from their cellars; what I'd want from their kitchens and staffs. I even called a few people at the big hotels to borrow some of their captains and headwaiters who had been with us years ago. It made me feel good, the way they all came through. "For you, Tip? You bet. Sorry about you going out. It won't be the same. But anything you want. Just ask."

My notices went to about two hundred of the old names. I didn't offer them a free party. They wouldn't like that. And I didn't ask them to make reservations. Just to come. I told them I was having an old-time Parnasse night, with proper food and wines, decent music, and Leila Maye to sing the old songs. And I asked would they please see that no man in their party was less than forty. That we didn't want any erratic kids.

I hadn't expected to keep the affair secret. That's not possible on Broadway. Harry Folsom was the first to get it. He always is. I found him waiting for me.

"What's this, Tip?"

"Just what it is," I growled. "One night that won't be shot to pieces by your gay younger set. Just people out to enjoy an evening who know how to behave and still have fun."

He shook his head. "It won't work. You can't go no place without the youngsters."

"It isn't supposed to work," I snapped. "It's something I'm doing for myself. Not for the public."

When I saw Leila, she looked happy. "It makes me feel young again to be rehearsing."

"Any news from Betty?"

"No." Her eyes had darkened, but she smiled at me. "I'll hear from her when she's ready."

Friday finally came. I was nervous. I wanted to go out in a blaze, with a full room and an evening that clicked.

The columns had been kidding me. Reporters came around to quiz me, but I didn't give them anything. "Tell your editors they can send a man around if they like. But he's got to be more than forty, or he doesn't get in."

WHEN the Parnasse opened I was proud. Not even the Ritz in its palmiest days had a staff such as I had. Captains who could sense what a patron wanted the moment he looked up. Waiters who could serve without being noticed. Paulsson, from the Ambassador, as *sommelier*, with the golden chain he'd got from the City of Lyons a quarter century before. I almost prayed as I stood at the door. "Just let this go over big," I muttered. "Just one big night to close me out."

We were ready at ten, the waiters all at their posts, the captains grouped near the door.

But the room remained empty. Gus, at the door downstairs, sent up word there were only reporters wanting in. I told him to chase them.

Ten thirty came. A couple of parties arrived. I began to get a sinking feeling in my middle. Leila came down from her dressing room in a pale green gown, wearing an emerald necklace in an old-fashioned setting. She must have seen how I looked, for she patted my arm. "The theaters get out so much later now, don't they, Tip?"

But I didn't believe that was it.

By eleven only a few more had come. I was ready to give up and leave the room, when suddenly the parties began to arrive. Men I hadn't seen in years shook my hand and beamed at me. Mr. Van Storen said, "It's a celebration, Tip. Dinner and theater to precede this grand thought of yours. Will there be one-steps?"

"Yes, sir. Zeno will give you all the old numbers."

Within half an hour the room was full. I kept at the door, where Nograles had a page at the rope. A lot of the younger crowd turned up. They could crash anything. Nograles just bowed. "I am so sorry, but only mature gentlemen are permitted this evening."

At midnight Zeno was play- *(Continued on page 18)*

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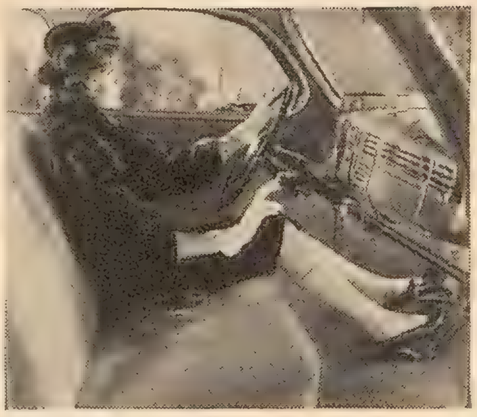

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The New 1939 DODGE *Luxury Liner*

(Continued from page 16)

ing his arrangement of Trees. You've never heard the ideal fox trot until you've heard that. They were dancing to it—white-haired men and still straight and youthful ones. There were lots of young and pretty women as well. And they all looked happy. There was just that grand hum of people having a good time. No shrieking over the blare of that music. Zeno's stuff was so soft you couldn't hear it; you felt it instead.

I walked to the corner table where Leila sat. She smiled at me, "It's grand, Tip."

That was enough for me.

Mr. Tinney waved from the dance floor, beaming.

My sixth sense made me look toward the door. Nograles was being firm with some one. Leila said, "Anything wrong, Tip?"

"Just a kid named Haldane. He's tight as usual. But I don't want Gus to toss him if he gets obstinate."

"Carter Haldane?" Leila's gray eyes were wide. "Do me a favor, Tip. Please bring him here."

I hesitated. Then I nodded.

I went to the door and motioned for Haldane to be let in. He couldn't have been more than twenty-three; brown-haired and brown-eyed. "You're not supposed to get in," I told him. "But a lady asked it as a favor."

"I regret my youth," Haldane said, "and I appreciate your kindness. Tomorrow I shall be famous. I said I'd do it." He was sticky, all right.

He bowed as I introduced him to Leila. She said, "Do sit down." Haldane turned to the captain. "Champagne for Miss Maye. I'll want brandy-and-soda, as usual."

"No champagne yet," Leila said. "I shan't drink until after I've sung. Will you wait to join me then?"

Haldane was weaving, but the lad had manners born in him. "Of course, Miss Maye." He grinned shakily. "I don't say it won't be hard, but not a drop until you have had your fill of applause."

It puzzled me, the way Leila sat looking at young Carter Haldane. Zeno finished with the Missouri Waltz and the lights dimmed. I felt Leila's fingers touch mine. I said, "Go to it. You're still eighteen."

Zeno sat at the piano, and there was a single diffused spot on her. When she started to sing there wasn't a sound. And she sang them Kern's oldest and best, They'll Never Believe Me.

Even young Haldane was still. I stole a look at him. If ever I'd seen the face of a completely miserable kid, it was his. Miserable and frightened, too.

WHEN Leila finished they stood and cheered her. Went out on the floor to hover about and recall themselves to her and ask for other songs she used to sing. She gave them half a dozen before she broke away, glowing and lovely, and came toward us. I got up and I saw her face change. I looked at young Haldane. He had a brandy-and-soda in his hand: just setting it down, almost empty, as he got to his feet.

Leila's face was white with anger. She came to the table and without a word she slapped Carter Haldane's face. Her mouth was bitter as he stared at her. "I asked you to wait and you said you would. You meant it. That's the trouble with you. I can see it. Always agreeable; always willing to promise anything. But you haven't the will or the character to keep your promise. I can see why Betty left you; why she would have to."

Carter's face was ashen. "Betty? I—I don't understand."

"Your wife," Leila said. "My daughter." She sat down. Her fingers touched mine again. "I'm sorry, Tip."

She didn't look at Carter, but he stooped to her. "Please," he said. "Please."

They looked at each other a long moment. Then Leila said, "Sit down," and her voice was kind.

The page came for me. I went to the door. Folsom was there and Selling too. Nograles wouldn't let Selling in. Folsom was laughing his head off. I said, "No one under forty. That goes for you too, Selling. You've been claiming you're thirty-five. So you're out."

Selling looked past me into the room. "I'm eligible. I'm forty and I want in. I'd rather be my age."

When I got back to the table Carter was looking humbly at Leila. She was sipping her champagne, talking to several people. But there was no glass in front of Carter.

A few minutes later Nograles came up. "If I might see you a moment, Mr. Tip."

Folsom joined us at the desk. Nograles said, "I am being flooded with requests for reservations. Telephone calls as well. What should I say?"

"It's tonight only," I said. "My farewell."

Folsom piped up, "Don't be a sap, Tip. My hat's off to you. I was as wrong as I've ever been. You've got something here. An idea. If you pass it up, some one else will cash in on it."

I sent for Zeno. "Reservations coming in. They want me to keep on with it."

"You bet." Zeno's black eyes were dancing. "We've got something, Tip. It's grand to work in an atmosphere like this. You can't stop it."

"All right," I said. "Until the boss gets back we keep rolling. If it lasts that long."

By the middle of the next week I knew it would. The nightly figures showed no signs of dropping. Our bar checks were ninety per cent wine, and for the first time in years restaurant figures compared with liquor ones.

I tackled Leila to stay on. "You've got to," I told her.

"I'd like nothing better." Then her face quieted. "But there's Betty and Carter." She shook her head. "I can see why she married him. He's a sweet boy. All he needed was some one to show him the way. He had no parents to, and Betty couldn't. She's too young herself."

"He's all right," I said. "He's been behaving since you took hold of him. What are you going to do?"

"Nothing," Leila said. "When Betty comes back from Reno; if . . ." Her brow wrinkled. She looked up at me. "I'll need some of my things. Perhaps Carter will drive me up to the farm. Will you come?"

EARLY Saturday morning we drove to Massachusetts. The countryside was brown and quiet, but you could feel the spring. We turned off on a road through a thicket of birch and came to a rambling white house. I followed Leila to the gate while Carter was still in the front seat. The door opened and a girl appeared. I heard Leila say, "I thought so."

The girl, gray-eyed like Leila and as dark-haired, ran to meet her. "Mums!"

Leila raised the kid's chin with her finger. "So this is where you came? You didn't go to Reno?"

"I couldn't," Betty said. But the next moment she stared past Leila and her face got all still.

I felt Carter brush past me. He stood before Betty, his back to me. I heard him, though. "I won't ever make any more promises, Betsy. I'll try to be decent, that's all. To be a man. If only . . ."

I saw the kid's arms go out to him, and I walked away. The hills were all misty as Leila came to stand with me.

Carter and Betty drove us to the afternoon train. We didn't talk much in the chair car. As we got near New York I said, "You won't want to bother the kids at the farm. There'll be enough to keep you busy in New York."

She didn't answer, and I said, "Maybe I'm not washed up; maybe I'm not old and finished. But no matter what happens, I'm not letting you get far from me."

I felt her hand warm in mine. "I'll like that."

When we finished dinner, I left Leila at the hotel and went over to the Parnasse. The reservation list was as big as ever. I went up to my office and came down when I heard Zeno's music. Leila came in, smiling at me. I was happy, watching my room fill with people who were out to have a good time and not because they were afraid to stay at home with one another.

Then the lift door opened again and my jaw dropped. I hadn't seen the boss in tails in three decades. He was tanned and healthy. Mrs. Nelson was with him. "Got a table Grace and me can have?"

"You don't have to ask," I said.

He shot me a quick glance. "Why not? It's your room. Nobody else knows how to make something of it."

It was the closest I've ever seen him to an apology. "What about Morgan?" I said.

"Morgan?" His brows shot up. "Who's he?"

THE END

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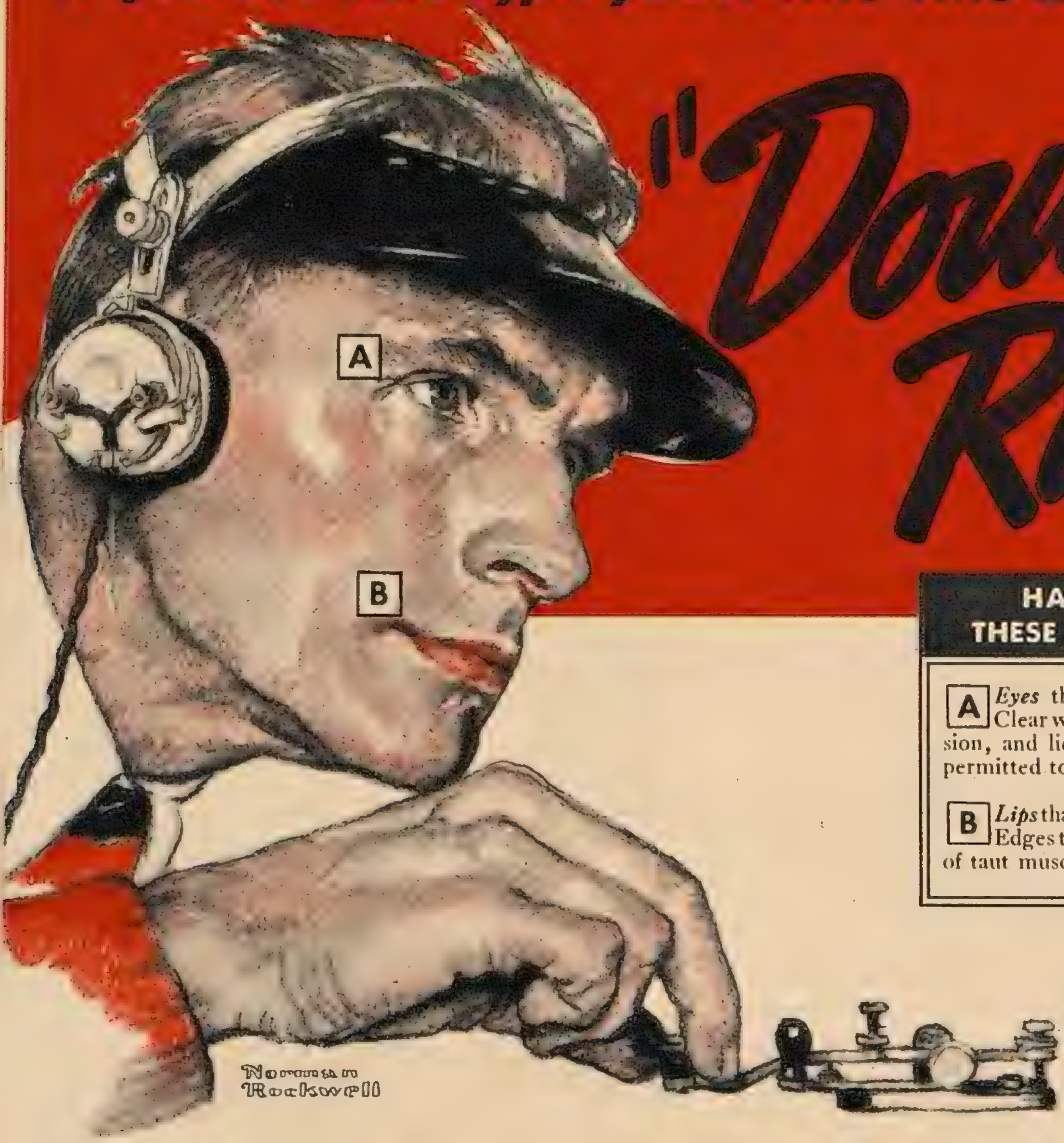
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REHEARSAL FOR *Love*

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WHEN Kathleen Roberts, twenty-three, lovely, idealistic, meets Paul McClure, a young playwright whose first play she admired tremendously, she is disappointed in him. Although she recognizes his attractive qualities and can even see how her friend, Hannah Arnold, dress designer for the exclusive shop, Eloise, Inc., came to fall in love with him, she finds him flippant and shallow. When she tells him she is looking for a job, he makes fun of her for wanting to work and predicts that she will soon give up her career for marriage and a little apartment on the East Side.

Kathleen informs him that she likes to work—and needs to. Her father, a trial lawyer who has cared more for true justice than for money, has been ill, and he and her mother are going on a long cruise. Kathleen, who is to share Hannah's apartment while they are away, needs more than her small income provides in order to pay her part of the expenses.

The next morning she goes to see Patrick Bell, the head of a large construction company, who has told her father, whom he has met casually, that he may have a job for her. Bell is a dynamic young man, quite different from the smooth sophisticated type she has known, and Kathleen is attracted to him at once. She is thrilled when he promises to try her out as his personal secretary. It means she will have the chance to be with him from nine until five, five and a half days a week!

PART TWO—THE WAY OF A MAID WITH A MAN

THE Roberts apartment was being dismantled . . . silver and rugs sent to storage, valuables put away. Because of the new interest and excitement of her work in Patrick Bell's office, Kathleen found the signs of departure less harrowing than if she had been left behind to twiddle her thumbs. She was taking some of her own things to Hannah's apartment, and between work, helping her mother, moving her clothes and other belongings little by little, her time was very full.

The Robertses sailed on a cold sunny autumn Saturday. Their stateroom was filled with flowers, books, bottles, the inevitable baskets of fruit. Kathleen, rising to walk restlessly around, read the card attached to one ornate container of flowers. . . . "Pat Bell!" she exclaimed, startled. . . . "Why, how nice of him!"

"Very," said her father. "Be sure you thank him properly."

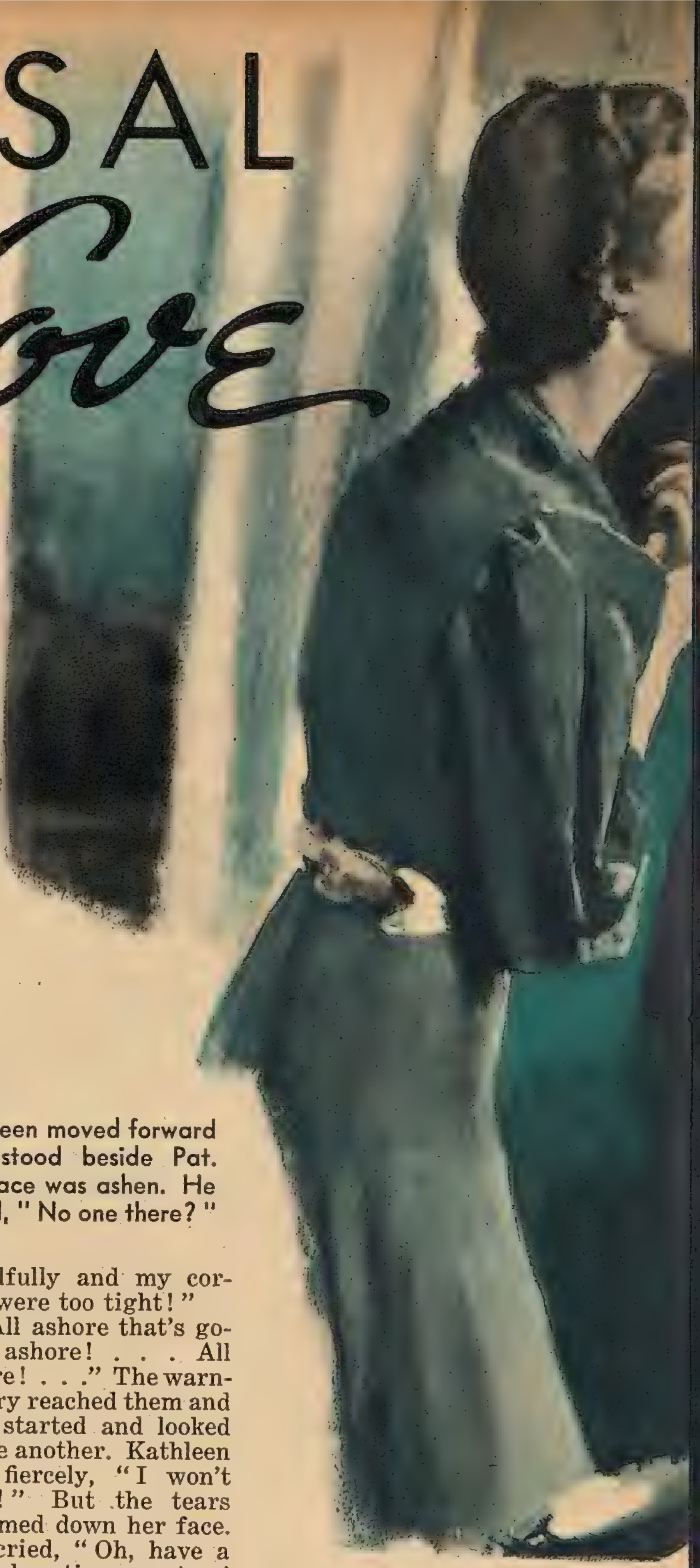
Bands were playing, people calling to one another, the public rooms, corridors, and lifts were crowded. Stewards bustled past with luggage, followed by a chattering stream of people.

Callers knocked at the door—Lawson Roberts' partner and his wife, the junior partner, clerks, Roberts' secretary, Miss Jervis, friends, acquaintances. . . . The stateroom was much too small; every one talked and laughed and smoked; the bottles were opened. . . .

Kathleen waited until the very last moment. The others had left, thank heaven. She could take her mother in her strong young arms and hug her hard. She could put her arms around her father's thin shoulders.

"Don't cry, mother," she said. "What a way to begin a second honeymoon!"

Marion sniffed. "I started my first in tears," she declared, with a catch in her voice. "My shoes hurt me dreadfully and my corsets were too tight!"



Kathleen moved forward and stood beside Pat. His face was ashen. He asked, "No one there?"

"All ashore that's going ashore! . . . All ashore! . . ." The warning cry reached them and they started and looked at one another. Kathleen said fiercely, "I won't bawl!" But the tears streamed down her face. She cried, "Oh, have a marvelous time, you two! Send me silly postals with 'Wish you were here,' and 'X marks the spot.' And *don't* worry! Don't worry about anything!"

She taxied back to the apartment to cry a little as she gathered together a few last things to take to Hannah's, over on the East Side. She thought, with a perking of her spirit, Well, Paul McClure was right—a little East Side flat! My destiny.

When she was ready to leave, the telephone rang and it was McClure. She said, astonished, "I was just thinking of you."

"Very flattering. Good thoughts?"

"So-so. I was considering your flair for prophecy, as I am moving to that little East Side flat—Hannah's flat."

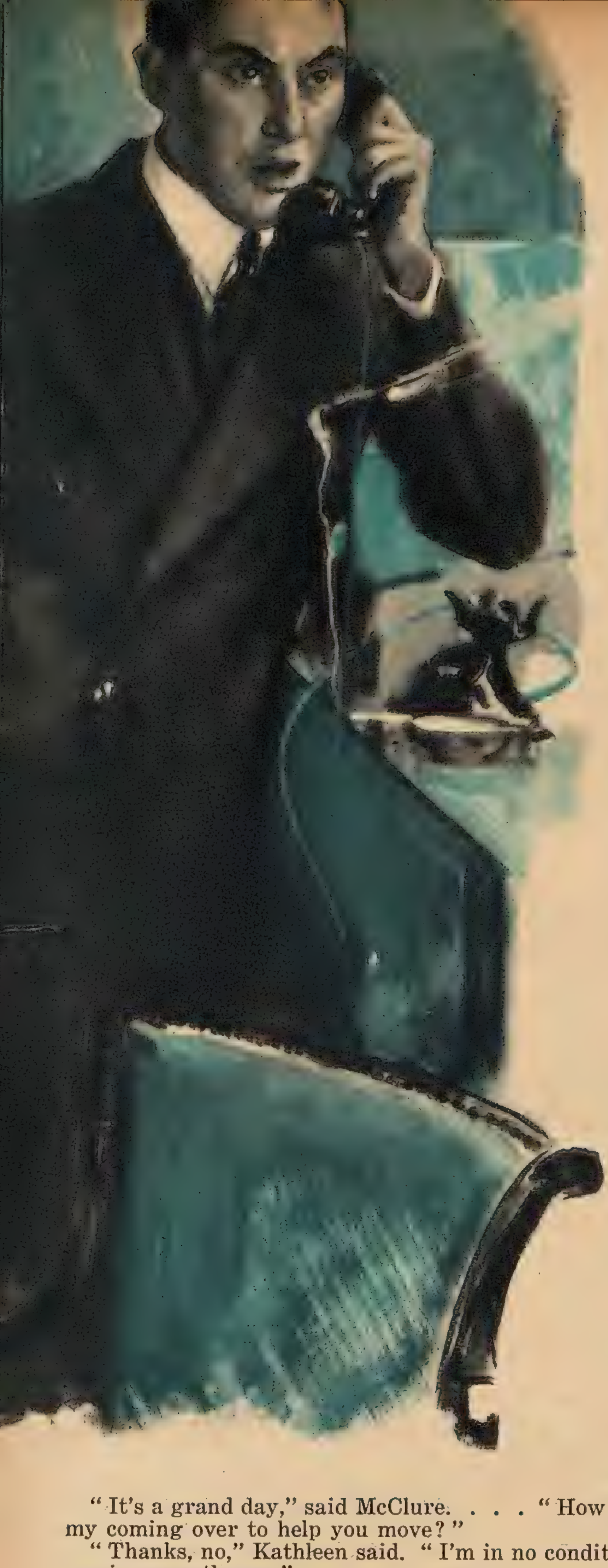
He said, "Hannah didn't say when . . ."

"Now, in a minute. I was just about to call for a taxi. . . ."

A vivid novel of today . . Don't miss this captivating story of laughter and tears, and the magic dreams of youth

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER



"It's a grand day," said McClure. . . . "How about my coming over to help you move?"

"Thanks, no," Kathleen said. "I'm in no condition to receive a gentleman."

"What, not decent?"

"Decent but depressed. I've just seen my family off."

"How about having dinner with me tonight? By the way, I assume you got the job?"

"I did," she said, and could not keep her elation from her voice. "And I will."

"You sound as if you liked your work," he said curiously.

"I do," she answered. . . .

"And that sounds like the marriage ceremony. I'll stop for you at seven at Hannah's. . . ."

He rang off, and her spirits went on perking, like a coffeepot. Any port in a storm, even Paul McClure, she thought. These first few days would be so difficult, adjusting herself to Hannah's haphazard ways, and to being alone. . . .

SHE had finished rearranging her pleasant bedroom, with its view of the oily, lively river, when Hannah blew in, her hat on one side and her welcoming smile lipsticked in Chinese scarlet.

"Lamb!" she cried. "It's marvelous!"

"What?" asked Kathleen.

"Your being here. I'll be more popular than ever, and that's saying something," Hannah explained modestly. She collapsed on a divan and shouted, "Amelia!"

Amelia appeared. She was fat and black. She was a magnificent cook, a super-bartender. She had a way with headaches. She understood white nights and mornings after. She swept into the corners and under radiators, but Hannah, who had had her for three years, forgave her and had a cleaning woman in once a week.

"Martini," said Hannah, "and you'd better join me, Kate, as a sort of celebration."

"Too early in the day."

"Darling, you aren't going to be too pure, are you?" asked Hannah anxiously.

"No," said Kathleen, smiling; "just pure enough."

"Well!" Hannah drew a deep breath. "Family get off?"

"Yes. Mother was crying and father kept swearing and blowing his nose. I bawled like an infant. But I'm so happy for them. If only they won't worry about me."

"They will," said Hannah calmly; "and seems to me that they have something to worry about now—"

"What?" inquired Kathleen with interest. "Don't tell me I've been in a scandal already and my poor parents not eight hours out at sea!"

"Scoff on," warned Hannah; "but meantime I have had a glimpse of your boss."

"Pat Bell. . . ." Kathleen's dimple appeared briefly. "Where," she demanded, "and how?"

Amelia waddled in with a tray, two bread sticks, a cracker spread with caviar, a tiny shaker, and one glass. She set it down and waddled off again.

"Where?" repeated Kathleen.

"At India House," said Hannah, pouring her drink. "I had lunch there yesterday, and there was one Patrick Bell lunching with an elderly gent. My equally elderly boy friend pointed him out to me. Said he was a comer. Said that his outfit is the biggest, the most strongly entrenched, and has the most political backing. I wasn't interested. I was looking at Mr. Bell. Blue eyes and black hair and a dark skin. Very nice. Shoulders like a truck and hands like hams. My child, watch your step."

"He's swell," said Kathleen.

"I can see that. How about the work?"

"I'm learning—"

"That's what I'm afraid of." She set down her glass. "We'll throw a party," she suggested. "We'll throw it tonight. You can ask your boss. . . ."

Kathleen laughed. She said, "I'm not on party terms with him, Hannah."

"You will be, you will be. O. K. We'll throw this one without him. Hand me that telephone book."

"I can't—" began Kathleen.

"What's wrong? Did you break your right arm?"

"Party, I mean. I promised Paul McClure that I'd dine with him tonight."

The living room was quite still for a moment. It was a crazy room, with a certain brittle, cockeyed charm. Hannah's narrow brows regarded her friend reflectively. She ran her hands through her dark red hair until it stood up all around her head. She said, "Paul. So that's it."

"Mind?" asked Kathleen.

"Gee, no. Why should I? I'm all for it. . . . I didn't know you'd been seeing him, that's all."

"I haven't been," said Kathleen truthfully—"not since the night of the Eloise party. Then, today, he phoned."

"He's a strange critter," said Hannah. She poured herself a second drink and lay back against the mulberry velvet of the divan. . . . "I was so goofily in love with him that I thought I was fourteen, weaving daisy chains in a meadow. I believed in Santa Claus, going to church on Sundays, and in wishing on loads of hay. That's how crazy I was. . . . But something happened . . . I don't know what. . . . We'd even talked about getting married. . . . Oh, I pretended I wasn't serious. Paul would have been scared to death of the simple creature I'd become. I didn't confess it to him . . . but we did mention the idea. And then we had a quarrel, and then, after that—oh, well . . ." She grinned and set down her glass. . . . "Water under the bridge, muddy water. Only I'm warning you."

"You're full of warnings," said Kathleen; "perpetual stop light, or what is it they call the yellow one at which traffic hesitates?"

Hannah leaned over to pat her shoulder.

"You'll get along," she prophesied, "and more power to you. I think I'll throw that party after all. . . . You and Paul can wander in when it suits you. . . ."

McCLURE called for Kathleen at seven, and Hannah, who had been sporadically telephoning all her friends and enemies since the late afternoon, waved to him from the telephone table. . . . "Darling," she was shouting into the instrument, "do drop around . . . tonight. Oh, any old time . . . I'm tossing a shindig. . . . All right, after the theater, then. Naturally I'll be up. When did I ever go to bed?"

She replaced the receiver and swung around. Amelia was beaming at Paul in a proprietary manner. "You see," said Hannah, "even Amelia remembers you, but she can't get over the fact that you're not coming to see me. . . ."

"I came to see you recently," Paul reminded her.

"Oh, Amelia never remembers further back than tomorrow," said Hannah. . . . "Kate, you look divine. I shouldn't say so—I'm supposed to be wedded to Eloise—but you don't need Eloise, I'll say that much for you. . . ."

The taxi was waiting; they drove toward the center of town. . . . McClure said, "I'm tired of intimate little restaurants. I thought—the Persian Room?"

When he had ordered he sat back in his chair and smiled at Kathleen. "Now," he said, "the job. What do you do?"

"Mr. Bell's personal letters," she said, "and—"

"What Bell?"

"Patrick Bell. . . ."

"Never heard of him. . . ."

"You wouldn't," she said, stung; "he doesn't drop in at the Racquet Club."

"Come, come," said Paul soothingly, "didn't mean to tread on loyal toes. . . ."

"It's a contracting firm," she said, "a big one. He's the head of it since his father's death. . . ."

"Personal secretary," said McClure musingly. "Well, that might run to a number of things . . . theater tickets, for instance, and sending flowers to the wrong girls at the right time, and writing the letters to his son in boarding school. . . ."

"He isn't married," said Kathleen, laughing.

"That's a blow," McClure told her. "What! No nagging wife? No bald head? No elderly waistline?"

"On the contrary," said Kathleen triumphantly.

"It's nice work if you can get it," said McClure.

It was, and she had gotten it. Personal letters, sorting out invitations, looking after the charity budget. . . . He'd said to her, "When you think it's all right, sign me up for whatever's customary." As for the invitations, he remarked, "I'm getting more of these than I can handle. Most of the people want something; I don't fool myself about that. Some of them don't want anything much. I'd like to accept those bids. But how am I to tell? That's one reason I hired you—to separate the sheep from the goats. . . . Would you think badly of me if I told you I'd like to know the right sort of people?"

She said, "Not at all . . . you're honest about it."

"Well, it's a fact," he'd told her, leaning back in his big chair. "My kid sister—she's pretty, you see, and only eighteen; this is her last year at school—I'd like her to have things. . . . I've never told you much about my people—thought you'd be bored—"

"I wouldn't be. . . ."

"My old man was—tops. Yelled at the top of his lungs, terrorized people, and had a heart big and soft as a down pillow. My mother . . . you'll see her some day . . . she's fine. I had an older brother . . . he died in the war . . . and then two younger than I . . . they died of diphtheria. The kid sister, Carmela, she came along late . . . when my mother had given up expecting any more. I'd like her to have everything I hadn't."

She wasn't going to tell McClure this. She had no right to tell him, it wasn't his business. Besides, she could imagine the sort of thing he'd say.

He said something now. He asked, "From your crack a while back, I gather that your Mr. Bell is what is commonly known as self-made. Nature's nobleman," he deduced, and laughed.

"What's so amusing?" she demanded.

"You. Your eyes blazed at me. So I'm right."

She said, "Not altogether. It was his father's business. He could have gone to college—the son I mean—and had every advantage. He didn't want to; he went into the firm instead."

"Very smart," said McClure. "America's haywire on this college business. Young Mr. Bell was probably right. . . . I take back the self-made. He's just half self-made. And, if you like, I'll retract the nature's nobleman."

"You needn't," she said. "I don't think it's so comic."

"Most of nature's noblemen I've met," said McClure, "have been crooks. Dear kindly old natives with accents and simplicity. Lord, you're lucky if you escape with the gold in your teeth."

"Do you believe that, or do you just talk that way?"

BOTH." He lifted his glass. "Here's to the job," he said. "And now, let's talk about how attractive you are. You know, I've thought about you too much."

She said, "Your lines are elegant, Mr. McClure. You should save 'em for the next play."

"So you think that's all a line, do you?"

"How could I think anything else?"

McClure looked straight into her eyes. He said, "Aren't you old enough yet to have learned how to sift the chaff from the grain? I suppose that's a very bad joke."

"It's a good one," she said, delighted. "Tell me, how is the play coming?"

"It's terrible," he said gloomily. "I think I'll shoot myself."

"Why don't you?"

"Woman, don't sit there coolly in ice green and tell me that you wouldn't care."

"I wouldn't," she said, "not especially."

"Aha, my proud beauty," he warned her, "you'll regret this. One day you'll come crawling to me on your hands and knees. You'll say, 'Paul, can you ever forgive me? . . . I have found out that even a stiff shirt can conceal a heart of gold!'"

Kathleen laughed. She said, "You are too utterly absurd. Tell me about the play."

"Terrific, in more ways than one."

"Drawing-room comedy," she inquired, "with the Coward touch?"

"The hero touch, darling," he said lazily. "You'd hate it. It's all about unions and strikes and other unhappy situations. . . ."

She said slowly, "Your first

(Continued on page 24)

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YET PRICES ARE LOWER

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2. New Amola Steel Coil Springs.

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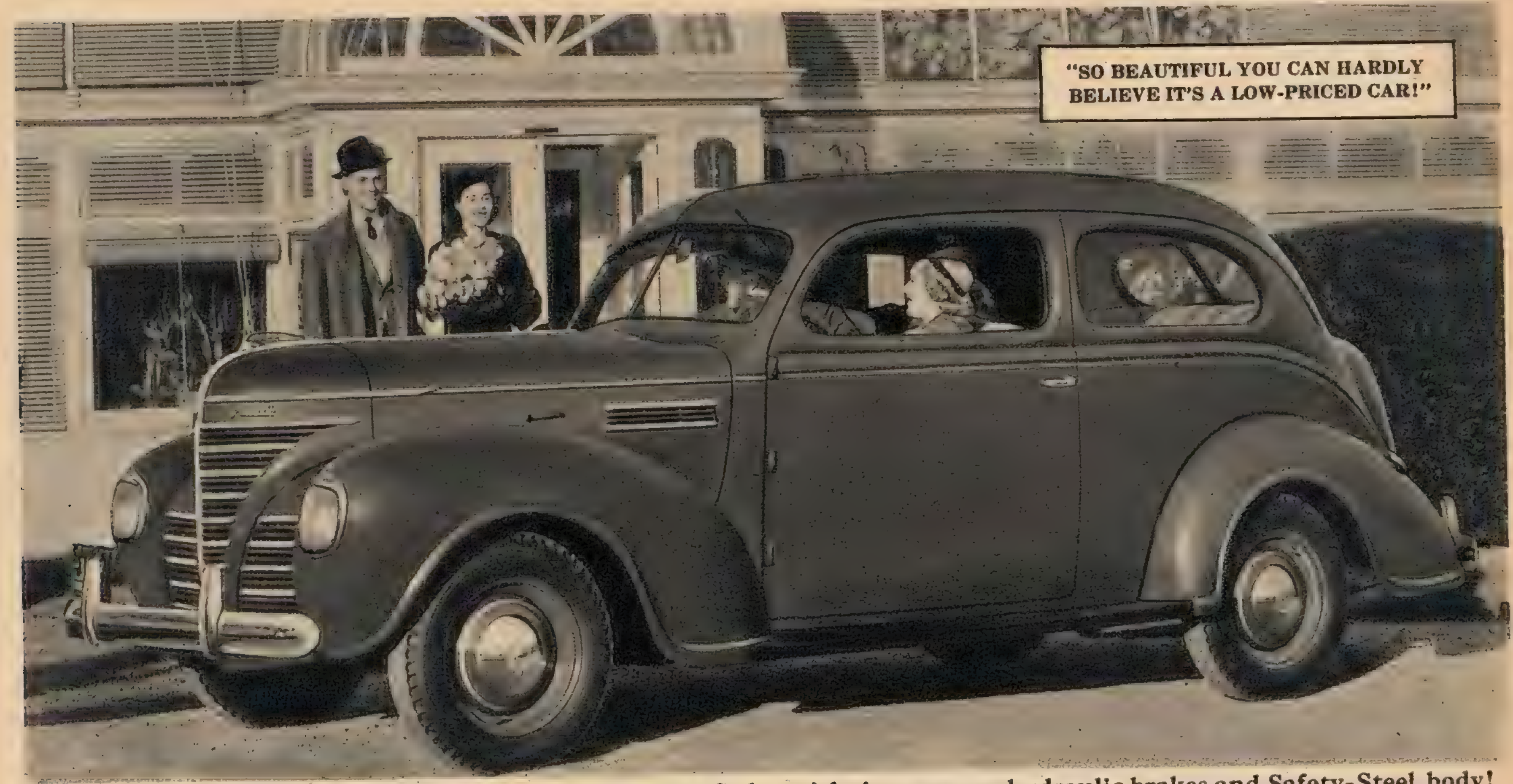

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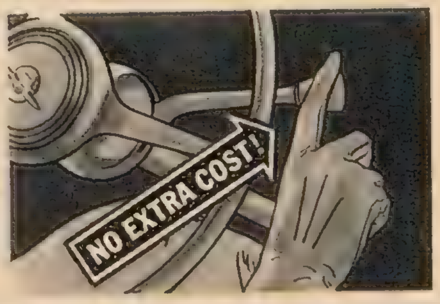
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PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

NEW "ROADKING"
NEW "DE LUXE"

THIS YEAR
PLYMOUTH'S
THE CAR

(Continued from page 22) play was about rather dreadful realities, but somehow I can't believe—"

"You think I've lost touch?"

"I'm afraid so, Mr. McClure. . . ."

"Paul to you. I don't know you well enough for surnames. Alas, sweet Kate," he said, "at that, you may be right!"

HANNAH'S noisy party lasted most of Saturday night and into Sunday morning. Paul and Kathleen, returning late, found themselves drawn into a vortex of people, all very informal, all very vocal. They hardly saw each other again, except across a room, but now and then she found his regard fixed on her, saw an eyebrow go up more crookedly than ever with a dismal I-can't-help-this expression.

Sunday was boring. People came and went. Kathleen went for a walk, to get some fresh air in her lungs. She called up a classmate, and invited herself for tea, returned to the apartment early and put herself to bed. Hannah was out; would probably not be home till all hours.

Monday was like rescue. Sunday she had felt like something on a raft. Monday was a steamer . . . nearing . . .

She was to feel that way on successive Mondays. During the weeks which followed she and Pat Bell came to know each other rather well. He said, when she had been there a month, "Mind if I call you Kathleen?"

"I'd like it," she said instantly.

"Pat, then? Two good old Irish names. . . ."

She said, "It isn't office procedure."

"But this isn't like most offices."

She hadn't had much experience of offices, but she was inclined to agree with him. It was, like many others, run at top speed, a terrific tempo, and no one wasted time. But a breezy informality prevailed. Bell was never too busy to see any of his men, and they wandered in and out of Pat's anteroom all day. Laborers came, foremen, union delegates, or men who had worked for his father, often shabby and down-at-heel, smelling, most likely, of poverty and sometimes of poverty's escape. . . .

Pat was generous to the needy ones, often to a fault, she thought. When one of the old men came in, Pat's hand went out to him at once, and then it went into a pocket and came out once more, laden. "There. Buy yourself a shave, a meal, and a night's lodging. A drink too. Not more than one. Get some sleep and come back. I think I can find a night-watchman job for you somewhere."

Generous but mistaken.

"Did you mean that about the night-watchman job for old Joe?" she asked.

"Sure. Why not? I've a friend with a string of warehouses. . . ."

"But he isn't fit for it, Pat . . . he's too old, and he's been too afraid. He'd run at the first sign of trouble. And he drinks . . . he's never been here quite sober. . . ."

"Oh, he'll be able to punch a clock and make the rounds," said Pat carelessly. "I can't let old Joe down. He worked with the old man, and he— Why, if I couldn't help him, he'd think the world was at an end."

"Why didn't he come to you before?" she asked.

"He has," said Pat in astonishment, "a dozen times. . . . The fool, he's always quitting or being fired. . . ."

"Yet you'd try again!"

"Naturally." He looked at her, puzzled, as if she was a little stupid not to see things in his clear light.

Perhaps she was. Perhaps she couldn't believe in people as he did. She spoke of this to Paul McClure the next time she saw him. Hannah was out and he had phoned and asked if he might come around and bring the play. He came—without the play.

"Oh, why not?" she wanted to know.

"Cold feet."

"I'll never believe that. What happened to it?"

"The cat ate it, my Jap threw a highball over it—pick your own excuse."

"The truth. Out with it!"

"I burned it."

"Paul, not really? But you're crazy! . . . You had a producer; he'd read the first draft . . ."

"I don't care. It wasn't right," he said. "I pulled my punches. Well, I'll make another stab at it."

That made her think of Bell, and she told Paul about him and old Joe. She ended, "He's like that."

He looked at her oddly.

"You think that's fine, don't you?"

"Of course I do . . . don't you?"

"No, I think it's cowardly."

"Paul!"

"Look here. Suppose the warehouse burns up or is robbed because of this old geezer who's half-soused most of the time and too old into the bargain to put up a fight. How generous is your gallant employer being to his friend who owns the warehouse? Lord, he isn't thinking of him at all! He's being Santa Claus, my dear. The big benevolent brother, his father's own son. He couldn't let old Joe down, could he? That isn't it. He couldn't let himself down—the idea he has of himself. Can't you see, Kate? No, of course you can't. It will take a long time to learn that easy generosity is the soul of selfishness."

She was raging with indignation.

"You couldn't possibly understand him, Paul," she said. "He's simple and honest . . . maybe he's mistaken sometimes . . . but he follows his own star. . . ."

"Don't we all? Simple and honest? And I'm not?"

She said slowly, "You've a pretty complicated mind. . . . As to the rest, I don't know. You're always putting on an act. You don't care about anything but your own queer, highly colored little world. You don't know what's happening outside and you don't care."

"You must be right," he said, staring at her; "any one as beautiful as you are, Kate, has to be right. . . ."

She said, "Oh, let's forget it. I was very near quarreling with you. . . ."

"Over Patrick Bell, the great unknown. . . . I'd like to meet him."

"All right," said Kathleen on sudden impulse. "Why not? I'll give a party and you can all meet him."

THE idea of a party at which Bell would be present delighted Hannah. But Kathleen regretted her plan when she entered the office next day. Entering, the mere act of it, had never ceased to amaze her. Astonishing she could walk down between the aisles of desks and call the girls by name. Amazing that she should have a luncheon date today with the chief engineer's secretary. And magical that this anteroom with its desk and straight chairs was her own, that the door opened into Pat's office.

He came in chuckling and threw a thick white envelope on her desk. . . . "This came to me at home," he explained. "I seem to be stepping out."

She read the invitation. She said, smiling, "It's a charity affair, Pat—you pays your money and you takes your choice."

"Sure. But I got on the sponsor list," he said.

He was a child, greedy for new toys. She was tolerant, but her heart ached for him. She thought, I'd like to give him the moon and the stars with the Four Hundred thrown in, just for fun. And, thinking it, she was frightened. She couldn't be in love with him. She *mustn't* be!

But she was. . . . And he'd fall in love with her, she thought, setting her little jaw, if she had to blackjack him into it. After all, she had one advantage—she saw him almost every day in the week. She could make herself necessary to him, she believed; she had already done so. Propinquity, need . . . and her own attraction. If Paul McClure admitted that attraction . . .

Before she left that day she came in with a batch of letters to be signed. While he signed them with sure firm strokes of his stubby pen, she looked out of the windows and down on the street. She thought of her mother and father and was so still that he swung around and spoke to her.

"Penny for them—"

"Worth more. I was thinking of mother and father."

"You miss them, don't you, Kathleen?"

"Terribly."

"But you aren't too lonely—with that friend you live with—what's her name?"

"Hannah Arnold. No, not lonely exactly. I go out a good deal, and people come in. . . ."

“I'll bet they do,” he said, smiling at her.

“Would you? I'm asking a few for Sunday night. Eight, and don't dress. We'll eat, drink, roll up the rugs and dance. . . . Would you like to come?” she asked.

“Of course. You bet I'll come. . . . Don't dress, you said?” And his face fell a little.

“As you like,” she told him; “but the others won't . . . it's an informal sort of gang.”

It sounded harmless—child's play, “eat and drink, roll up the rugs and dance.” He thought, on his way there in the big sleek car, which, despite his broken-nosed chauffeur, he almost always drove himself, I'll be bored . . . sounds like a children's party. But he knew as soon as he entered Hannah's apartment, which had certainly not been designed for children, that whatever else happened to him, he would not be bored.

Hannah overpowered him, and he looked down on her from his great height in amazement. Little and vital and high-pitched. She cried, “Where in the world has Kate been keeping you . . . or hasn't she? Come on and meet some of the troupe.”

KATHLEEN rescued him then, took him around. One of the girls turned out to be a musical-comedy star whom Pat had admired across the footlights for several years. There were other pretty girls. Some in sports clothes, some in long dresses with brief bodices, others in tailored velvet suits. There was a girl with her hair piled on the top of her head and leg-of-mutton sleeves. Eloise had rushed the fashions. The girl looked like the '90s but she talked like tomorrow.

“Mostly Hannah's friends,” Kathleen told him. “I thought they'd amuse you.”

McClure came in late, and straight across the room to Kathleen. “Hello, Kate!” he cried. “And of course this is Patrick Bell.”

They shook hands. They disliked each other at once. Pat thought, It isn't possible! She wouldn't go in for this kind of— He shrugged mentally. And Paul thought, Good heavens! Well, perhaps I'm mistaken!

There was food and there was drink. The rugs were rolled up and there was dancing. Viewing it, Pat thought, his hands thrust in his pockets, You couldn't get away with it in a clip joint.

A slant-eyed girl pulled at his sleeves. “Come on. You look as if you could shake a mean leg,” she suggested.

She dragged him into the middle of the room, and before he knew it he was witnessing and indulging in the earliest pre-St. Regis version of the Lambeth Walk to reach these shores.

“Oi, Oi!” he shouted with great hilarity.

“He's having a good time,” Paul told Kathleen.

“You like him?”

Get after a COLD two ways with Sal Hepatica!

MR.: Gosh! My luck is all bad. Here I stand a chance to win the Ice Carnival prize and a part in the next skating movie, and now at rehearsal I'm catching cold!

MRS.: It's time for quick action . . . with Sal Hepatica.

ICE CARNIVAL COMING

MR.: You mean—Sal Hepatica helps fast?

MRS.: Yes. Two ways. First, it's a quick, yet gentle laxative. And speed is important in fighting a cold. Second, it helps Nature counteract the acidity that so often occurs with a cold.

ICE CARNIVAL NIGHT

MRS.: The crowd went wild when the judges picked you! You were wonderful! If you skate like that in Hollywood—

MR.: *You're* the wonderful one! If you hadn't known about Sal Hepatica, I might be home in bed. As it is, we're heading for the West and fame, m'love! And let's put Sal Hepatica in the suitcase, for luck!

IT'S A SPEEDY LAXATIVE, YET GENTLE
SAL HEPATICA helps attack a cold two ways
AND IT HELPS NATURE COUNTERACT ACIDITY

TUNE IN! Fred Allen in “TOWN HALL TONIGHT”—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

Miles apart yet heart-to-heart!

NOTHING conquers miles so completely as a heart-to-heart telephone talk. The sound of warm, familiar voices . . . the eager exchange of personal news . . . is almost as satisfying as an actual visit.

Friendship feeds on *frequent* contact. Keep in touch with those who are dear but distant. Out-of-town calls cost little—especially in the evening or all day Sunday. Then you can talk about 90 miles for 35c; 150 miles for 50c; 425 miles for $1 (3-minute, station-to-station rates).

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"No. He's very good-looking, however. . . ."

She said, "Snap judgment . . . you don't know him."

"You asked for it. You like him?"

"Of course."

"How much?"

She flushed and turned away. He said, following, "Not that much. You can't."

"Why not?" she asked defiantly.

He said, low, "You haven't known him long enough. Besides, I love you."

She laughed. "You haven't known me long enough," she reminded him.

"Kate—"

"Does the length of time matter, then?"

"No, I suppose not, and I *do* love you—"

The others were noisy enough—he could say it, standing there with her against Hannah's bedroom door. Hannah saw them and her narrow eyes almost disappeared from her smooth face. She was dancing with Pat now. She said, as if casually, "Witness your secretary and her boy friend. Too proud to fight?"

He said, "Boy friend—him?"

"Yes, him," said Hannah, discarding syntax. . . . "He has a way with him. . . . I ought to know—I was in love with him once, and since then I've worn my heart on my sleeve."

She displayed it, a red satin heart stitched to a long black velvet sleeve. He did not look. His puzzled eyes were on Kathleen and Paul.

Well, thought Hannah, maybe I've done her a good turn, at that.

The phone rang shrilly. She went to answer it presently, and shouted into it; then, turning, she said in surprise, "It's for you, Pat Bell."

He took her place, listened, and then said, "I can't hear." He turned and held up one big hand. "Be quiet, all of you!" he shouted. "I can't hear."

THEY were quiet, stunned into silence. Kathleen moved forward and stood beside him. His face was perfectly ashen. He asked, "When? I see. No one there? Just the watchman. My God, if it had happened on a weekday! All right. I'll go up."

He slammed down the telephone.

Kathleen followed him into the square foyer.

"What is it, Pat?"

"A school building," he answered briefly. "We built it—last year. A wall has collapsed."

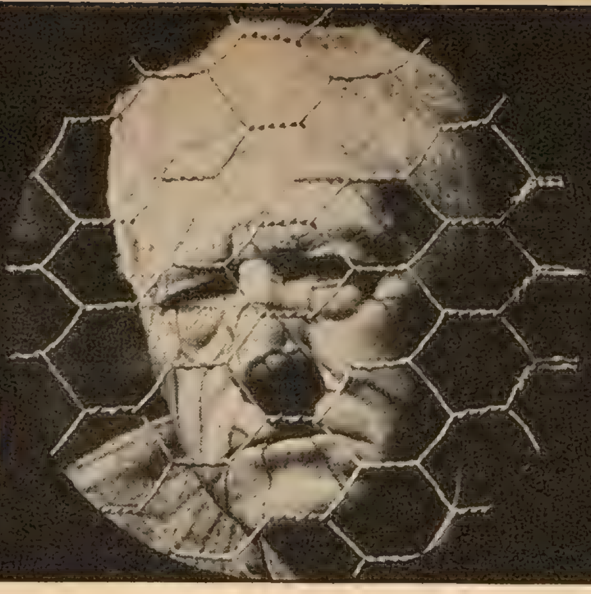
"Pat!"

"Collapsed," he repeated. "The watchman was in there. No one else. Sunday, of course. No kids." He breathed deeply and his forehead was covered with sweat. "I've got to go."

She said instantly, "I'll go with you."

Did careless construction cause the accident? How will Pat act in the face of tragedy? Next week Kathleen makes new discoveries about the man she has learned to love, and meets a woman who loves him as well as she does.

WINTER'S BASEBALL BATTLEGROUND



Is player monopoly doomed? A fighting czar declares war!

BY EDGAR FOREST WOLFE

Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

BASEBALL pennants are *not* won on summer playing fields, in the broad light of day and in full view of the fans. They are won on winter's baseball battlegrounds, behind doors that are closed to the public.

This winter a new battle rages behind those doors—a battle to destroy a system of baseball monopoly that has enabled the same three teams in each big league to monopolize all the pennants and the World Series for the past twelve years; a battle for which Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis, who as a federal judge had plastered a fine of one million dollars on the Standard Oil Company for the same monopolistic tendencies, has forged new weapons.

With two of these—an edict forbidding the signing of players to "blind" contracts in which a club's name is subsequently inserted without the formality of registering these at headquarters until the club is ready to place them; and another, abrogating the contracts and making free agents of some ninety ballplayers whose future had been controlled either directly or indirectly through affiliated minor-league organizations by the St. Louis National League club—Landis fired the first shots in a new winter campaign against the whole system of player monopoly that defeats the purpose of the selective draft and in recent years has made scouting the minor leagues, formerly the happy hunting ground for big-league ball clubs, almost futile.

Take a look at the picture:

Recent investigations by the commissioner's office have disclosed the fact that, either through direct ownership or secret working agreements, a total of 191 minor-league clubs have become little more than subsidiaries to big-league teams. This means approximately 2,800 young ballplayers whose future services are made unavailable to any other team except as dictated by the "holding company" of this monopoly in player talent.

The St. Louis National League club led with thirty-one minor-league subsidiaries. The Cardinals thus had absolute control of more than 500 young ballplayers—and Section 1, Article 2, of the Major League Agreement provides that "No club shall have title to or *under its control* at any one time more than 40 players."

The Yankees have twelve minor-league clubs in leagues of various classifications. The Brooklyn Dodgers have twelve. Detroit has eleven. By recent acquisitions the St. Louis Browns have fourteen. Cincinnati has nine. Washington, Pittsburgh, Chicago White Sox, and Cubs have seven each. Cleveland and Boston Red Sox have six each. Giants and Boston Bees have four. Phillies and Athletics have three.

It is charged that one American League club has college coaches on its pay roll, in return for which they are to tie up all baseball players developed at these institutions for future service with the "chain farm" subsidiaries of the big-league club that pays them a salary.

Pacific Coast League clubs have lodged complaints with Landis, pointing to various baseball schools that big-league clubs through their minor-league subsidiaries have been conducting in their territory in violation of their territorial rights, thus raiding their natural source of supply and making the young players off the lots unavailable to any other ball club.

For the past two years the Cincinnati National League club, through its minor-league subsidiaries, has operated a chain of training camps over a territory of 2,500 miles of minor-league ground stretching from Phoenix, Arizona, to Seattle, Washington, in which a total of 600 boys each year have been coached in the rudiments of baseball—and all those who show promise have been tied up by these "blind" agreements that Landis is shooting at.

The St. Louis Cardinals, through their Sacramento minor-league subsidiary, have been conducting a baseball school at Sacramento, California. The Cardinals have also been holding baseball schools at Springfield, Missouri, Fort Smith, Oklahoma City, and other places, cornering all the promising sand-lot players in those sections in violation of the territorial rights of independent minor-league clubs.

The Brooklyn Dodgers have been holding training camps for young sand-lot and school players at Elmira, New York, where last spring 400 boys were tried out for future service with Brooklyn "chain farm" clubs in violation of the territorial rights of the Eastern League.

Thus colleges, schools, and sand lots have been raided to feed a monopolistic system of player control that governs the player's future from the lots to the big leagues, makes an open player market impossible, and puts the pennant races and the World Series permanently within the grasp of the few "holding companies" with the most minor-league subsidiaries to corner and retain control of the playing talent.

So Landis has taken the winter warpath against a growing evil that had sent its roots down deeper than he had ever suspected. Following his liberation of some ninety ballplayers from the St. Louis "chain gang," the commissioner fired a broadside at the other club owners in the following words:

"In connection with recent investigations, it appears that clubs have been signing players to blank contracts in which a club's name has been subsequently inserted and the player ordered to report to that club.

"You are hereby notified that this practice is contrary to the rules and must be discontinued. Any player so signed will be declared a free agent and the club or clubs involved will be prohibited from having any dealings with such player. In addition, a fine of not less than $500 will be imposed upon each club involved for each offense."

As a result Commissioner Landis is definitely in the doghouse of certain club owners. And what happens on this winter's baseball battleground may well mean a drastic change in the future baseball picture—or it may mean the passing from the game of the man who left the federal bench to save baseball from itself.

THE END

WILL THESE MYSTERIOUS CRIMES EVER BE SOLVED?

THE STRANGE CASE OF THE MODEL YOUTH AND THE MURDERED LADY

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

RUSSELL NOBLE was a curly-haired kid of thirteen when his mother died. He made her a deathbed promise.

"When I'm gone," she said, "I want you to look after your brother, son."

He had more than one brother, but he knew which one she meant. "I'll take care of him, mom," he swore. "I'll see that he never has to suffer for anything. . . ."

She slipped off then, and he began crying.

It was a strange promise to exact, in one way, for the brother he swore to protect was older than he was.

After his mother's death, Russell Noble went to live with an aged aunt in his home town of Haverhill, Massachusetts. He wasn't entirely successful with the deathbed promise, for his brother got into minor scrapes now and then. None of them was markedly serious.

Russell himself, however, became the kind of boy that parents like to imagine their sons to be.

He called his aunt "Gram" and gave her five dollars every week. He got up at five thirty each morning to "carry a paper route." He returned for breakfast, washed the dishes, and then went to Haverhill High School, where, in 1931, he was an honor student in the senior class.

After school he not only delivered more newspapers but found time to work in a local florist shop. Then he went home to eat, wash more dishes, and spend the evening studying at home or at the local library. That done, he would get into his bed, over which he had hung the motto by Benjamin Franklin: "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

He taught Sunday school at the Congregational church at Bradford. He was treasurer of the Young People's League, secretary of the Christian Endeavor Society.

He was—it may seem—too good to be true. After the murder, the newspapers implied as much by referring to him as "Baby Face" and "Haverhill's Model Boy."

That sort of boomeranging of virtues seems, in this case, to have been a little unjust.

Russell Noble—and this comes from a shrewd judge of character who knew him well—was simply a clean, wholesome kid of seventeen, unworldly but of more than average intelligence, when all the trouble started.

He was handsome, too. He had a big shock of curly hair and a grin that put dimples into his cheeks. His classmates liked him and called him "Rudy" because they thought he looked like Rudy Vallee. Girls liked him, but he paid no attention to girls; not because he was prissy, but because he already had one—a fresh, sweet-faced youngster who was as wholesome as Russell Noble, at seventeen, was.

One Haverhill house on the porch of which Russell Noble daily tossed a newspaper was a many-roomed mansion on Summer Street. Its owner was Mrs. Clara Ellis, a thirty-nine-year-old widow.

Between seven thirty and eight o'clock on the morning of February 26, 1931, Agnes Reardon, a maid, went to her mistress' second-floor bedroom with breakfast.

She found Clara Ellis lying on the bed, apparently dead. It was a brutal and messy scene. Some one had bludgeoned her over the head.

The terrified maid roused the rest of the household—John Keohane, a handy man, and Norah T. Ring, the cook. They came down from their third-floor quarters and attempted to put through a call to the near-by residence of Mrs. Ellis' wealthy and socially prominent brother, George Kimball Clement. But the telephone was dead. Some one—probably the murderer—had cut the telephone wires in the rear hall of the first floor.

Some one went to summon Clement, and he, in turn, summoned the family doctor and friend of both himself and his sister, Dr. Charles Benson, who found Clara Ellis alive but precariously wounded.

Around noon the local police were notified that Mrs. Ellis was at Dr. Benson's private hospital and that her condition was extremely serious.

Now, the Clara Ellis case—technically solved—is one

JayMcArdle '38

The terrified maid roused a handy man and the cook. They came down, tried to put through a phone call.

A detective baffler from real life. The chronicle, bizarre but true, of a fantastic confession

BY FRED ALLHOFF

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY McARDLE

of those affairs of violence in which you must guess your way around. Accidental or purposive, a hush-hush element figured from the outset. For example, the victim was found not later than eight o'clock in the morning. Yet the police received no word until noon.

Captain Irving G. Hussey, chief inspector of the Haverhill Police Department, later wrote an account of the crime, detailing his investigation of the mystery and mentioning his long friendship and high regard for Mrs. Ellis and her brother, Mr. Clement. He explains that, when the wounded woman was found, it was at first believed that she had committed suicide. An unsuccessful search for a revolver was made.

Certainly generous time allowances must be made for the terror of the discovery, the summoning of Mr. Clement and Dr. Benson, the removal of the wounded woman to the hospital, and the search for a " suicide gun." Further, it is understandable that, if her injury was believed self-inflicted, it would be natural to want to keep this information from becoming public.

Mrs. Ellis was wealthy, vivacious, and socially prominent, and the newspapers printed reams on the case from the outset. But though they printed much, they omitted more. I have been unable to find, to this day, a printed report of the autopsy that finally was made.

There are varying accounts of the number of head wounds. One says five, another three. The most authoritative, in Captain Hussey's account, places the number at two; mentions bloodstains on face and pillow.

Attacks of this kind generally leave furniture knocked about and walls spattered. And the murderer's clothes are almost always badly stained.

Yet, except for two overturned lamps, Chief Hussey found the room in apple-pie order.

One version says that after the discovery one of the women servants went to the room to find a man carefully washing its walls, tidying up.

An ambulance driver, who found the victim covered with a sheet, supposedly asked: " What kind of a case is this? " and was told that it was a pneumonia case.

In the house were hundreds of dollars' worth of silver and other valuables, all untouched. In the bedroom itself, the assailant had not disturbed Mrs. Ellis' pocketbook, which contained some cash, or her jewelry, which lay on the night table beside the bed.

Only one item did police later report stolen—a wrist watch valued at about seventy-five dollars.

The obvious theory—that a professional burglar had pulled this job—seemed a weak-tea theory at best.

What then?

Captain Hussey, who had known Clara Ellis as a child, pictures her in his account of the crime as a kindly, generous, popular, and entirely respectable woman.

To quarrel with that description leaves one in the untenable position of maligning—without proof—the dead. Yet, to this day, whether the crime is solved, as the police claim, or unsolved, as the often hysterical friends of the man convicted claim, depends utterly on the ticklish question of what really happened on the night of February 25 in the bedroom of Clara Ellis.

Here again it is impossible to fall back on the comparative authority of an autopsy report. Whether indignities other than fatal blows were visited upon the person of Clara Ellis remains a mystery. One investigator of the case told me they were; insisted, in fact, that the autopsy report showed that more than one man must have been responsible.

If this is true, was the murderer one of these?

Though Clara Ellis lived in a twenty-room house, her screams would have carried from the second floor to the third. No screams were heard by servants there.

If a stranger murdered her, then, it would be logical to suppose that he struck her as she slept. If her murderer was not a stranger, then it is difficult to decide why he should have brought a hammer—the murder weapon—with him, and how he wielded it without alarming her.

The night of the fatal attack seems to have been a quiet one. She told her cook at nine o'clock that she expected a caller and would answer the door herself. The doorbell rang a few minutes later, and the cook, Norah Ring, went up to bed without seeing the caller or hearing him go.

Less than an hour later, the maid, Agnes Reardon, returned from church, looked in upon her mistress, and saw her in bed, reading a book.

There was some mystery, at first, about the identity of the caller. He was said to be Major Ralph Townsend Heard, an army officer who had stirred up a feminine flutter or two in the afternoon-tea circles in which Clara Ellis moved. New to Haverhill, he had paid the wealthy widow considerable attention; had been sued for divorce by his own wealthy wife. An hour or two before police were notified of the assault upon Mrs. Ellis, the major left Haverhill for New York, where he boarded a steamer for the tropics.

Police, after investigation, pronounced this a coincidence, and Mr. Clement told officers that the major had visited his home that morning before leaving Haverhill, and had been aghast at news of the weird assault upon Clara Ellis. Subsequently the major voluntarily returned to Haverhill, submitted to an examination by the police, and was completely absolved of any connection with the crime.

Mrs. Ellis' movements of the day before offered no clue. She had gone to the bank, withdrawn between two and three hundred dollars; spent some of it; attended a bridge party; taken a French lesson, driven the French professor to his home, and had gone home herself.

Nor did the house offer a clue. There were no fingerprints. Access had been gained through a sun-parlor door which had been left unlocked.

Her brother, Mr. Clement, turned over to police a claw hammer. He had found it lying on a snowbank in the back yard. Captain Hussey found Clement's footprints from the walk to the snowbank where he had picked it up. Its head was bloodstained. Since there were no other footprints than Clement's, it seemed reasonable that the murderer had tossed the weapon there.

The phone wires had been cut with wire cutters.

And there the case rested—while the town buzzed.

At thirty-four Clara Ellis, née Clement, had married John Dwight Ellis, son of a shoe manufacturer. For fourteeen months they had lived in seeming happiness together. Then Ellis had been found dead of carbon-monoxide poisoning in the garage of their home.

Now his vivacious and, of course, wealthy widow was dying of violence. Rumors flew: A woman had committed the wanton assault—motive, jealousy. Among the dying woman's effects were said to have been notes for considerable sums borrowed by male admirers. Access to the Ellis home, one investigator said, should have presented little difficulty, for outsiders were said to have had keys—among them, six high-school boys.

Whatever the truth of these statements, the case showed no signs of being near a break until February 28, when Russell Noble walked into it.

THE curly-haired youth came to police headquarters with a watch which he said he had found in a snowbank near the Ellis home early Friday evening while delivering papers. He said he'd read about Mrs. Ellis' watch being missing, and wondered if this might be it.

The policeman to whom he talked looked at the watch and told him to go home and they would get in touch with him again if it seemed important enough.

Russell Noble went away. When one of the policeman's superior officers came in, he asked why in heaven's name the policeman had let this fellow, whoever he was, walk out of there with the watch, when it was—if it was Mrs. Ellis'—about the only clue left.

He hurried to Russell's home. Russell was not there. When he came, the officer wanted to know how the watch could have lain unnoticed in the snow until early Friday evening, after having been taken from the Ellis home Wednesday night. Russell's only explanation was that he must have erred about the time and that he might have found it Thursday, not Friday.

This was a lame enough explanation, and Russell Noble was taken to headquarters for questioning. When that questioning was over—after midnight—police announced that he had signed a confession. In it he was charged with having admitted that he needed money. He said he had first gone to a house at 42 Summer Street to commit robbery, and after forcing a window had changed his mind and gone to the Ellis home.

He said he had gone in through the sun-parlor door, searching downstairs for money. Finding none, he had gone upstairs, searched all the rooms. He said Mrs. Ellis had sat up in bed when he entered her room. She had screamed and swung a lamp at him, and he had hit her with a hammer he'd brought along. He said he had taken the watch and fled, throwing the hammer away.

There was an immediate loud howl from unbelieving citizens of Haverhill. Fellow students rallied to the defense of Russell Noble. So did his teacher, fellow members of his church, both his employers. To ninety per cent of Haverhill it seemed to be inconceivable that such a lad could be guilty.

Bitterly the police were criticized. They had taken this mere boy into a room at midnight. They had come out of that room with a signed confession.

Obviously, this imputation of third-degree tactics was and is so much rubbish. Russell Noble himself never complained of mistreatment, nor would the police have crippled their case by getting rough with a youth of his intelligence and popularity. On the other hand, they seem to have been somewhat impressed by the fact that quite recently he had read two novels: The Back Bay Murders, and Beacon Street Murder.

They were even more impressed when they found in his pockets a theoretical reconstruction of the crime, in which he carefully wrote out his version of how he thought the attack and robbery had been staged.

AS to the actual value of his confession no outsider can judge, for it was not released to the public *in toto.* The District Attorney, Hugh Cregg, said:

"I have a confession in writing signed by Russell Noble. I will positively not make this public."

Why it should not have been made public is one more of the mysteries-within-mysteries of the case.

Practically everything which, according to police, Russell Noble told in his confession could have been told equally well by any one who had followed the newspaper stories. The stolen wrist watch, the snipped telephone wires, the location of the attacked woman's bedroom—all of these things had been dwelt upon.

True, he could scarcely have come into possession of Clara Ellis' watch through reading newspapers. But, if guilty, would a boy so intelligent have deliberately walked into the police station with the only evidence that would link him directly with the crime?

Police gave as a motive the statement that Noble had needed money for some class pictures. Not only did this turn out to be true, but examination of his school accounts showed a money shortage. On the other hand, the shortage was not great, and his credit with employers and relatives was good. He could have borrowed enough to cover this shortage.

The broken or forced window of the house at 42 Summer Street may mean much or nothing. If the cops asked Russell Noble whether he had done it, then his reply that he had means nothing. If, however, he volunteered the information without an iota of prompting, then it means something—but God knows what. There was nothing in that empty house to steal, as Russell, who delivered papers along that street, would have known.

He admitted ownership of the hammer, and a pair of wire cutters of the type used in florist shops was found in the shop where he did spare-time work. He said he had gone there that night and got the wire cutters, and, after committing the crime, had replaced them.

But why should he have replaced them? It would have been easier to have tossed them into the snow.

Incidentally, in one statement he was credited with having said that the hammer must have dropped from his pocket as he left. Could it have dropped into a snowbank to which only one trail of footprints—those which the victim's brother said he had made—led?

And why weren't bloodstains found in that pocket, if not elsewhere on his clothes? The hammer bore them. No stained clothes of his were ever produced.

And what happened to some of the $200 and more withdrawn by Clara Ellis from the bank? Less than half of it was found in her pocketbook. Yet none of it was traced to Noble, found in his possession.

Whose was an automobile that neighbors told of seeing in front of the Ellis house on the fatal night? Russell Noble himself told, in one confession, of passing the house and seeing it. He did not own a car, nor did any of his brothers.

Why, then, should he have confessed at all?

The long series of confessions, recantations, new confessions that he made offers one of the most puzzling features of the entire case. He seems to have been the decent clean-cut kid he was reputed. Both he and his sweetheart were innocent wholesome youngsters. She expressed an opinion in which many concurred—that he was shielding the guilty person.

Yet no evidence pointing to any other person was worked up, and Russell Noble began to smash down the sympathy aroused for him by the most amazing series of resourceful lies ever told by any murder suspect.

The inside story of another mysterious unsolved crime will be told in an early issue.

Mrs. Clara Ellis lived until the afternoon of March 7; died without regaining consciousness long enough to tell what actually had happened.

Russell Noble told one story of having heard screams while passing, and having gone into the house; a man, he said, had chased him out of it. This unidentified man of his story had been beating Mrs. Ellis. In a much later version the unidentified man became a lover.

Russell went into court on May 25 and pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree. A public trial might have cleared up many of the questions which, to this day, go unanswered. It might, too, have sent him to the electric chair. But there was no trial, and the youth—one of the youngest ever to enter Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown—was sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor.

His lawyer was a capable and distinguished one, Richard J. McCormick. Newspaper accounts do not say who retained him to defend Noble. Noble later told one questioner he had not wanted to plead guilty; had preferred a trial. His attorney denied this, and the denial must be accepted, for Noble had every opportunity to make his wishes clear in court.

Prison changed Russell Noble. He soon produced new "confessions." Ignorant about sex relations when arrested, he became an overworldly fellow, eager to insinuate a sex angle into his new versions of the case. He accused the dead woman of having made advances to him. Revolted, he said, he had struck her with the hammer.

Other versions were even uglier and less credible.

In most of them he made a singular error. He said that her body, at the

40? THAT WOMAN? SHE CAN'T BE!
1. "OH! BUT SHE IS!" SAID HER FRIEND. "IT'S QUITE A STORY"
HELEN'S REALLY AN AMAZING PERSON! HOLDS A FINE JOB. WORKS EVERY DAY. GOES TO MORE PARTIES THAN ANY OF US. AND LEAVES LOOKING FRESHER THAN WHEN SHE CAME. I ASKED HER ONCE FOR HER SECRET—
2. AND THIS IS WHAT HELEN HAD TOLD HER
I OWE AN AWFUL LOT TO THAT DOCTOR WHO SAID I DIDN'T GET ENOUGH VITAMINS. "MODERN PEOPLE NEED VITAMINS FOR PEP," HE SAID. AND I'VE DISCOVERED A DELICIOUS CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP THAT'S EXTRA-RICH IN TWO IMPORTANT VITAMINS
3. THANKS, MARY, FOR THAT STORY ABOUT HELEN. I KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO BE THE BREAKFAST CEREAL IN OUR HOUSE FROM NOW ON, AND ITS NAME IS KELLOGG'S PEP
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time he hammered her unconscious and fled, was on the floor beside the bed. Yet she was found in bed. No one had put her there, and she could not have crawled there herself.

In one story he said that when he first entered the house he opened the drawer of a desk or secretary and searched it for money. He found none, but saw in the drawer certain papers, which he now described.

A search of that drawer was made. The papers he described were not there—never had been.

On the other hand, no actual proof that Russell Noble had ever stepped inside the Ellis home was offered. His alibi—or lack of one—likewise remains puzzling. One of Noble's friends said he went to a dance with him. The cops place him in a dining car between ten thirty and eleven, and have a witness who saw him there, according to published accounts.

In one of his confessions he forgot to take blame for cutting the phone wires. Another time, he could not explain why he had taken the watch when a purse with money in it was there. Asked why he cut the wires, he seemed unable to offer any explanation.

Mrs. Ellis' estate, representing an income of about $34,000 a year, went to her brother, G. K. Clement.

Russell Noble in his cell, meanwhile, had thought up still another story. This time he said he had needed money for an operation for a girl "in trouble." He named her. Investigation showed such a girl existed. But she had no trouble, no operation.

Each of the amazing stories of this youngster, now no longer normal, was told in the quite serious belief that it would win him freedom. And each only alienated sympathy from him.

Gradually his efforts tapered off; the case was forgotten. One last effort to revive it was made when a new attorney stepped into the picture. Rumors spread that a prominent Haverhill society man and woman, both friends of Clara Ellis, had secretly met in London, where it had been planned that Russell Noble was to take blame for the crime. Nothing came of this, and Russell Noble spent his spare time in prison writing a book against capital punishment.

Shortly after noon on June 27, 1936, a young man walked into the Haverhill police station and handed a letter to the desk sergeant on duty. He was Norman A. Archambault, a law student; the letter, his signed confession to the murder of Mrs. Clara Ellis.

Police, unimpressed, pointed out to him that, when the crime had been committed, he had been only twelve years old. Then he said he had been visiting Russell Noble in prison; had talked to him of the murder; had agreed to submit a written confession so that Noble could win a parole.

Young Archambault was sent home to his mother. Since then, Russell Noble has again become a "model boy." He works in the prison office. He keeps books, and keeps them well. He is trusted by his superiors.

Perhaps, as the police insist, he's guilty. Certainly his actions after the murder were reprehensible.

However you ponder it, you circle right back to one fact: Russell Noble—unless at seventeen he was fooling a whole town—was a wholesome, unsophisticated, normal kid. Overnight he became a fantastic liar, perhaps a murderer.

Overnight! To know the truth, we'd have to know, exactly, all that happened the night that Clara Ellis was bludgeoned.

THE END

---

20 QUESTIONS

1—He is fifty-two. His cognomen recalls an ancient liquor; but his brother's baptismal name is identical with that of the early Hebrew patriarch reputed to have discovered wine. In a current release he swaps socks with Taylor. Who? (See photo at right.)

2—What is the capital of Maryland?

3—Who is the Songbird of the South?

4—Which heavyweight won the world's championship in Sydney, Australia, and lost it later at Havana, Cuba?

5—Do the Philippine Islands number more than a thousand?

6—Is it true that black sheep eat less than white sheep?

7—Which of the planets is inhabited beyond a doubt?

8—The Avenida de Francisco I. Madero is which city's main street?

9—Which animal dunks its food before eating it?

10—In the Bible, whose steps were washed with butter?

11—Who was the first President to be born a U. S. citizen?

12—Are Loretta Young, Polly Ann Young, and Sally Blane related?

13—The famous Blue Grotto is on which Italian island?

14—Why do prizefighters soak their hands in brine?

15—Which President declared war April 6, 1917?

16—What is nitrous oxide commonly called?

17—The moon is opposite what when full?

18—Who was known as the Ambassador of Good Will?

19—Is a spinnaker found on a hockey field, on a spinning wheel, or on a yacht?

20—Who wrote Under Two Flags?

(Answers will be found on page 39)

The Other Side of the BENNY-ALLEN FEUD

A behind-the-microphone look at the self-styled sour-puss who started it

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

"PRESENTING that bombastic banshee—bellowing breezy badinage, blowing buoyant bunkum, brandishing bewildering balderdash —Boston's blatant Blue Boy—Fred Allen—in person!"

Yes, folks, it's that dour dean of radio funsters, Jack Benny's nagging Nemesis, and he's out to quell a rumor.

"There's been a lot of small talk—you know how midgets gossip—" says Mr. Allen, "about who writes my program. The best way to set the public right is to tell something about the author.

"He's a sour-puss. He's so mean he wouldn't give a toothpick to a starving woodpecker. Many's the morning I've seen him with a razor blade splitting a caraway seed between two canaries. His family crest is a sneer rampant on a field of dill pickles. And I have it on good authority that when he was baptized they hit him across the skull with a bottle of angostura bitters."

In short, the author of Town Hall Tonight is none other than that "mad merry mountebank mumbling mealy mimicries . . . Maine's Mickey Moose—Fred Allen—in person!"

Of course he has help at times, and he is quick to acknowledge the services of any co-authors; but, unlike any other top-line comedian on the air, his almost sole reliance is on his own ingenuity and, I might add, his own industry. He works all the time.

Portland Hoffa, his wife and stooge —you know, Portland "Peekaboo" "Tallyho" Hoffa—thus describes a New Year's Eve party at the Allens':

"I played rummy with our guests, and Fred typed away in his study. About ten seconds before midnight he stuck his head through the door and yelled 'Hooray!' and at ten seconds after midnight he disappeared."

With all his industry, he confesses that he doesn't know what he would do without his extensive library of old joke books and magazines. But it should be pointed out, in fairness to Fred, that the success of his program —and it has been in the select "first five" year after year—does not depend on his jokes, either newborn or shaved, so much as it does on his highly original ideas.

For instance, there is Fred's famous sleuth, One Long Pan, a real person who runs the Allens' favorite Chinese laundry. There are the animals and birds that are always being

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passed upon by a Board of Physicians

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IT HELPS **PREVENT** COLDS DEVELOPING, TOO

Va-tro-nol is *specialized* medication for nose and upper throat—where most colds start. You can *feel* the tingle as this stimulating medication goes right to work to aid Nature's own cold-fighting functions in the nose. Used at the first nasal irritation, sniffle, or sneeze—just a few drops up each nostril—it helps to *prevent* many colds from developing . . . and even when your head is stopped-up from a neglected cold, Va-tro-nol clears away clogging mucus, shrinks swollen membranes, lets you *breathe* again.

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rung in. You may recall Chatterbox Pete, a big white Polish bantam, introduced by Fred as the World's Champion Crowing Rooster that Sings, and Pal, the Talking Dog, who won a silver loving cup offered by Frank Buck by saying "My mama." There were his Amateur Hour, his Bedlam Court, followed and topped by his Persons You Didn't Expect to Meet feature. In this he has presented, among others, a beachcomber, a toupee maker, a sniffer of truant gas, a tester of bulletproof vests, a laundry spot analyst, and a lady iceman.

But, of all the stunts that the Old Town Haller has introduced on his program, the one that has most caught the popular fancy is an inadvertent one—the superkilocycle battle of the century with Jack "The Bee" Benny, the frustrated violinist.

Impresario Allen, in his search for the unusual, chanced upon a ten-year-old violin virtuoso, Stuart Canin, who amazed the Wednesday-night radio audience by giving a masterful rendition of Schubert's The Bee. At the conclusion of the number, after calling attention to the extreme youth of the boy, Allen remarked: "Jack Benny ought to be ashamed of himself."

THE following Sunday evening, Benny, also in the spirit of good clean fun, replied that he too had played the Schubert composition in a masterful manner up in Waukegan at the age of ten. The matter might have dropped there if Jack had not been unfortunate enough to call the number, not "The Bee," but "The Flight of the Bumblebee," which, as Fred later pointed out, was not written by Schubert at all, but by "two other fellows named Rimsky and Korsakoff."

The Waukegan Wonder finally accepted Allen's challenge to play The Bee, which convinced some critics that Allen had been right all along. As for the latter, he was his usual magnanimous self.

"There were faint traces of The Bee during the playing of the number," he said, "but I later learned that this was Poetess Livingstone buzzing in Benny's ear."

Curiously enough, less is known about the private life of Fred Allen than about the private life of almost any top-line entertainer before the public. Few know, for instance, that his name is not Allen at all, but Sullivan—John F. Sullivan; and that, in spite of his Yankee drawl, he is as Irish as his real name implies. The Yankee part comes from the fact that he was born—some forty-four years ago—in Cambridge, Massachusetts; and the drawl is something he can't do anything about, either.

After graduating from high school and taking a summer course at Boston University, he got a twenty-cents-an-hour job in the Boston Public Library, dusting books. Somewhere on the shelves he found a book on juggling. And this discovery impelled him to be a vaudeville actor.

Allen's entry into theatrical life occurred in 1914. When he billed himself as Fred St. James, World's Worst Juggler, audiences seemed to agree that the billing was justified.

Came the war. Fred enlisted and went to France with the A. E. F. Returning intact, he went back to the act in one—but not as a juggler. Gradually, for years, he had been insinuating wisecracks between plate cracks, and had found that the audience laughed at his word juggling even more than they did at his plate juggling. So now he threw away the chinaware and became a monologist.

Allen—he had changed his professional name again so that the Albee outfit wouldn't recognize him and keep on paying him his low prewar salary—finally landed in his first Broadway show, Arthur Hammerstein's Polly, starring Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields.

They came fast after that: The Passing Show of 1922, Greenwich Village Follies of 1925, Vogues of 1927, The First Little Show, and Three's a Crowd—the last two with Clifton Webb and Libby Holman.

In 1932 he found a backer for a half-hour radio show. Then came the full hour. Then Town Hall Tonight.

He has been in Hollywood, made two pictures—Thanks a Million and Sally, Irene, and Mary—has been offered a long-term movie contract and has refused it.

"The Hollywood sky line," he says, "with all its red neon lights, looks like Broadway with varicose veins."

FRED and his blue-eyed stooge, Portland, met when they were both in The Passing Show of 1922, but it wasn't until four years later, in 1926, that they were married. They manage to live a happy, domestic, and oh-so-quiet life. Fred shuns restaurants and night clubs as he does Hollywood. He says he'd rather spend an evening with Portland than with N. T. G. So he stays home and works, and Portland sits beside him and knits and presumably thinks of the good times she had when she was third from the end in George White's Scandals.

As for the Benny-Allen feud, I don't suppose it will ever be settled. But neither the interest of the public in this mad battle of wits, nor that of the contestants, has abated.

When Benny agreed to a race between his Maxwell and Fred's Titmouse, he stated publicly: "If Allen drives, Rochester, my driver, has his orders—'Steer to kill!'" This fall, when the talking violinist came back to the airways, he received a telegram signed "Fred Allen." It read:

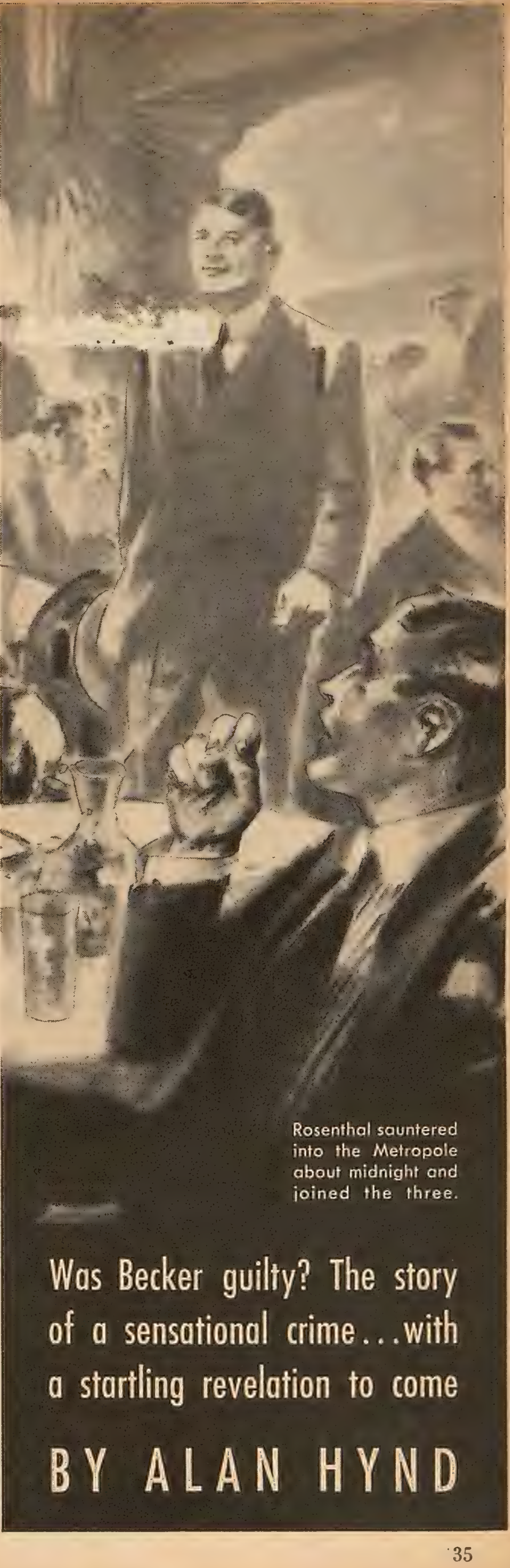
JUST HEARD YOUR OPENING PROGRAM STOP MOTION PICTURES ARE MY BEST ENTERTAINMENT.

Meanwhile the Old Town Haller pursues his lugubrious way.

"All I hope," he says, "is that my relatives never find out what I'm doing. They're so proud of me. They think I'm a trap drummer in a prison band!"

THE END

MURDERED BY THE STATE?



Rosenthal sauntered into the Metropole about midnight and joined the three.

Was Becker guilty? The story of a sensational crime...with a startling revelation to come

BY ALAN HYND

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Within two hours after Rosenthal was murdered, District Attorney Whitman showed Deputy Police Commissioner Dougherty an affidavit that Rosenthal had given him. It stated that Lieutenant Becker had loaned Rosenthal, as his partner, $1,500 to open a gambling joint, Rosenthal securing him by mortgaging the furnishings. Later Becker had raided the joint and wrecked them. He had said he had had to do it to quiet Commissioner Waldo, and Rosenthal need not pay the loan. But this hadn't appeased Rosenthal, and after a quarrel he had come to Whitman and started squealing.

Dougherty's men learned that the murder car had been rented to Bald Jack Rose, who had been in Becker's company a few hours before the murder and had phoned to Rosenthal's home after it. If Rose was in the know, then his cronies, Bridgey Webber and Harry Vallon, must be. It developed that Rose had handled the mortgage transaction for Becker; also that Webber had been seen running away from the Metropole after Rosenthal had been shot.

Dougherty checked on Becker's movements. He was told by Jack Sullivan, "King of the Newsboys," that Sullivan and Becker had stopped at Webber's gambling joint, where Sullivan, having hoped to find a gambler named Sam Paul, had spent half an hour with Webber, Rose, and Vallon. Becker had gone right on, and had arrived at his home—miles from the Metropole—shortly before the time of the murder. This last was corroborated.

The deputy commissioner was still wondering who Rosenthal's three drinking companions had been. On July 16 a phone call took him downtown to Trinity Church, where a redheaded man in a rear pew caught his eye and dropped a ball of paper on the carpet.

PART THREE—THE TIP-OFF AT TRINITY

THE man with the strawberry-colored hair had, of course, been a stool pigeon. On that piece of paper that had been rolled into a ball he had written:

> Boob Walker and Moe Brown and a man they call Butch was with Rosenthal in the Metropole before he was shot.

Boob, Moe, and Butch, Dougherty knew, were figures in sporting and gambling circles, although none too prominent, which seemingly accounted for the fact that nobody had been able to identify the trio who had sat in the Metropole sipping Tom Collinses with Rosenthal for two hours before the murder.

Dougherty flashed the word to pick up the three men and bring them in for questioning. Meanwhile he was beginning to wonder what on earth had happened to two of the Three Musketeers of Larceny Lane—Bald Jack Rose and parchment-faced Harry Vallon. These two intimates of Bridgey Webber, the bitter enemy of Rosenthal who had been seen running away from the vicinity of the Metropole just after the shots had been fired, seemed to have vanished.

Both men, like Webber, knew plenty about the crime, Dougherty had decided. Bald Jack was known to have threatened Rosenthal prior to the shooting, and was suspected of having admonished Mrs. Rosenthal to keep her mouth shut after it. And Harry Vallon, the shifty-eyed gent who had long been suspected of being as vicious as he looked, had—according to word placed before Dougherty immediately upon his return from old Trinity Church—been seen hotfooting it from the vicinity of the Metropole a mere matter of seconds after Rosenthal had dropped to the sidewalk.

As the night wore on—the night after the murder—

suspicious developments began to clear up one of the many mysteries confronting the deputy commissioner. Lieutenant Becker, who was then working the 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. trick, and who therefore had his evenings to himself, was being tailed by two Dougherty men from the time he went off duty until the time he went on again. And now one of these shadows reported that an underworld hanger-on named Harry Pollok, whose allegiance was known to waver between the police and " the boys," had been seen entering the Belleclaire Court Apartments, where Becker lived.

Pollok had been in the apartment house for perhaps thirty minutes—and, of course, there could be no certainty that he was visiting the Becker apartment, although that was the assumption—when he left and hurriedly proceeded to his own apartment in a building on West 163d Street. For no particular reason, other than that Pollok, by virtue of his visit to the building where Becker lived, had become suddenly interesting, the Dougherty men decided to find out what Harry was up to. They flashed on the superintendent of Pollok's home building mugs of Bald Jack and Harry Vallon and asked him if he had seen either man.

"Sure," said the superintendent. "The bald guy there's staying with Mr. Pollok."

Pollok, then, was obviously acting as a go-between for Bald Jack and the Undertaker. Why?

Twenty-four hours after the crime, Dougherty flopped on a cot that had been installed in his office, to sleep for the first time since he had been aroused from bed at word of the murder. As he dropped off for a few hours, a satisfied expression settled over his Hibernian features—the expression of a cop who feels that he is getting somewhere.

ON the morning of Wednesday, July 17, the three men known as Moe, Boob, and Butch were ushered into his office. They told a simple tale:

The three of them had been hunched over the mahogany in Padell's, one of the better known saloons of the bright-light district, along toward ten o'clock on the Monday night, when in walked Herman Rosenthal. Moe, Boob, and Butch, not so well informed as most of the other after-dark gentry, didn't sense any particular danger in proximity to the gambler, and so they stood talking to him about numerous things, including the fact that he had an appointment with District Attorney Whitman in the morning.

"I'll give you three to one," said the ratty Rosenthal, "that Becker's sweating blood."

"Ain't you afraid of something happening to you, Rosey?" asked Boob.

"Me? Listen. My wife asked me that just before I left the house, and I just laughed at her. Why, Becker would probably give me protection if I asked for it, because if anybody got me, he'd be the first to go to the electric chair."

Rosenthal seemed to be reveling in the excitement he was causing. "I understand," he said, "that somebody suggested at the Sam Paul outing yesterday that I be bumped off. That makes me laugh."

Boob, Moe, and Butch said they were going over to the Metropole to see what was doing and to work on some form sheets for the races next day. They left Padell's shortly after eleven, and Rosenthal sauntered into the Metropole about midnight and joined them. There the talk was of commonplace things—the ponies, musical comedies, women, and other subjects dear to bright-light habitués.

Shortly after one thirty, they told Dougherty, the only person to approach the table, aside from the waiter, since Rosenthal had joined them, stopped by for a fleeting instant. He was none other than Bridgey Webber, the man who was later seen fleeing from the crime scene. Bridgey came in, looked around quickly, and when Rosenthal caught his eye, came over, rather embarrassed, and said, "Hello, Hermie," nodded to Boob, Moe, and Butch, and then hastily departed, mumbling something about hunting for a man he couldn't find.

Rosenthal wondered why Webber had spoken to him. "He hates me," he said to his three companions, "and he hasn't been speaking to me for a long time. He's probably checking up on me for some reason."

Then Rosenthal went out for the latest papers, to return as two o'clock approached. Then the messenger of death came in with the word that some one wanted to see Rosey outside. The three men held their breaths. The drinks that Rosenthal had been taking were by this time having their effect, otherwise it is doubtful if the cagey squealer would have walked into the trap.

Out he went, to be converted into a human sieve. His table companions were just paying their check when they heard the shots. Knowing what must have happened, they put distance between themselves and the vicinity of the hotel with all possible speed.

Perjury, of course, came naturally to all these Broadway characters; but Dougherty, with that sixth sense that tells a cop when a man's lying, felt that Moe, Butch, and Boob were giving it to him straight. He even felt that way when the three were as one in assuring him that they hadn't the faintest idea as to the identity of the man who had come in and summoned Rosenthal to his end.

When the three left Headquarters, with detectives tailing them, Dougherty analyzed what they had told him and decided that he had come into possession of one fact, but a vitally important one. And that was that Bridgey Webber had put on the friendship act to Rosenthal. Bridgey must have had a reason for that, and for his appearance in the Metropole, and what better reason could he have had than that he was up to something and didn't want Rosenthal to suspect it? Dougherty concluded that Webber had heard that Rosenthal was getting oiled in the Metropole and had gone there to make certain, and then "fingered" the squealer for the men who were to come along in the gray car and abbreviate his useless life.

Webber, the only one of the suspected Three Musketeers who had gone about business as usual following the slaying, was now brought in. He was wearing spats, even in the midsummer weather, carrying a thin cane, and sporting a wilted gardenia on his lapel.

"Well, commissioner," he beamed, offering a hand that Dougherty ignored; "how can I be of service?"

"Webber," Dougherty said, "tell me what you did during the twenty-four hours before Rosenthal was shot."

Webber smiled, very certain of himself. "Why, early Monday morning I was in my club—gambling joint I suppose you would call it in your uncouth way—and when I closed up, I went home. One ninety-three Second Avenue, if you want to take that down. Then—"

"You can cut out the smart remarks, Webber, or I'll smash you in the face. Now go on."

SOMEWHAT subdued, Webber thereupon said he had gone to Bath Beach Monday afternoon, returning in time for the fights at Madison Square Garden that night. Then he had gone to his gambling joint near the Metropole, leaving to drop into the Metropole itself for a moment in search of William A. Pinkerton, the noted detective, "for personal and private reasons." That was at a quarter to one. Then, he said, he had returned to his place, where he had remained until half past two, when he heard of the murder of "Hermie" and was greatly upset about it.

"As I understand you," said Dougherty, "you were in your own joint from about one o'clock, when you returned from the Metropole, until half an hour after Rosenthal was murdered?"

"You've got it right, commissioner—exactly right."

"Did you see Rosenthal, by any chance, when you were hunting for Billy Pinkerton in the hotel?"

Webber scratched his head. "Come to think of it, I guess I did."

"But you wouldn't possibly have spoken to him, even to pass the time of day?"

"No, I didn't speak to Hermie. He was with some fellows I didn't know. Rather rough-looking customers."

"That couldn't possibly have been you who was seen running along Forty-third Street, toward Sixth Avenue, right after the shots were fired, could it?"

"Why, commissioner," said Bridgey with a great show of innocence, "I have already told you I was in my club at that time. You wouldn't doubt me, would you?"

"I wouldn't," said Dougherty, "believe you on a stack of Bibles."

Well, Dougherty had caught Webber up on at least three incriminating points: 1. Bridgey had fixed the hour of his appearance in the Metropole three quarters of an hour earlier—and further removed from the murder time—than had Boob, Moe, and Butch. 2. He had denied even speaking to Rosenthal. 3. He was alibiing himself for the time he had been seen on Forty-third Street, right after the shooting.

Then, too, Webber, in addition to being a bitter enemy of Rosenthal, had been placed in company with Bald Jack Rose and Harry Vallon (the two men who were lying low and whose opinion of Rosenthal had been no higher than Webber's) at the gambling joint half an hour before the crime, in the statement of Jack Sullivan, King of the Newsboys. Vallon, too, had been seen fleeing from the crime scene, and Bald Jack had threatened Rosenthal and also, it was thought, the widow. All of which most certainly tied the Three Musketeers tightly into the plot.

But did that mean that Lieutenant Becker had been in on things?

EVIDENCE that Becker was a big-time grafter was fast accumulating. A check-up of his bank deposits disclosed that he had salted away almost $50,000 in the ten months preceding the murder, quite a feat considering the fact that his salary was $2,400 per annum.

Dougherty went into Police Commissioner Waldo's office with the up-to-date dope on Becker. Waldo, scrupulously honest himself, if not downright naïve, was reluctant to believe the worst about anybody, especially Lieutenant Becker, whose strong personality and skillful Headquarters maneuvering had caused the politically appointed commissioner to become thoroughly sold on him.

When Dougherty told Waldo about the bank deposits, he replied:

"George, Charlie has already explained them to me. An aunt of his died and left him quite a sum of money, and he has been very successful in the stock market."

"And you believe that?" asked Dougherty.

"Why not? Others have done the same thing."

Dougherty then went into that phase of the case concerning Rosenthal's story that he had borrowed $1,500 from Becker, and disclosed that Jack Rose had actually handled the transaction. "That proves Becker's a grafter," said Dougherty, "and Rose must have been acting for Becker, because Rose himself wouldn't have loaned Rosenthal a plugged nickel."

"Charlie," answered Waldo, "will probably have an explanation for that. You know, he was using Rose for purposes of obtaining information about other gamblers. Why, he was working on that Rosenthal business long before the raid. Reports came to me that Charlie and Rosenthal had been seen often together, and Charlie ex-

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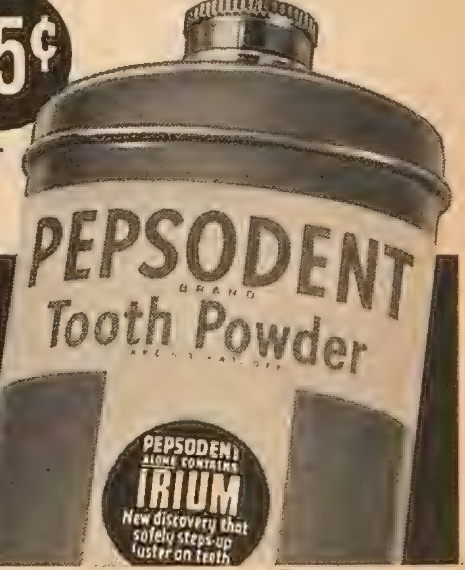
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New discovery that safely steps-up luster on teeth

plained to me that he was cultivating Rosenthal to get information about his place. The raid proved that."

Dougherty went back to his office shaking his head. Bucking the district attorney in order to carry on an unhampered investigation was one thing; but when you had to buck your own police commissioner on another score, that put you behind what today is known as the eight ball.

Through whispered intelligence via the underworld grapevine, and through his own analysis of what William Shapiro, part owner of the gray car, had told him, Dougherty by this time had made up his mind that Shapiro had not been telling all he knew about the crime. Before the deputy commissioner could do anything about it, however, he learned that Shapiro had hired a lawyer—Aaron J. Levy, now an associate justice of the New York Supreme Court—and that Shapiro was talking for publication, although not to the police. For the afternoon papers were carrying the following surprising statement, which had been issued by Lawyer Levy:

> Shapiro told me that Jack Rose called the Café Boulevard on the telephone about ten o'clock Monday night and requested the starter to send the car to Sharkey's saloon on Fourteenth Street. Shapiro took the car there and picked up Jack Rose and one or two others. The car waited a while and went uptown a way, then uptown quite a long way, far beyond One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, although I cannot give its exact movements.
>
> Coming downtown again, other friends of Jack Rose were picked up and some of the first party got out. I am not prepared to say now whether Jack Rose stayed in the car or not. Possibly he left it and others took his place. I shall talk with Shapiro more at length tomorrow and then I shall consult with Mr. Whitman. It is better that Shapiro's information be turned over to the District Attorney rather than to the police.

That statement confirmed Dougherty's suspicions that Shapiro had been holding back on him. It also tied Bald Jack Rose into the plot more definitely than ever. And it looked to Dougherty as if Shapiro had begun a buck-passing act that might quickly be picked up by others. For the part owner of the important gray touring car was definitely handing the hot poker to Rose. And now whom would Rose, in his hide-out, attempt to hand it to?

The deputy commissioner didn't have long to wait for a partial answer. One of two men shadowing the apartment where Rose was secreting himself phoned in to say that Bald Jack had appeared and gotten into an automobile, which the other man was now following. The other man shadowed the car straight to, of all places, Police Headquarters, where Bald Jack alighted, big as life, and hastened right into Dougherty's office.

"Commissioner," he said, "I seen this piece in the paper by this fellow Shapiro, and as long as he mentioned my name, I figured I'd come in and clear myself."

"Very decent of you, Jack," said Dougherty. "What's on your scheming mind?"

AND so the man with the cranium like a billiard ball spun this tale:

On the night preceding the morning of the crime, he had dined in Luchow's, on Fourteenth Street, then had connected up with Harry Vallon and a pompous little man called Sam Schepps, also of the gambling fraternity. Vallon and Schepps had gone with Rose to the home of Dora Gilbert, the first wife of Rosenthal, for the purpose of getting Dora to make an affidavit disclosing what a dirty triple-crosser her ex-husband had been. "Me and this fellow Rosenthal are enemies, and I knew when he started shooting off his mouth he told anything that come into his mind, so I figured I'd get Dora to make this affidavit so's I'd have it in case Rosenthal tried to get me into trouble."

Schepps and Vallon left Rose in front of Bridgey Webber's about midnight, after which Rose went to the Lafayette Baths, where he was at the time of the murder.

Dougherty wanted to know how Rose had met Becker.

"He raided a gambling place I ran about a year ago, and I became acquainted with him then."

"Did you ever stool for him?" Dougherty demanded.

"Me? A stool? I should say not!"

"What caused the ill feeling between you and Herman Rosenthal?"

"Oh, Rosey was jealous of me. We were business rivals, and then I always had good luck hitting the long shots at the track and he never had any luck and he was a soreheaded sort of a guy, so we just never did get along."

"How long have you been on the outs with Rosenthal?"

"About a year."

"Why did you lend him fifteen hundred dollars just a short while ago, then?"

Rose pretended not to understand, until Dougherty went into the mysterious Donahue mortgage deal. "Oh, that," he said. "You'd hardly call that a loan, commissioner. He paid me plenty for putting up that fifteen hundred."

Dougherty pretended to be impressed, so Bald Jack left, still being tailed, of course, but unaware of the fact, and thinking he had come off pretty well in the mental joust on Centre Street.

HE had unwittingly given Dougherty valuable information. He had placed himself in company with Vallon and Schepps at eight o'clock on Monday night—when he had been seen in the Lafayette Baths talking to Lieutenant Becker. And he had placed himself in the Lafayette Baths during time which covered the hour of one thirty, when the King of the Newsboys had seen him in Bridgey Webber's.

But, principally, he had brought into the picture a figure whom Dougherty regarded as vitally important—and that was the gambler Schepps.

Schepps was known to the police as a man of singularly sinister associations. Among his closest friends was a lumbering individual of forbidding mien known as Big Jack Zelig. Big Jack was one of those slippery birds who always seemed to have been near the scene of a deed of violence—beforehand—but who was never around when the deed was done. Zelig had been bending the elbow in a Harlem bar, stool pigeons had reported, when he got word of Rosenthal's murder, and he had said to the bartender:

"I'm all broken up. Gimme another glass of the strong stuff."

Not that the police ever expected Big Jack to be caught with a smoking rod in his hand. It was generally known that he had on his pay roll an unbeatable stable of gorillas whose specialties were homicide and kidnaping; but these boys, too, had what it took when it came to evading justice.

But now Rose himself admitted that he had been with Sam Schepps on the murder night, and, inasmuch as Schepps was a pal of Big Jack Zelig, that at least inferentially tied Zelig gunmen in with the crime—to Dougherty's way of thinking. Then, too, the public statement in behalf of Shapiro had divulged that the gray car had traveled beyond 125th Street, which meant that it had gone into Zelig's bailiwick. Had gunmen been picked up there?

The more Dougherty thought over that Shapiro statement, the more it began to look to him like a blueprint of a murder plot.

So the official magnifying glass was held over Big Jack, and it was soon learned that when he had been arrested for a minor breach of the peace some months previously, Vallon, Rose, and Webber had gone his bail. And now the blueprint came even more clearly into focus. While the Three Musketeers were not ignorant of the fact that such things as firearms existed, they were not the types to do any gun toting themselves. So what would have been more natural than for them—either directly or through Schepps—to have arranged with Zelig to supply the gunmen to do the job they had in mind?

Meantime word leaked out to the newspapers that District Attorney Whitman had been questioning Bald Jack Rose. Just what Rose had told the D. A. was a matter of conjecture, but the thought was general that he had passed the poker along the line to save his own skin. Then, too, Mr. Whitman let it be known that he was not interested in what he chose to call "the small fry"; he wanted "the higher-ups" and "the master mind." He hinted that he would give immunity to any one, even though that individual had been involved in the murder plot, who would come to him and implicate "the master mind."

After that, everybody who had been mentioned in the case, with the sole exception of Lieutenant Becker, breathed considerably easier. Dougherty sensed that there was going to be a mad scramble to hop on the band wagon of immunity. Mr. Whitman wanted evidence against a policeman, and those rats who were neck-deep in guilt were just the type who would be glad to oblige.

All right. Seventy-two hours after the murder, that was the set-up. The snowball of incrimination was now rolling toward the electric chair. It was to take five men with it. Lieutenant Becker was to be one. Were the others so fated to be found among Bald Jack Rose, Harry Vallon, Bridgey Webber, Sam Schepps, the King of the Newsboys, Harry Pollok, Big Jack Zelig, and Shapiro, who now admitted having driven the gray car on at least part of the fateful journey?

Guess again! Not one of those men was even to be brought to trial.

Small wonder, then, that after a quarter of a century it is possible for one of that crowd to make a deathbed confession to Liberty, in which he admits that his perjured testimony helped send Becker to the chair, and in which he names another of the crowd—a man who today lives in Brooklyn, free—as the actual killer, rather than any of the four men who were to die as the so-called hirelings of Becker. The name of the man who has now confessed and the identity of the man he names as the unpunished killer are to be revealed in this series, along with the text of the confession, which has been reduced to a witnessed affidavit.

Dougherty kept plugging away, now openly alienated from his own commissioner and from the ambitious district attorney who saw in the Rosenthal case just the steppingstone he needed to make the grade to Albany and the Governor's chair. The canny Irish cop was depending now almost solely upon stool pigeons. Nor was his dependence misplaced.

The phone rang late on the night of Thursday, July 18. A pencil in the deputy commissioner's hand raced over a pad as he listened to the words coming through the receiver. When he hung up, he called in a trusted lieutenant.

"Boy!" he said. "Have I got this case busted wide open now!"

"What's the word?" asked the other man.

"Look." Dougherty showed what he had scratched on the pad. The lieutenant appeared bewildered as he read:

ask driver
125 at
4—1—7—15
works for
26—5—12—9—7

What was this cryptic rigmarole? How had Dougherty deciphered it, and what was to come of it? Above all, how was Whitman to come to hear, from Jack Rose, the "confession" that damned Becker? And why did Becker, even after that, grimly keep his own counsel? On whom did he rely? Read Mr. Hynd in Liberty next week!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 32

1—Wallace Beery.
2—Annapolis.
3—Kate Smith.
4—Jack Johnson.
5—Yes, there are 7,083.
6—Yes, because there are fewer of them.
7—The earth.
8—Mexico City, Mexico.
9—The raccoon.
10—Job's; Job 29:6—"When I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured me out rivers of oil."
11—Martin Van Buren.
12—Yes, they are sisters.
13—Capri.
14—To toughen them.
15—No President; according to the Constitution, only Congress can declare war.
16—Laughing gas.
17—The sun.
18—Will Rogers.
19—On a yacht, being a jib-headed racing sail.
20—Ouida

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Schoolmaster's EMPIRE

BY HOWARD FAST

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

Then Hale's teeth fastened upon Mr. Adams' bonds. If some dusky figure were to leap up, fire point-blank?

TODAY, even before Captain Heeny spoke to him, Mr. Adams had a feeling that this was the last day of school. He had a pleasant half hour talking with Maud Carter, but even that could not raise his spirits. And at this time pleasant half hours were few and far between.

The tall thin schoolmaster, peering nearsightedly through his spectacles, stood at the door to the schoolhouse. The schoolhouse stood in the center of the common; behind it were the stables; it was in a very protected position.

He held his rule in his hand, and he tapped it against his knuckles anxiously as the pupils filed in. All told, there were twenty-two pupils, ages ranging from six to sixteen.

There had been twenty-seven, the added five over sixteen. Now they were on the firing steps of the stockade, taking their places as men. They always grinned at Mr. Adams when he passed them.

As usual, Sam Hardy and Martin Crane were tardy. They even lingered at the door to watch old Caleb take aim. They stood there until his long rifle gushed flame, and they joined in with his shrill yell of triumph.

Mr. Adams said, with just a touch of irony: "I perceive you're early again."

They grinned at him, and he shooed them inside. They didn't take him seriously. From inside the schoolhouse came the rising hum of many voices.

Mr. Adams called: "Silence—please!"

Then he saw Captain Heeny approaching, walking slowly, as if his huge bulk had at last become too heavy for him. His small blue eyes blinked rapidly, and he had a smudge of gunpowder on his cheek.

The schoolmaster could see that Heeny had something important to say, yet each minute the noise in the schoolhouse grew in volume. Soon they would be completely out of hand. Mr. Adams waited, impatient.

Captain Heeny said: "And how're you comin' on, Adams?"

"We're progressing, sir—considering the circumstances."

"I know, I know. You've done a fine thing—keepin' the children outa trouble." Three of the children were his own. He was sincerely glad that the schoolmaster could take some of the burden from his shoulders.

"It's a long time now." Mr. Adams sighed. "It's nine days now. I was hoping the siege would be lifted."

The captain's eyes traveled from wall to wall. The four walls of the stockade enclosed perhaps an acre of ground. Against the walls, under the firing steps, were the tiny cabins of the homesteaders, Virginia men who had beaten across the mountains into Kentucky. They lined the firing steps now, a sprinkling of men and boys, stooped with weariness and stained with powder. The schoolhouse also served as a meetinghouse. To one side of it were eight fresh graves.

"If a man could break for Boone's Station—" the captain said slowly. "Boone's no man to be holdin' back. Frank Hale goes over the wall tonight, and God's hand with him. We're out of powder, Adams; maybe two loads to a man. So if they attack tonight it's all over. When I think about the children—"

Mr. Adams nodded. He was thinking perhaps it would be the last day at school. He had felt that before. Frank Hale would dare the forest for Boone's Station. He had never seen Boone, a mythical figure. But perhaps a man like Frank Hale, tall, lithe, with the cunning of an Indian—

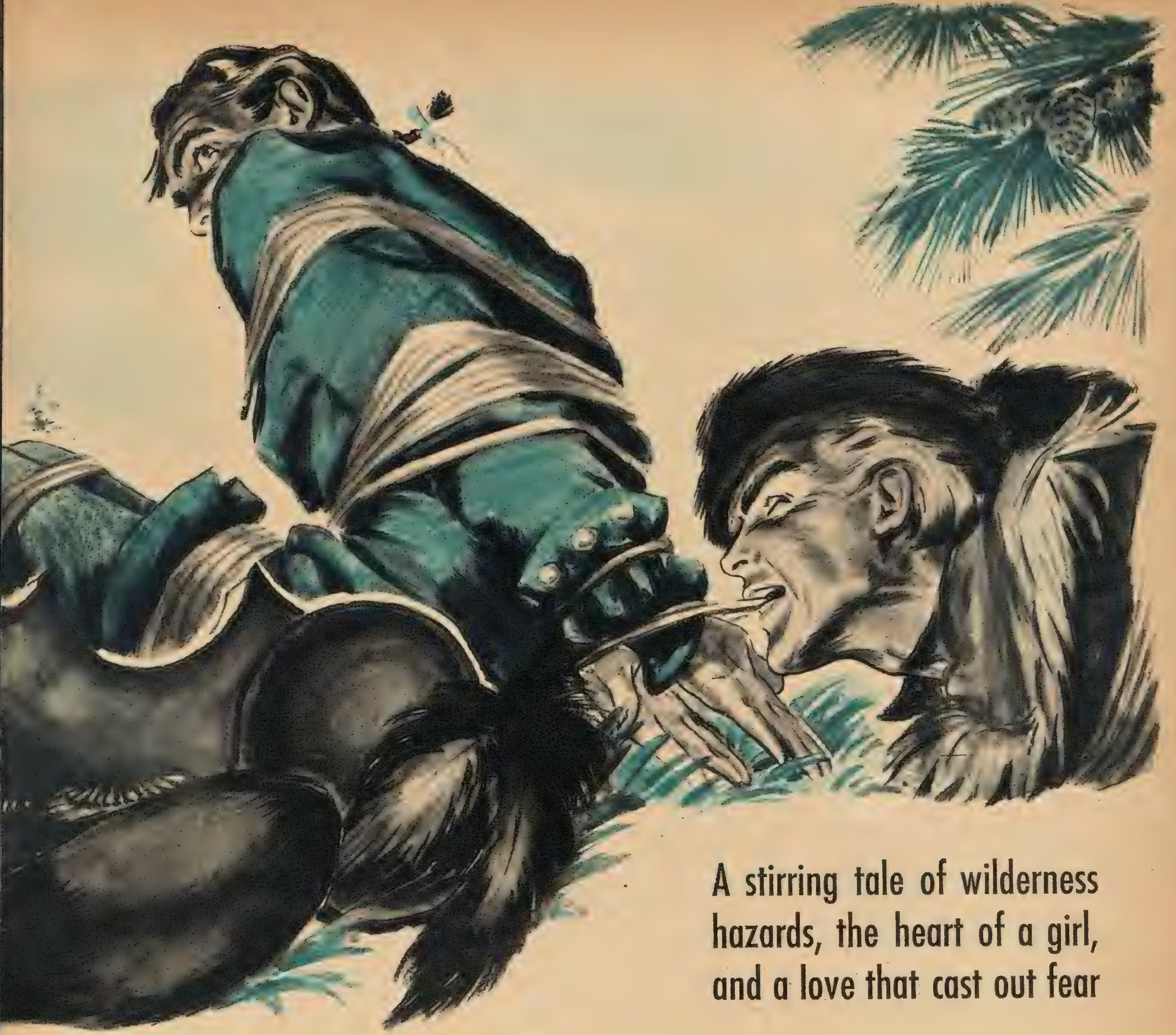
He sighed. Heeny said, nodding at the door: "You might tell them something—not much." He walked away slowly. Across the common Mr. Adams saw Frank Hale, leaning on his rifle and talking to Maud Carter. Two rifles cracked on the firing steps; two loads less. Mr. Adams had thought of great things—an empire where a man of learning might be a man of destiny. Now it was almost over.

He went inside. He walked through to the front of the room and smacked his rule sharply against his desk. Martin Heeny was shrilling at the top of his lungs. I'll have to speak to his father, Mr. Adams thought. Yet would he? Did any of them realize it was the end?

"Silence—please!" Mr. Adams said. "Take your places."

They slid into seats. Sam Hardy had a devilish weapon, a willow wand with the soft core removed. He used it to pelt others with little pellets of clay, to create general disorder. But he was clever, and somehow Mr. Adams was never quick enough to see the wand in use. Now he found himself watching for it; he had been trying to make up his mind to give Sam a good hiding.

A rifle cracked, blurred through the walls. The children were silenced for a moment, looking at each other curiously—without fear but curiously.



A stirring tale of wilderness hazards, the heart of a girl, and a love that cast out fear

A load less. Why did they waste powder? It was said that old Caleb never missed. There were still red forms at the forest's edge. Men fought. Some day these children—

There was a board of home-quarried slate; now Mr. Adams drew four vertical lines upon it. Teaching twenty-two children of various ages at the same time, he had to meet problems. He had gone to Harvard, and he loved to dream of how it had been there. A university like that in this land—

Over the first column he wrote: "Six to eight. 2 x 2, 3 x 3, 4 x 4. Add following: 4, 6, 93, 21." In the second column: "Eight to twelve. Give the dates of—the Battle of Hastings; the—"

A sullen plop and a screech of pain. The class was chattering and laughing. He whirled to meet Sam Hardy's clear, innocent eyes. The willow wand was gone. Sadie Morris held up a clay pellet. She had tears in her eyes. The little savage! Mr. Adams strode down the aisle, and his rule cracked across Sam Hardy's knuckles. The face remained innocent, a trifle amused. All the whipping in the world could not destroy that; the same stuff as the men outside. Yet he had to instill respect; they didn't respect him: they were chattering like little animals.

He stilled them finally. At his last column; that was his love. Boys aged fourteen to sixteen. He believed in current events, in keeping them aware of the world without. He wrote: "Write a short paper describing the campaigns of the Continental Army in the past year . . ."

They were out finally, like prisoners released. He hadn't told them it was the last day; he had been unable to do that.

Mr. Adams stood in front of the schoolhouse. He was only a few years over thirty, yet old. He had come into the wilderness with his dreams, yet here he was a schoolmaster in a besieged backwoods stockade. With twenty-two pupils.

He polished his spectacles. Maud Carter was coming toward him. Maud Carter was unmarried and lovely. With brown hair, brown eyes, and clear sun-tanned skin, she walked with the free stride of the land. She was twenty-three, and that was old already in a land where a woman could not be alone.

She stopped by him, and together they watched the children. He took pleasure in feeling her near him, her strength and assurance. He had talked to her about things he spoke of to no one else.

"Captain Heeny told you?" she asked him.

He nodded. "I was to tell them something, but I couldn't. Maybe it's better they don't know."

She said: "Frank's going to make a try for Boone's

Station. I'm wondering how a man can know the wilderness—to dare. It's a mighty danger."

"Yes—"

She looked at him curiously, the tall thin man with the high brow, the dreamy, myopic blue eyes, the black homespun coat. Why had he come here? It was a land for men of strength.

Almost spitefully she said: "He asked me to marry him, before he went. He asked for a woman's hand to give him strength when he was alone in the forest."

Mr. Adams nodded, his eyes fixed upon her face. He could understand a woman wanting such a man. And with such a woman a man could fashion the world. He had dreamed of Maud Carter as his wife; he had fashioned countless speeches in his mind that would win her. With her beside him, he could be brave about what would come—even if the stockade were taken, he could be brave.

"You have nothing to say, Mr. Adams?" she demanded.

"He's a fine, strong man," Mr. Adams said.

"Some men are, Mr. Adams."

He said: "I'm sorry, Miss Carter."

That was defeat. She spun on her heel and walked away. Slowly, his long figure bowed, Mr. Adams crossed the common. It was late afternoon now. The guards on the western wall of the stockade were grim silhouettes. No sound from the forest, and beyond the green wall nothing moved. They had too much respect for the long rifles of the men on the firing steps. Yet they would attack again, and then it would be the end.

As he walked, Mr. Adams received many cheerful greetings. He was well liked, and these people had an almost religious respect for learning; they realized it was the only barrier between themselves and the wilderness. Their cheerfulness was a strange thing; even now, when it was almost the end, they remained cheerful. Mr. Adams could see in them the seed of the future. When he thought that way, his skin rose in strange little prickles.

He came to a group of men who were gathered about Frank Hale. He was waiting for sunset, when he would go. Frank Hale, tall, lithe, eager, and unafraid, nodded to their terse advice. He was a boy of twenty-four. He stood there, nodding, smiling now and then.

"You'll find Boone a willing man," Heeny said, "a strong, willing man. You'll make haste, Frank. It ain't like we kin hold out—"

"I know. I'll run by night, like a heron flies." He was smiling and eager and sure.

"He's a cunning one," old Caleb said. "A rare cunning one."

Night came; now and again a bullet pattered into the logs that made a wall for the stockade. The guards paced on the firing steps, and their cries were sure and clear:

"All's well!"

Mr. Adams paced the inside of the wall, deep in his own loneliness. Ordinarily he would think of tomorrow's lesson, perhaps a lecture to all the class on the Declaration of Independence. He had read an account of it in a Boston newspaper. It was a fine document, and it had significance for the future. Ordinarily; yet—if they attacked tonight . . .

He saw Frank Hale standing with Maud Carter, whispering. He tried to turn away, but they saw him, and Hale flung his mocking smile after the schoolmaster. Mr. Adams could not hate the boy. If she loved him and he was going to his death? Mr. Adams walked on. Tired, there would be no sleep tonight. There would be no sleep for any one.

He stood on the firing step with others when Frank Hale was ready to go. He would go with Maud Carter's love. Hale stood there with his slim Pennsylvania rifle; he would fade into the night, and perhaps there would be help from Boone's Station in time. On the ground, Mrs. Hale, his mother, wept silently; other women tried to comfort her. Mr. Adams heard the hum of their voices. Then Hale dropped into the night.

After that, there was a terrible tenseness in the stockade. They were waiting—

There was a single shot, then others. There was a wild triumphant cry; no cry in the world was like the cry of a red man in triumph.

Mrs. Hale wept openly. Captain Heeny strode back and forth, clenching and unclenching his hands. Old Caleb sobbed in agony.

Mr. Adams said: "You'll do something—surely?"

They shrugged their shoulders; there was nothing to do. They stood on the firing steps, staring out into the night.

Mr. Adams walked across the common; he was thinking he would go into the schoolhouse. In its quiet he might find something of himself again, prepare himself. In his mind there was only the picture of Hale—laughing, vibrant Hale—a man he wanted to hate and could not hate.

He saw Maud Carter. He would have avoided her now, but she came to him.

"Mr. Adams!" she cried. "Mr. Adams—they've taken him!"

He nodded. Did she think he didn't feel it? Did she imagine there was any one in the stockade who did not feel it? Because she loved him—

"Mr. Adams, can't they do something?"

"I'm afraid not. We have no ammunition. And if he's dead—"

"Dead? You would believe that?"

"What can we do?" he demanded helplessly.

"What cowards men are—to send him out there!"

"You love him," Mr. Adams said. He stared at her. In the night, she was a slim shadow of life, vibrant, the sort of life that had been Frank Hale. "I loved you," Mr. Adams said, the words pouring out of him. "I would have done anything for you. I would go out there, into the night—after him—"

Her mouth was open, her head nodding. She whispered: "I'm sorry—I was not meaning to put the blame upon you." She walked away then.

After that, he knew what he would do; hardly believed himself, yet knew what he would do. He wasn't afraid; as if it were entirely plausible that he should do this. He went to his cabin, found a hunting knife which he rarely used, and thrust it into his belt. He was no shot with a rifle, and a rifle would only get in his way.

He mounted one of the firing steps. The guards were spaced evenly, quite near to him. It would be difficult, but the night was dark; that would help. Afterward, it didn't matter.

Waiting until the guards turned, he calculated the height of the stockade. The man near him was Moss Early. He said:

"Looks like all hell after Frank, Mr. Adams."

Mr. Adams nodded. He was nervous now. Was it fright? If they didn't give him a chance, would he go back?

Then the guards turned, and he slipped over the wall. A moment he hung by his hands, dropped then, landed awkwardly and sprawled on the ground. When he rose, there was a sharp pain in his leg and his spectacles were lost; he couldn't look for them. He managed to run awkwardly toward the forest. The guard on the stockade bawled out something. He heard the words: "Poor fool—"

He was running, limping. Back there, they would be thinking that he had gone mad, mad entirely. He thought of going back.

He went on—more slowly now, taking a strange satisfaction out of the knowledge that he would not go back. He was nervous perhaps, but hardly afraid. He had no complete plan of action. If he could rescue Hale—or, if not, reach Boone's Station. That was a long distance through trackless forest; he was no woodsman.

The black edge of the forest loomed up. Mr. Adams hesitated. He went on, and the forest closed over him. Now he longed for the security of the stockade. Yet he went on.

He saw something in front of him. He saw something loom up—vague, dusky forms. Without his spectacles, they were only shadows. He attempted to fight, and wire fingers closed on his throat. He gasped, tried to scream. He felt the rank smell of many bodies close to him. His head reeled, and then the darkness was complete and all-pervading.

He came to himself in the light of a great fire about which were gathered many dark forms. They resolved themselves into Indians, most of them sleeping, some crooning a strange, weird song. There was a smell of burnt meat; half a roasted deer lay near him.

He sat up with difficulty. His hands were tied behind him, and his head ached. Near him, sitting with his back to a tree, bound too, was Frank Hale. There was a gash across his face, and dried blood. When he saw Mr. Adams, he smiled and nodded.

Beside Frank Hale, on a fallen log, sat two British officers, smoking pipes calmly, their legs crossed, their neat scarlet uniforms strangely out of place here. One was middle-aged, mustached; the other a clean-shaven subaltern. They nodded at him.

" A schoolmaster," the subaltern said.

Evidently Hale had told them.

Mr. Adams studied the officers curiously. They bore out a theory of his, that the wave of Indian attacks upon the frontier outposts were actually a campaign in the war. He had always insisted that the only salvation of the West was for the East to win the war. Perhaps they would listen to him now.

He asked with all the dignity he could muster: " What do you propose to do with us? "

" Take you back to Detroit."

MR. ADAMS was conscious that Hale watched him. He attempted to keep his voice from trembling. " You know that you are making war on women and children."

" Your stockade is an outpost of war," the subaltern smiled, knocking out his pipe.

" You have no mercy—"

" We'll leave that to you, schoolmaster. There's a long walk to Detroit and time to teach it."

Hale was smiling; he said: " Englishman, I wish these ropes were off."

" Perhaps—sometime."

They went into their tent. The fire burnt down. Most of the Indians lay on the ground now, sleeping.

Hale said: " Well, schoolmaster? "

Mr. Adams attempted to smile. Hale saw, and for once Mr. Adams imagined he saw a dawning respect in the boy's eyes. It was almost triumph.

" God help them—back there," Mr. Adams said.

" Why did you come? "

" I thought I might help. Miss Carter—"

" What of her? " Hale asked eagerly.

" She loves you," Adams forced himself to say. " I thought—for her—"

Hale laughed. Then, for a long time, they sat in silence. The fire became a heap of glowing embers.

Hale said nothing. Mr. Adams dozed; his head ached; his throat pained him. He dozed, thinking vaguely of a lesson for tomorr He

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reflected upon the strangeness of tragedy—how one does not comprehend it until afterward. He thought of a historical study for his older pupils. He would draw an analogy between Rome and England.

Opening his eyes, he saw that Hale was closer to him. Hale's lips formed a soft word. Mr. Adams blinked. Somehow, Hale was drawing his bound body over the ground. Mr. Adams noticed how the boy's muscles contorted with the effort, how the veins in his neck swelled out. Very close now; the fire barely threw a glimmer of light.

Then Hale's teeth fastened upon Mr. Adams' bonds. If some dusky painted figure were to leap up, fire point-blank? Mr. Adams could hear the frantic pumping of his own heart.

It seemed hours that he felt the crunching teeth. Hours — and it would be light soon. How did Hale have the strength to go on? He felt the boy's beard rubbing his skin.

Then his bonds had parted. His hands were numb, limp. He rubbed them, bent down and untied his feet. Hale's bonds took longer, because the boy's wrists were swollen. Hale whispered in his ear:

" Softly—follow me."

HE threaded a way through the camp. He walked with marvelous ease. Behind him, Mr. Adams was conscious of the noise of his own feet. Why didn't Hale go into the forest immediately?

They came to the other edge of the camp. The dark figures lay at Mr. Adams' feet. Some snored. He was overcome by a wave of panic. His foot pained him. He had to limp, to make noise.

At the forest's edge were piled several ironbound casks. They bore the stamp of the British crown, and one, open, revealed a gray-black gritty powder.

Hale stooped, hoisted one of the casks on to his shoulders. Mr. Adams knew that even if he attempted it, he could not bear the weight of a cask back to the camp. He followed Hale as if in a dream. He followed the swaying cask on the broad shoulders.

At the gate of the stockade, Hale raised his voice and shouted. A shot rang out from the forest, a shrill, angry scream. The gate opened, and the two of them stumbled in. Then Mr. Adams lay on the ground, exhausted, while many men crowded about them.

Mr. Adams sat up; he would have to explain, yet he was unable to speak. Captain Heeny was there, repeating: " I never—I never seen the like of it."

Old Caleb said: " A schoolmaster—I wus never un fur learnin', but a schoolmaster! "

Mrs. Hale came running, sobbing and crying her praise to God at the same time. So quickly were the people of the stockade there that Mr. Adams guessed no one had slept. Maud Carter wept unashamed, but she didn't go to Frank Hale.

Captain Heen

powder—a cask of powder—a thousand loads—"

Frank Hale was lying calmly. When Mr. Adams attempted to protest, he met Hale's mocking smile.

" All him," Hale said, his voice the slow Virginia drawl. " He came along into camp, slit my bonds, and found the powder."

The women were giving thanks. Their voices rose in a hymn. Mr. Adams protested: " No—no, please—"

" He's too modest a man to admit to cunning," Hale drawled.

Mrs. Hale was clinging to his hand.

Old Caleb said: " It's a wonder—for a schoolmaster."

" I'll sleep now," Mr. Adams said. " I'm tired—"

He walked to his cabin, followed by an admiring throng. Maud Carter, close to him, cried:

" Mr. Adams—please! "

He shook his head, said: " I'm tired, Miss Carter—if you'll pardon me."

He hardly saw her face, how it set, how she walked apart from the rest. He went on. His head ached. At the door to his cabin, they left him. Inside, he threw himself on his bed, fully dressed. His head was whirling. Hale had made a mockery of him. Maud Carter wished to thank him for saving the life of the man she loved. All a mockery—

He fell asleep thinking vaguely of his lesson for the morrow, a political and historical lesson. The school would go on. He saw himself in his proper place, and then his dreams were nothing. Men would make the frontier, but he would remain a backwoods schoolmaster.

THAT way, he fell asleep, while all night long people in the stockade lauded his achievement, while Frank Hale drawled his praise, perhaps earnestly, while Maud Carter wept—

He slept restlessly. In the morning he missed his spectacles. While rifles covered the forest, one of the men slipped outside the stockade and found them in the grass. He was glad to have them back, to have the assurance again. He polished them carefully.

Captain Heeny came to him and said: " Reckon it's pretty near over, Adams. From what Hale says, they've had their bellyful. Another day or two, perhaps."

" I'll be grateful."

" Yer a modest man, but take what's due. How's the school? "

" Progressing—but some of the pupils—" He was thinking of Sam Hardy; if he only had the courage to give him the hiding he deserved!

He saw Maud Carter across the stockade; but she avoided his glance. Had Hale told her yet?

When he reached the schoolhouse most of the children were already inside. Sam Hardy was tardy, but even Sam Hardy walked quietly inside.

There was an ominous, respectful silence. For the first time since Mr. Adams had been teaching, he would be listened to, attended to. For the first time, he was a hero in their eyes, a strong man among strong men.

For that moment he had the pride and satisfaction and the happiness; for that moment, while his twenty-two children gazed at the backwoods schoolmaster in respectful, worshiping silence.

Then he saw Maud Carter step into the doorway, stand there watching him. Then he knew it was a mockery.

He took his place behind the desk, and he told them the actual story of the night before. He didn't spare himself; he tore himself down bit by bit, leaving only the picture of a frightened schoolmaster.

He saw Sam Hardy snicker. There were other smiles, a hum of talk. Frank Hale's brother laughed aloud.

He turned to his slate board and drew the four columns. Six to eight—addition, multiplication. Eight to twelve—long division—

A dull plop marked the work of the willow wand. The chalk dropped from his hand and he turned around. Maud Carter still stood in the doorway, her face very strange. Sam Hardy smiled his knowing smile, and the willow wand was gone.

Taking off his glasses, he wiped them nervously. He didn't wish to look at Maud Carter, yet his eyes were drawn to her. She had a sort of smile on her face.

HE put on his spectacles. He took up his rule, said, "Sam Hardy," thinking to himself, There's no other way than to give the boy a hiding.

Sam Hardy's innocent gray eyes were filled with a calm knowledge of his teacher. He had an instinctive knowledge of backwoods schoolmasters, how they were the same, their weaknesses. They were a breed he knew, and he was confidently superior.

Mr. Adams repeated: "Sam Hardy—" Then he faltered. This and the night before were too much. In Sam Hardy's eyes he saw himself.

"Class dismissed," he said weakly.

Then he sank down behind his desk, his face in his hand, while the children rushed out into the sunlight, whooping, screaming.

He sat there until Maud Carter was in front of him. Then he glanced up, nodded, and said: "I tried to tell them last night, Miss Carter. I had no wish to rob Hale's glory."

She whispered: "The glory is all yours—"

"I know what I am, Miss Carter."

"I know what you are, Mr. Adams," she said. "Before he went, I told Frank Hale I loved you. Then you went after him. You're a fool for knowing women, Mr. Adams, but you're the best and bravest man I know."

"A backwoods schoolmaster, Miss Carter—"

"I would be a backwoods schoolmaster's wife."

Then he rose, took her in his arms. Then his dreams were a real thing—a burning, real thing that would always be before him.

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A NEW WAY TO END STRIKES

BY WILL IRWIN

LAST spring a large unionized factory in Pennsylvania promoted a mechanic to a job where he had some supervision over his fellows. When the time came to pay his union dues, Casey—as I shall call him—refused on the ground that he now rated as a foreman. The union disagreed with him—violently. The management stood by Casey. So there followed a strike which threw more than 2,000 men and women out of work. It went on for three weeks before Casey caved in and paid his dues.

Trivial? Yes; but many of the wild, costly strikes which followed the settlements of 1936 in the automobile industry sprang from causes no more important.

At almost the same time the same issue arose in a New York factory. Both sides were working up to a strike, when one or the other proposed a better way. Two days later the general manager of the company, the business agent of the union, and the employee in question were sitting round a table at the headquarters of the American Arbitration Association, with an eminent lawyer presiding as amateur judge. He spent a morning taking testimony, and rendered his decision next day. Both sides had agreed in advance to accept it. And no one stopped work. This proceeding cost each party to the controversy ten dollars and carfare. The Pennsylvania strike must have cost all concerned at least $100,000.

Once union labor foamed at the mouth when any one spoke of arbitration. But the recent sudden growth of unionism upheaved a multitude of minor disputes. Most of them did not come under jurisdiction of the National Labor Relations Board; and besides, proceedings before that body cost time and money. Many of them could not be brought into the courts. Aggrieved labor knew only one remedy—the strike. And various moderate yet progressive leaders of both A. F. of L. and C. I. O. unions began to look wistfully toward the American Arbitration Association.

Until 1920, arbitration, as a means of settling disputes, had no standing in American law; for the losing side could always refuse to accept the verdict and carry its case into court. The American Arbitration Association was formed to give this process legal sanction. In 1920 New York passed a law providing in effect that a decision in fair arbitration proceedings should stand as final and binding. Such a decision could not be appealed to the courts except for most obvious reasons, like proved corruption on the part of the arbitrator. A few states followed suit; and in 1925 Congress passed a federal law covering the whole country. When this happened, the Association was already transforming itself from a "pressure group" to a machine for the settlement of disputes in business.

All this, by the way, was largely a woman's job. Frances Kellor came into the picture at the period of the fight for a federal arbitration law. At a time when most other lawyers opposed arbitration, she saw its possibilities. Since then, eminent presidents of the association have come and gone, and "big names" such as Edward F. McGrady in labor and Owen D. Young in capital have sprinkled the boards of directors. But, in both the period of agitation and that of fulfillment, Frances Kellor, as managing director, has sat quietly in the background—the mainspring.

Business took at once to this method. There were many advantages. No law's delay. Scattered over the country were more than eight thousand citizens who had agreed to serve without pay as arbitrators—lawyers, college professors, chartered accountants, and experts on every imaginable sort of business. The method of choosing arbitrators, varying from time to time, settled down finally to this: The Association selects a "panel" of, say, a dozen names. Each party goes over this list and crosses off any man or woman whom it doesn't want. From the remainder the Association chooses either one or three arbitrators. This done, the case usually comes up next morning, and is decided within a week at most.

A theatrical case holds the record. On the hysterical last afternoon before a Broadway musical show opened, a star developed a grievance. No star, no show. At least seventy-five jobs, and perhaps $50,000 in money, were involved. At four o'clock the parties agreed to arbitrate. At five fifteen they sat round a table, fighting it out. At seven the arbitrators decided in favor of the star. At eight forty-five the curtain rose on a hit.

No need of expensive expert witnesses. None of those set rules of testimony which "assume that every witness is a jackass." The arbitrator makes his own rules. The litigants can argue back and forth with each other, and usually do. Unless both sides agree to the contrary, the proceedings are secret. A firm need not fear betrayal of its condition or its methods to a competitor. Finally, it is a cheap process. The "costs of court" vary from $10 to $200 a side, according to the importance of the issue.

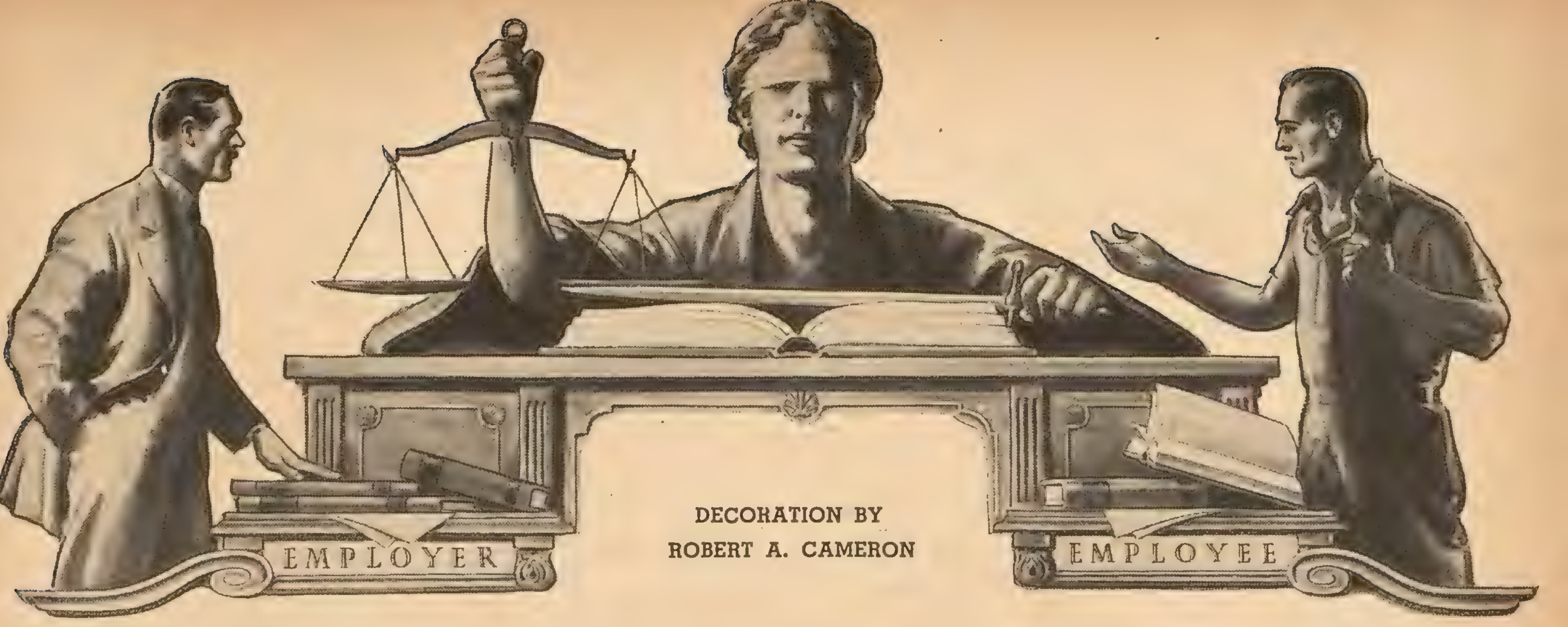
This new method made a quiet but furious hit with business. Arbitration under the Association has settled for good tens of thousands of disputes ranging from the discharge of a sales manager to one affair whose outcome made New York instead of London the center for the world's fur trade. More and more, business contracts began to embrace a clause providing that the American Arbitration Association should settle disputes. This is true, for example, of all contracts drawn under auspices of the Hays organization in the motion-picture business. Actors' Equity and the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League of America have such a provision in their standard agreements with managers.

But that is not the kind of labor which carries a dinner pail. The low fees of the Association do not pay expenses. Admirers of the principle make up the deficit. When labor appealed for help, when many an employer joined the chorus, the new president, Franklin E. Parker, Jr., and his board of directors went to their contributors for a few more dollars; and in October, 1937, they opened their doors to labor disputes in the New York district.

The work began with small cases. Business was going into another tail spin. Small shops were laying off clerks and helpers. The warring factions in labor had organized most of the employees into unions. In many cases the union leaders asserted that the layoff violated the contract with the employer. But the only way to enforce their views was a costly nuisance of a strike which might spread—and all over a single twenty-a-week job. Many of the employers were so hard hit by the recession that a strike would have folded them up. And so, by agreement, both sides appealed to the Association.

Under pledge to omit or disguise names, I have sat in on a few of these little cases. A brisk businesslike informality prevails. Witnesses are heard in order; and sometimes the arbitrator orders examination and cross-examination. But the principals or their counsel fall into informal argument back and forth. It resembles a lively meeting of an executive committee rather than a court.

The smallest of these cases was one of the most picturesque. A young Italian-American woman whom I will call Tessie had been discharged from her factory for fighting in working hours. She countercharged that they had fired her for her union activities. She was popular



DECORATION BY
ROBERT A. CAMERON

The revealing record of a heartening stride on the way to industrial peace

in the union; handsome and fiery, she would have been a wonder on the picket line. Neither side had counsel. The boss represented himself and the union leaders protected Tessie. The boss gave her a little paternal talk. Her activities in the union were no business of his, he said; but disturbing the peace in working hours was very much his business. It disrupted the shop, made bad feeling.

"You're good at your job, Tessie," he said. "You can get another one. And this will be a lesson to you."

Doubtless the union leader had warned Tessie not to lose her temper. She did not talk back—with her voice. But the roll of her fiery eyes, the toss of her head conveyed her opinion of the boss. It was a bit for the movies. The arbitrator rendered his decision next day. Tessie stayed fired. Incidentally, in the labor cases settled so far, the score as between capital and labor is about a tie.

Then there was a more important case, hanging upon the same issue. A large Brooklyn factory signed an agreement with a new union. In January orders fell off. It laid off many operatives. The workers charged that it had violated a rule of seniority in the contract in order to lay off men and women active in the union. This case, heard before three arbitrators, dragged out a bit. One of the vital witnesses was a foreman—a good old-fashioned Yankee mechanic. He told the truth, apparently; his testimony was not all favorable to his employer.

She whom I will call Victoria followed him on the stand. She was one of those modern working-girls who achieve an effect of tasteful smartness with a $7.95 dress, a $1.85 hat, and a touch here and there from the ten-cent store. She radiated brisk efficiency as she told her story in crisp sentences. Fourteen years she had worked in that department. Twice she had served as pinch hitter for a sick foreman. No one had ever complained of her work. But she had joined the union. She had served on some of its committees. Three months ago the boss had laid her off.

The company's attorney took her in hand for an attempt to make her admit that she was not really efficient. Victoria lit a cigarette, crossed her legs, and fully held her own in the argument. As she swung out of the room one felt that Victoria, at least, would get back her job.

The employees of a chain-store system in the New York area went on strike. After three weeks the affair stood at deadlock. The picket lines were growing irritable. It looked like a fight to an expensive finish with incidental violence. Suddenly both sides agreed to arbitrate. That day the whole force went back to work while three arbitrators considered and settled nearly fifty causes of grievance.

Next, the Association found itself not only settling industrial rows but preventing them. The workers in a low-wage industry had organized under the C. I. O., and had forced the management to unionize the shop. But they made no agreement as to wages. When later a union demand for higher pay all round was refused, there seemed no way out but a strike. However, they agreed to arbitrate. The average wage in that factory had been $13 a week. The union demanded $20 for most of the men, $18 for the women. Taking everything into account, the arbitrators proposed a $14 minimum wage for the men, $13 for the women, a raise of $2 for all who were receiving wages above those minima. Both sides agreed; the decision made the terms binding in law.

Then labor and management in a slipper factory got into a peculiar jam. Sewing on the soles was piecework and was paid for on an established scale. When the company changed from composition to leather soles, the workmen kicked. The process took longer, they said; therefore they earned less money. The company denied this. The same story—a strike in the offing, an agreement to arbitrate. In this case, two experts, one named by each side, sat on the board with a third man. They decided that the union was fair in its contention and ordered a new scale. By now the American Arbitration Association had heard about eighty cases in Greater New York. The experiment had proved a success. They had advertised as little as possible. But the news leaked out nevertheless. And in the late summer of 1937 New England appealed not only for settlement of an important conflict but for judgment on still another principle.

A big Boston factory has two equally important subsidiary plants, one in New Jersey, the other in the Middle West. Last spring orders began falling off. The company decreed a ten-per-cent cut in wages. The union threatened a strike. "All right," replied the company; "it's that or bankruptcy and no wage at all." In two of the plants the men walked out. The company simply closed them down. After three weeks both sides appealed to the Association. Thereupon the two plants reopened.

Usually a dispute settled by the Association is all washed up within a week. But in this case a new point arose, and both sides asked for a recess in order to prepare briefs. As I write, it is not yet settled. Meantime, however, the factories are producing and the employees are accepting the reduced wages in the expectation that the management will make up the difference.

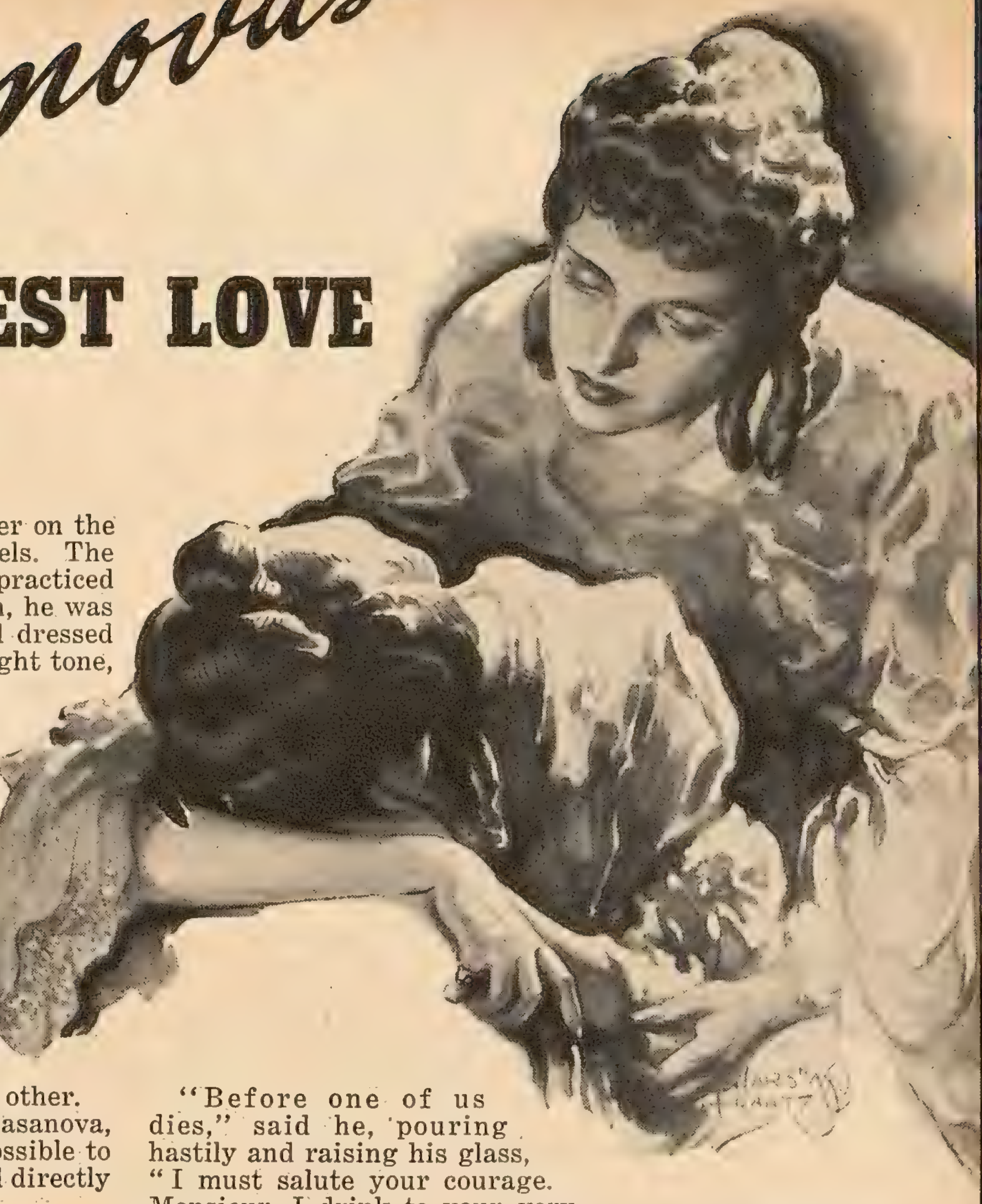
Watch this movement. It is likely to grow. It is common sense. It is also common honesty. The racketeer and the Communistic labor leader will not welcome arbitration. Neither will the crooked employer and the oppressor of labor. But most American employers really want to be decent; and most labor leaders are working sincerely for the interests of their followers.

THE END

Casanova's STRANGEST LOVE

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 21 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION



ILLUSTRATED BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

TONI watched the innkeeper set out the dinner on the table in Casanova's room at the Two Angels. The boy's eyes were unnaturally large. Less practiced than his host in the difficult art of facing death, he was conscious now of an error in etiquette. He had dressed too carefully. Casanova, who must know the right tone, wore a lounging suit.

The innkeeper stepped back from the table to admire his own work. His wrist was raised fastidiously, and his index finger made a ring with the end of his thumb.

"Messieurs, if you will take the trouble to be seated—"

"You may go," said Toni's hated rival. "We'll serve ourselves."

The innkeeper held chairs for them—for Toni first, since he was the guest.

"Shut the door tight," said Casanova.

The innkeeper backed out. "*Bon appétit,* messieurs," he said smilingly.

They spread their napkins and looked at each other.

"If we pursued the usual sequence," said Casanova, "we should begin with the soup; but it is impossible to enjoy food when one is nervous. Shall we proceed directly to our ordeal?"

He pointed to two dishes of peas in the middle of the table—two dishes exactly alike.

"You choose one," said Casanova; "I accept the other. We shall eat simultaneously, and quickly. In a minute and a half, at the outside, we shall know which of us has the poison."

Toni turned a pasty yellow, but he was game. He pulled one of the dishes toward him.

"I choose," he said huskily.

With a grim face, Casanova took the other dish. Toni lifted a mound of peas on his fork.

"May I suggest a spoon?" said Casanova. "The hand at times will shake."

Toni changed to a spoon and began over again. The peas were almost at his lips. His mouth opened heroically.

"Will you forgive the interruption?" said Casanova. "I selected a poison which, though swift, is supposed to be painless. But the apothecary is a stranger and I can't rely on him. After the peas, start at once on the soup. The agony is somewhat alleviated by a warm liquid. But you won't need this advice—not unless you have drawn the wrong dish. If that mischance is mine, I trust you will assist me to the bed yonder before I collapse."

The boy was beginning to tremble.

"Permit me to suggest further that you then finish the meal at your leisure, lock the door, carry off the key with you, and say to the innkeeper, or to whoever is downstairs, that I wish not to be disturbed. You can then make your escape, if you have a good horse and ride hard."

Toni wished to speak, but his tongue stuck.

They ate the peas.

"Quick, the soup!"

They finished the soup. Casanova reached for the wine bottle.

"Before one of us dies," said he, pouring hastily and raising his glass, "I must salute your courage. Monsieur, I drink to your very good health."

They put the glasses down and looked at each other.

"How do you feel?" said Casanova.

Toni cleared his throat. "I'm all right."

"It's a little early yet," said Casanova. "I confess I should welcome a reprieve. Have you ever seen a man die of poison?"

Toni did not answer.

"Ah, we're forgetting the chicken! We might as well begin on it together, anyway. Let me cut you some of the white meat."

"Monsieur," said Toni, "I still think you're a villain!"

"My dear boy, you speak as though I had challenged you for your harsh opinion of me! Do me the justice to recall, after I am gone, that I didn't care a pin what you thought. May I serve you? You won't have any?"

For a moment Casanova held his hand to his heart, with his eyes shut. Toni stood up, his napkin in his hand.

"Do you feel anything, monsieur?"

"Sit down, sit down," said Casanova, feeling his chest and the back of his head.

"Can I do anything?" said the boy, horrified.

"If you are looking for occupation," said Casanova, "you may thank God."

He swayed forward in his chair, then back again.

Toni's voice was much stronger. "Shall I help you to your bed?"

"Not yet, not yet—I shall trouble you when the time comes. Do sit down. Perhaps you will be so good as to finish carving the chicken."

"Monsieur, I am not hungry."

"But I am. A leg and a wing, if you please, and a little of the sauce."

Toni, much puzzled, filled Casanova's plate, then went back to his place across the table and watched. Perhaps it was the gnawing of the poison that made his host eat so ravenously.

"This is the best cooking I've tasted at the Two Angels. Won't you change your mind?"

"Really, I couldn't, monsieur."

"Some more wine, then?"

"Thank you, no."

"I suppose you are wondering," said Casanova, wiping his lips, "why I don't die faster."

Toni began to redden.

"Let us be frank with each other to the very end," said Casanova sharply. "Confess—that was in your thought, was it not?"

"Well, monsieur, you said the poison was swift."

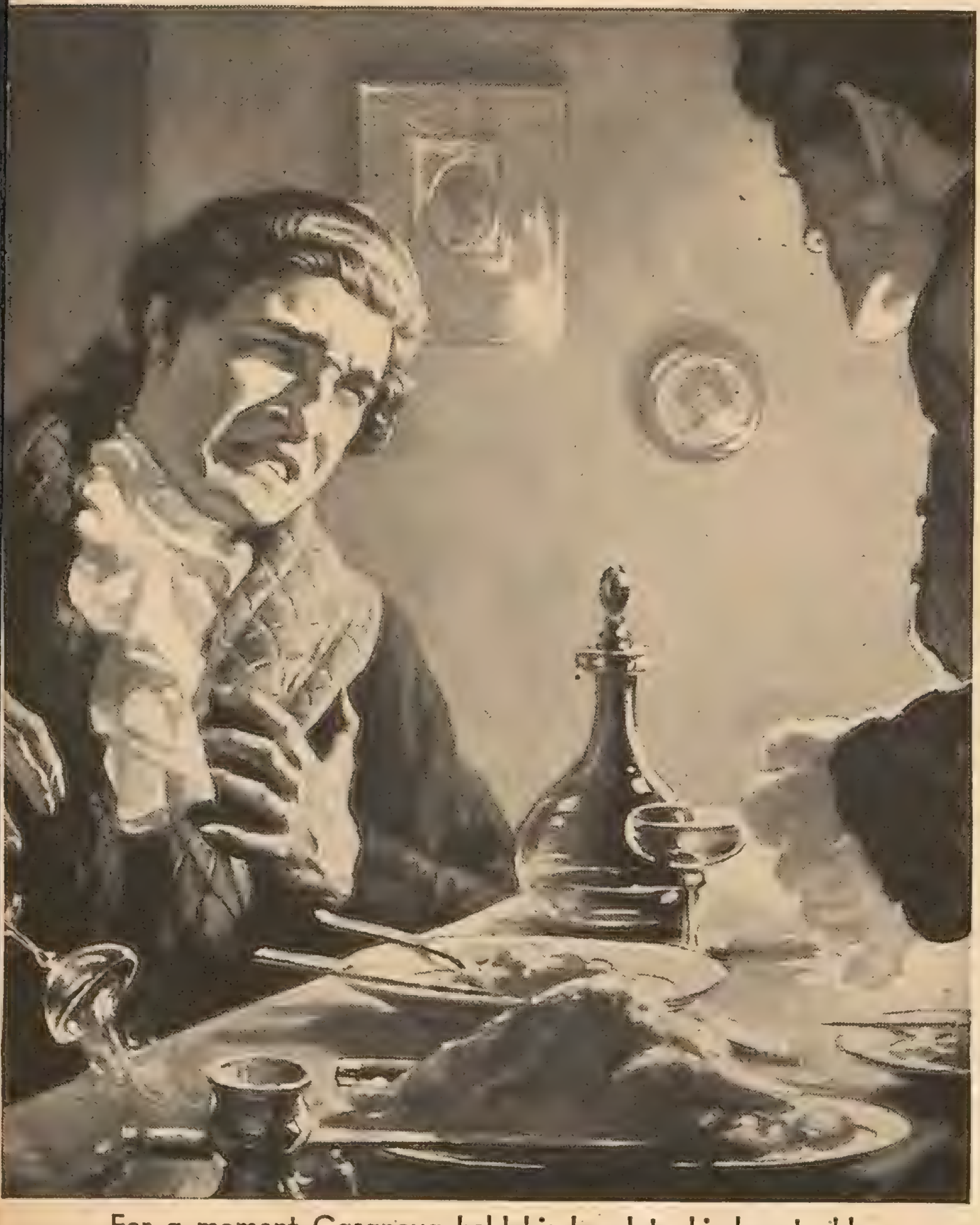
"I'm told it is. I never tried it."

Toni was indignant. "You mean there was no poison in your peas?"

Casanova looked up, the image of innocent surprise. "Should there have been?"

Can you predict the end of this gay, provocative romance? . . . Try it, before you turn the page!

BY JOHN ERSKINE



For a moment Casanova held his hand to his heart. He swayed forward in his chair, then back again. Toni's voice was much stronger. "Shall I help you to your bed?"

The boy flung his napkin on the table. "Monsieur, you are intolerable!"

"I wish you wouldn't go," said Casanova. "You've never shown me what you're like when you're not acting the fool. If you will sit down again and talk to me like a man, perhaps join me in the shreds of this demoralized repast—"

"Monsieur, I have already talked to you like a man! I challenged you to a duel!"

"And I declined to murder you. Did you really believe I would ask you to dinner and poison the food?"

"You have had your joke; you have made me ridiculous," said Toni. "But in spite of that you are a bad man."

Casanova laughed. In a fury the boy strode to the door.

"Now, with reference to Jacomine—" said Casanova. Toni hesitated.

"I believe," continued Casanova, "she likes you."

"You mean you are ready to give her up?"

"My dear boy, I shall love her while a heart is in me. But when you burst into her aunt's house today—you were once afraid of Aunt Sara, weren't you?—when you stood in the middle of the parlor carpet, defying the world, the girl began to see something in you. Please note that it happened only because you were angry with me. Tonight at this table you have been brave. It's not easy to face what you thought you were facing. But again I inspired the wrath that produced the courage. From all of which I conclude that you've lost the girl forever."

"I don't see that," said Toni.

"Don't you? I can put courage into you, but she can't. That's unfortunate. Your love of her ought to do more for you than your hatred of me."

Toni glared across the room, then turned on his heel.

"If you must go," said Casanova, "don't treat me as you treated Aunt Sara—don't slam the door."

When he got out of bed next morning, Casanova had a presentiment of evil. He still felt the threat of something ominous when Louis swung back the door that afternoon and bowed him into the salon.

Aunt Sara wasn't there. Her promptness had deserted her. It was a full two minutes before she came downstairs, and he saw at once that she was troubled.

"Signore, I have a minor disaster to report."

"I regret to hear you say so, madame. May I offer my sympathy?"

"Keep it for yourself," said she in her direct way. "Jacomine no longer loves you."

He could take bad news. His solicitous expression did not change. "Madame, I shall persuade her she is mistaken."

"I don't see how you can persuade her," said Aunt Sara, "unless she will talk to you, and she says she won't. Signore, I am embarrassed."

"So am I," said Casanova.

"You will inevitably attribute her change of heart," said Aunt Sara, "to my hostile influence."

Casanova smiled. "I had already thought of that."

"Signore, you are quite wrong. Never have I been more scrupulous. When she has discoursed by the hour on your many attractions, I have agreed with her. I have been careful to echo her sentiments. May heaven forgive me!"

"I can imagine," said Casanova. "My regard for your intelligence is so profound, madame, that I haven't the slightest doubt you knew what you were doing. I wish you had contradicted her instead!"

The embarrassment of Aunt Sara was genuine. "Don't misjudge me! I considered it a point of honor. I hardly expected her to come to her senses. I thought you would change your mind first."

Casanova was thoughtful. "What does she say?"

"Signore, I implored her to tell you herself, but, to my horror, she wept copiously. I fear she is holding something back. Can you think of anything that occurred yesterday?"

Casanova tried to recall. "Madame, I kissed her."

Aunt Sara shook her head. "That can't be it."

"Well, madame," said he, "she jumped out of my arms and cried, 'I can't! I can't! This is too unreal!'"

"Unreal?" said Aunt Sara. "What was unreal?"

"Ah, there's the mystery, madame. I haven't the least idea."

AUNT SARA looked him over calmly, from head to foot, as though she were trying to pick the answer out of his person.

"Can it be possible," she said at last, "that Jacomine thought you were only acting a part?"

"Very possible," said Casanova. "Very possible indeed! I don't love her."

"Ah!" said Aunt Sara. "Now we are getting somewhere."

"I didn't know it yesterday," said Casanova, "but I realize it at last. When you told me she had come to her senses, I said to myself, So have I."

He and Aunt Sara stared at each other, then broke into two simultaneous smiles.

"Then I was right," said she. "The charm of youth is not enough."

"Madame, Jacomine hadn't a chance against you."

"Me?"

Casanova rose and began to pace the floor. "What I am about to say, madame, will strengthen your prejudice that my nature is changeable. In the circumstances, it couldn't be otherwise. I believe I should have loved Jacomine forever if I hadn't met her aunt."

He sat down on the divan again, clenching his hands in the strength of self-analysis. "In you I have met a woman who to feminine charm adds a masculine vigor of mind."

"I like flattery," said Aunt Sara, "but don't mix it with praise of your sex."

"I speak seriously!" he cried. "I didn't want to admire you, but I must. And I think you like me."

"I do," said Aunt Sara, "very much indeed."

"If we had met in happier circumstances—"

"You mean," said Aunt Sara, "when you were cutting a better figure."

"You hit my thought precisely, madame. You might have loved me."

"It's very possible," said Aunt Sara. "Practically certain."

"With enviable satisfaction we should have spent the rest of our lives together."

"That's the part I'm not sure of," said Aunt Sara. "I might have tired of you. I'm as fickle as you are."

Casanova rose and stood before her. "Madame, may I have permission to pay my court to Jacomine's aunt?"

"Signore, what else have you been doing? You can't help flirting with every woman you talk to."

He refused to be discouraged. "Let me present myself from time to time—daily if I may have my wish, but no oftener than pleases you. Grant me the continued privilege of these meetings, brief though they are. If I can persuade you of my good faith, it is not beyond my hope that our destinies may be one. On the other hand, I'll leave whenever you say."

"If Jacomine saw I was interested," said Aunt Sara, "she might decide to keep you. That sort of thing does happen."

He held his tongue.

"In your search for perfection, signore, having attained me, you may find that your ideal moves ahead, like the carrot dropped from a pole sticking out of the donkey's harness."

When he refused to smile, she abandoned every trace of ridicule, even from her eyes.

"Signore, I believe you intend to deal with me honestly, and I thank you for that compliment; but we must neither of us forget how our acquaintance began. Because of your reputation I distrusted you, and I'm none too sure of you now. I wished to protect Jacomine. I hoped also to avenge the innumerable women who have come under your spell, only to discover that you are a trifler. If I could still catch you off guard, mortify your amazing conceit, I would do it. I disclose my point of view before you commit yourself further."

"Madame," said Casanova, "I love you."

"Well," said Aunt Sara, "I've admitted several times that a little rascality doesn't necessarily make a man less fascinating. Unless I'm careful, I may become the next victim."

For a moment she paused.

"When I was younger," she said, "I could handle these matters with speed; but now I need time. What day is this? Saturday? If I decide I haven't had enough of you, you may come Wednesday."

"Madame! That is a long time to wait!"

"Wednesday," said Aunt Sara. "Meanwhile, if I don't want to see you again, I'll send word. You're still at the Two Angels, I suppose?"

Casanova bowed. "Wednesday, then, madame. At the same hour?"

Her face lighted. "Oh, no. Dine with me! I promise not to poison the food."

Was it a coincidence, or did she know how he had treated Toni? What a woman! She was standing up now, offering her hand for him to kiss. She was smiling —a sweet, enigmatic smile.

He really didn't stop to think—he pressed Aunt Sara to his heart, he kissed her lips, her cheeks, the point of her chin, and both her eyes. She pressed both her hands against his shoulders, but it was more for balance than for protest.

"You love me!" he cried.

"Signore," she whispered. "Giacomo! Before I sink deeper into folly, let us say farewell."

"I'm dining with you Wednesday," he reminded her.

"I'm not at all sure."

"I am," said he.

Her smile was adorable. "Go now—while I can tell you to go."

He left her standing with a glow in her eyes.

FOUR days! Four nerve-broken days! He would resolve to take a long walk, eastward toward Montreux or westward toward Geneva; but hurriedly he would return to the Two Angels and ask the tap boy for the message.

By the end of Wednesday afternoon Casanova had undergone more discipline than he had ever had before. With each assault on his patience he realized more keenly how much he loved Aunt Sara. He dressed for dinner that evening in a state of exaltation. She had not sent word that she wouldn't see him; the conclusion was obvious—she was his for life. He resolved, with heaven's help, to behave henceforth so that she would have no regrets.

The innkeeper had recommended the best laundry in town. The lace at throat and wrists was now immaculate. The hairdresser had done his most skillful curling, and the ribbon at the back of the neck was fresh.

Aunt Sara had neglected to name the dinner hour, but Casanova assumed that between half past seven and eight would be about right. He started up the hill in good season, and walked slowly, to preserve his calm.

Louis opened the door and relieved him of hat and cane. From the salon came voices. It seemed to Casanova that a man was speaking. She wouldn't be having other guests too, would she?

"Will monsieur give himself the trouble to enter?" There wasn't anything ironic in Louis' voice, was there?

In the salon, Aunt Sara talked vivaciously to a handsome man with a square beard—a tall man who looked like a diplomat, amiable but efficient.

"Here he is now!" exclaimed Aunt Sara. "We were just speaking of you, signore."

Casanova raised her fingers to his lips. "Madame," he whispered in a tone of profound respect.

"Let me present you," said Aunt Sara, leading him toward the square beard—"let me present you to Monsieur d'Aubercourt, my husband."

Casanova's brain reeled.

Monsieur d'Aubercourt was graciousness itself. "I was just thanking my wife, Signor Casanova, for postponing this rendezvous till I should be home again. I couldn't forgive myself if I had missed this pleasure. I enroll myself among your admirers."

Casanova looked at Aunt Sara. She gazed back, frank, affectionate, quite at ease. There was a suspicion of mischief in her eyes; but indeed there always was.

"Monsieur d'Aubercourt," he said, "without you the evening would not have been complete."

"There's Louis now," said Aunt Sara. "We'll go directly to the table."

Casanova seized the opportunity to reorganize himself while they took their places.

"Is this your first visit to Lausanne?" said Monsieur d'Aubercourt.

"My first."

"I hope you plan to stay some time, signore. I will show you some of the best views."

"I've seen them already. For several days I've done nothing but walk," said Casanova. "Your scenery justifies its reputation."

"We have more than scenery," said Monsieur d'Aubercourt. "My friends would like to meet you. Sara, may we not plan a series of reunions?"

"You are too kind!" said Casanova. "Unfortunately, I leave Lausanne tomorrow."

FROM the opposite ends of the table they both leaned forward to stare at him.

"So soon?" exclaimed Aunt Sara. "This decision is sudden, is it not? I trust you've received no bad news."

"The only fault in the news," said Casanova, giving her a steady glance, "is that it takes me away from you"—he faced toward the other end of the table—"and from Monsieur d'Aubercourt."

"I am deeply disappointed," said the man with the square beard.

"You are kind to say so," replied Casanova. "I'm disappointed myself."

He turned again to Aunt Sara. "Where is Mademoiselle Jacomine? I looked forward to seeing her."

"Jacomine!" exclaimed Aunt Sara. "Don't you know about Jacomine?"

"What should I know?"

"She has left us! She's married! She eloped last Sunday morning."

"It's time she did, too," said Monsieur d'Aubercourt. "When young people get their emotions involved, I always say the sooner they marry the better."

"Shouldn't they marry the right person?" asked Aunt Sara.

"That question," said her husband, "is purely academic. When you were wrought up to a point where you were ready to marry me, I was for you the only man, was I not?"

"No," said Aunt Sara cheerfully, "you were not."

"Well," said her husband, highly amused, "for me you were the only woman."

She raised her glass, saluting him. It seemed to Casanova that they had forgotten he was there.

"Madame, did Jacomine run off with Toni?"

"What got into that boy," said Aunt Sara, "I can't imagine. But he came to life all at once. He took her by storm."

"A fine lad, I always thought," said Monsieur d'Aubercourt.

"Young," said Aunt Sara.

"Ah, but he has the essentials," said her husband.

Aunt Sara pursed her lips. "H'm—he's immature."

"All men are," said Monsieur d'Aubercourt.

After that the talk got away from Casanova. He answered an occasional question from his square-bearded host. Aunt Sara did not address him.

WHEN they returned to the salon, Monsieur d'Aubercourt remembered a rare volume of philosophy which he had acquired in Vienna and which Signor Casanova must see. He went to fetch it.

Aunt Sara smiled at her guest.

"Why didn't you tell me?" said he.

"You never asked," said she. "You don't know the first principles. Your reputation flatters you. You are *not* an experienced man."

"For once," he said, "I was sincere. I love you."

"Signore, I told you it would be war without quarter. You see, I have played the game to the end. Don't say it is for you a bitter end—your powers of recovery are inexhaustible."

"Madame, I love you."

"When you have more experience," said she, "you won't make statements like that, as though they settled anything. Love is not a title to happiness. Still less is it a reward of virtue."

Then her face filled with kindness, and something more. "I loved you too," she said.

Twenty minutes later he went down the hill to his room in the Two Angels and began packing his bag.

THE END

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named Spot,
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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

THAT man who frightened America into fits on the evening of October 30, 1938, is a big fraid cat himself. Orson Welles, theatrical prodigy and radio press agent for monsters from Mars, can be scared stiff any time by mice, ants, spiders, ghosts, or creepy noises in the dark. We had lunch together recently, and he made a rather Kiplingesque confession: "One night in Dublin," he said, "I woke up with invisible men playing billiards in my bedroom. Couldn't see a thing, yet I heard the click of the ivory balls as plain as life. Later I learned my room had been used as a hideaway by Irish rebels with prices on their heads, and that some had gone straight to their death after a last game of billiards there. Perhaps it was nothing but imagination, yet I moved out, just the same, and never went back."

Most mechanical gadgets terrify Orson Welles, so he declares. He believes this may be due to the fact that his father was an inventor. "Our family," he said, "suffered awful experiments. The worst was father's collapsible picnic basket. Our picnics with it were always completely collapsible, and so were we. It churned the sandwiches with the watermelon, the coffee with the bananas, the salt and pepper with the cake and hard-boiled eggs; then it dumped everything on the grass and left us famished, miles from help. Father's picnic basket may very possibly have been the subconscious inspiration for my nightmare broadcast about mechanized enemies and their hellish tricks." . . . Mrs. Welles is *one* lady whom Mr. Welles cannot stampede. Without previous knowledge of it, she sat through his famous Mars invasion and considered it a dud.

☆ *From my San Francisco notebook:* . . . There's gold in these hills—for shoemakers. Girls who walk much around this precipitous town tell me they need to have the heels of their shoes repaired every three weeks at least. . . . Climbing steepest Jones Street I felt positively alpine. An appropriate nickname for San Francisco might be "Jack-and-Jillville." . . . Big fat cats in S. F.'s Chinatown are so sleepy they look like opium addicts. The reason, I'm told, is because their devoted Chinese owners indulge them in all the pork liver they can stuff down, and that's a lot of pork liver! . . . Out in the bay, the nearest piece of land to Alcatraz is *Angels' Island.* . . . At a Presidio reception I met so many colonels that a pair of mere lieutenants finally were sent for, just to convince me the army really has a few. . . . His Honor Angelo Rossi, Mayor of San Francisco, pins a glorious begonia corsage on me at his City Hall and hopes I won't demand a Russian lunch. Says he once ordered a spaghetti repast for Fiorello LaGuardia of New York, but when Mayor LaGuardia got there he wanted steak. . . . Am whisked away to S. F.'s imminent world fair, of which Gertrude Lawrence and I have been appointed good-will ambassadresses—whatever *that* may mean. . . . The fair impresses me, however, in no uncertain way. In design and arrangement, San Francisco's Golden Gate Exposition buildings achieve *rare* success, inasmuch as they add importantly to the loveliness of a beautiful and long loved city. . . . First exhibit to open, I notice, was that of the National Cash Register Company. A prosperous portent, I expect.

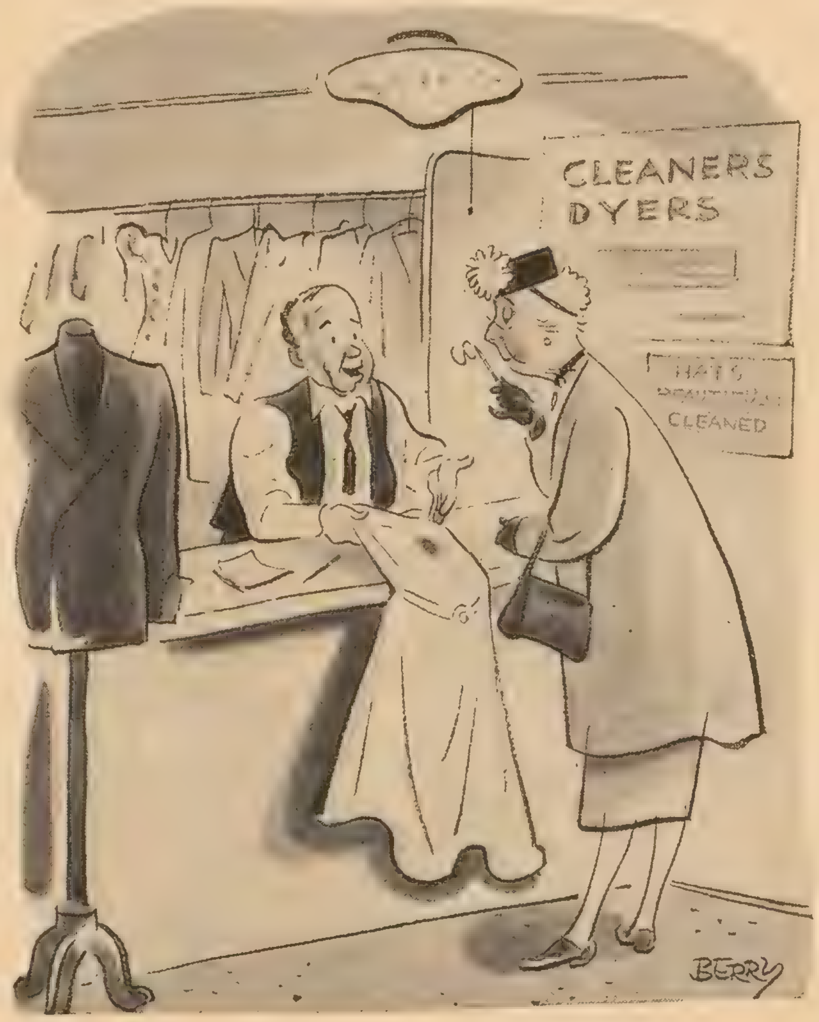
☆ For once my color craving was entirely satisfied when I saw Hilaire Hiler's vivid murals and "Prismaterium" in the new Aquatic Park Building at San Francisco. Then, for local color of another sort, Mr. Hiler led me to an authentic relic of the bad old Barbary Coast. Parente's café, corner of Columbus Street and Pacific Street, has stood exactly *as is* for the past thirty-one years, and Johnny Kurno has tended bar there since the day the place opened. I asked him what the gaudy girls used to drink when the Coast was wild.

"Same drinks as now, ma'am," answered John, "only not as many."

. . . P.S.: *I* had *one.*

☆ Fancy little after-dinner cakes for party occasions can be made easily at home. Try these *Chestnut Pyramids;* they're delicious with ice cream. . . . Stamp half-inch slices of one-day-old sponge cake or butter cake into rounds the size of a silver dollar. Prepare a finely strained purée of cooked chestnuts, sparingly sweetened and flavored lightly with vanilla. Pile chestnut purée on cake rounds; glaze with thin chocolate frosting; top each pyramid with a candied cherry. Cool 2 hours at room temperature before serving.

☆ "Sweetheart"—"Darling"—"Dear." . . . From North Carolina a lady writes, regretting that these time-honored terms of affection seem now to be giving way to "Lamb Chop"—"Honeybuttons"—"Bingo Babe." . . . My Carolina reader says it's a shame to revamp the language of love. Personally, I can't see the harm. How about you? Do you prefer new pet names or old?



"This is the third case of clam chowder we've had this week!"

Mind vs. Matter

Appeasement abandoned, the Fields-McCarthy battle breaks again—this time on the screen

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN

THE PLAYERS: W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Princess Baba of Sarawak, Edward Brophy, Frank Jenks, Grady Sutton, David Oliver, Grace Goodall. Screen play by George Marion, Jr., from a story by Charles Bogle. Directed by George Marshall. Produced by Universal.

THOSE erstwhile enemies of the airways, W. C. Fields and Charlie McCarthy, are brought together in a comedy written by one Charles Bogle, who is none other than the erratic Mr. Fields himself. The studio has been exceedingly secretive about the story. It can be whispered that Fields is an eccentric circus proprietor, Edgar Bergen is a hypnotist with the show, and Charlie is one of his subjects. At least that's true in part of the rambling comedy events.

The cast is a trifle odd, even bizarre. There's the blonde Princess Baba of Sarawak, daughter of the white rajah of Sarawak. She married a European wrestling champion, one Bob Gregory. The princess plays, of all things, a princess! Although it is her first film acting, Universal thinks highly of its histrionic quality. There's a gent in the cast who calls himself the Great Blacaman. He's a Hindu animal hypnotist and his specialty is putting a lion in a trance and then biting the animal's nose.

I shudder to think what Skinny Dugan will think of Charlie in this comedy, but The McCarthy discards his dress suit and top hat, dons the robes and turban of a maharajah for one laugh interlude in a harem.

The Inside Dope: A rambling comedy oddity with the pompous clown, Mr. Fields, and the little idol of the ether, Charlie McCarthy, meeting in verbal duels at ten paces.

★ ★ ★ THE BEACHCOMBER

THE PLAYERS: Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, Tyrone Guthrie, Robert Newton, Dolly Mollinger, Rosita Garcia, J. Solomon, Fred Groves, Eliot Makeham. Adapted by Bartlett

Princess Baba, Charlie, and Edgar Bergen in You Can't Cheat an Honest Man.

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, February 1.

The winner will be announced in the issue of March 11.

The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star on the screen!

We decided that what this country needed was a column. Henceforth, fellow Liberty Magazine readers, you may whet your screen appetites on some little tid-bits direct from the studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★ ★ ★ ★

CLASS OF '39—attention! What is M-G-M? *Answer:* The leading motion picture company.

Question: What are some of the forthcoming productions of M-G-M?

Answer:

"IDIOT'S DELIGHT" (from the famous play). Starring Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

"STAND UP AND FIGHT" (Builders of the Pioneer West). Starring Robert Taylor and Wallace Beery.

"HONOLULU" (wicky-wacky-wonderful). Starring Eleanor Powell with Robert Young and Burns and Allen.

Question: What is the outstanding current production of M-G-M?

Answer: "SWEETHEARTS".

★ ★ ★ ★

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

All those who address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal., will receive a beautiful photograph of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the sweethearts of "Sweethearts."

"Sweethearts" is dedicated to all the lovers in all the world. This is a new idea. Pictures have been dedicated to mothers, to doctors, to families, to boys, to sailors, but never to lovers. Are you a lover? Well this is National Lover Month. You are initiated when you see "Sweethearts", that glamorous and exciting Victor Herbert musical thrill.

★ ★ ★ ★

It was directed by Sweetheart Van Dyke, produced by Sweetheart Stromberg and written by Sweethearts Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell.

★ ★ ★ ★

In addition to Sweethearts MacDonald and Eddy, the cast includes Sweetheart Frank Morgan, Sweetheart Ray Bolger, Sweetheart Florence Rice, and that trio of sensational Sweethearts—Herman Bing, Mischa Auer, Reginald Gardiner.

★ ★ ★ ★

This truly big picture has been filmed entirely in technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

Love is sweeping the country.

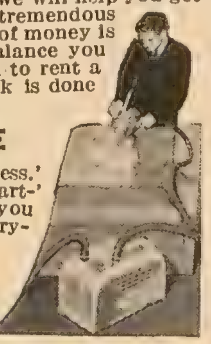
—*Leo*

John made $42.50 in one day in his NEW Business

Getinto this business NOW—a business which is so new that it is practically without competition. This alone should enable you to make really BIG MONEY. Hotels, homes, clubs, office buildings offer tremendous possibilities. Our new DETERGER *washes* upholstered furniture electrically right in your customer's home, with a new soapless soap whipped into **dry suds.** We have helped hundreds of men get into business for themselves with our automatic equipment. The U. S. Government and many of the world's largest hotels use our machines.

Make Money the FIRST DAY

The DETERGER is ready to run when you receive it so you ought to be taking in **big profits** the first day. J. S. Corson made $279.50 his first month. Barrett says, "Made $28.00 in 8 hours." We want an honest, ambitious man in every locality. If you are that man we will help you get started for yourselfin a business with tremendous possibilities. Only a limited amount of money is needed for a down payment—the balance you send on easy terms. You don't need to rent a shop or hire a building, for the work is done in your customer's home.



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When functional kidney disorder permits poisonous matter to remain in the blood, you won't feel well. This may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. If you have trouble with frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning, there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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HOOSIER INSTITUTE, Dept. 11, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Coughs
(due to colds)
PISO'S
High Quality Cough Medicine

Cormack from a W. Somerset Maugham story. Directed by Erich Pommer. Produced by Mayflower; released by Paramount.

HEFTY Charles Laughton can act. Witness his Captain Bligh, his Ruggles of Red Gap, his Henry VIII. In this English-made version of a W. Somerset Maugham yarn, Vessel of Wrath, he does pretty much as he likes.

The story is Rain in reverse. Laughton is a drunken, disreputable remittance man called Ginger Ted, a shifty sot sleeping away his life in a stupor on the tiny island of Baru. He amuses the easygoing, lenient Dutch *contrôleur*, but he is a bitter dish for the two missionaries on the island, the bigoted Miss Jones and her earnest, intense brother, the Rev. Jones.

Mr. Maugham pits the graceless Ginger Ted against the sex-starved Martha Jones. There is a typhoid outbreak—and somehow a slender remnant of something better is aroused in the remittance man. Together Miss Jones and Ginger Ted fight their battle against disease and native superstition.

The weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the December 17 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Clarence E. Gilstrap, Neosho, Missouri, for his review of Trade Winds.

The island—Baru—is fictional, a part of the colonial empire of the Netherlands. By planting palms along the Mediterranean, the British film makers made the south of France take on an appearance of the Dutch Indies.

Mrs. Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, is the sex-hungry Martha Jones and, to your Beverly Hills, she seems to overdo the part. The events of the yarn, I must report, move pretty turgidly, but the film has a certain unconventional, unorthodox freedom from Hollywood inhibitions.

The Inside Dope: If you are accustomed to neatly shaven super-derelicts such as Fredric March, Mr. Laughton may easily repel you, for this film presents the tropics under a fairly realistic microscope.

★ ★ ½ KEEP SMILING

THE PLAYERS: Gracie Fields, Roger Livesey, Mary Maguire, Peter Coke, Jack Donohue, Hay Petrie, Mike Johnson, Eddie Gray, Tonny Fields, Gladys Dehl, Nino Rossini, Edward Rigby, Joe Mott, Philip Leaver. Screen play by William Conselman, scenario by Val Valentine. Directed by Monty Banks. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.

WHEN Twentieth Century-Fox tied up the idol of the British 'alls, Gracie Fields, it was with the intention of making her an American idol, too. But Gracie, for all her amazing personality, is essentially English, solidly British. This comedy, the second Gracie Fields effort under the arrangement, would seem to be aimed entirely at the British market. Her American producers appear to be quitting on their plans to internationalize Gracie.

Maybe you know little about Gracie, whose real name was Stansfield, who was born in Lancashire in 1898. She started by singing in the streets of her home town, got a job with a juvenile company through backstage delivery of her mother's handiwork as a laundress. Up through pantomime, through endless tours of provincial theaters, moved Gracie, until she became an idol of London—indeed of the British Empire. Over there her very appearance disorganizes traffic; she's tops on the stage, in the movies, on the air.

This film is the routine story of a trouper who leads her stranded company to success in spite of terrific odds. Miss Fields clowns, sings everything from comic to serious ditties, including The Holy City; has a 'ighly hamusing scene in khaki with falling trousers; another cow-milking episode that is pretty rough.

This film was directed by Monty Banks, one-time Hollywood comic, and the cast includes the famous canine of The Thin Man, Asta, who made a trip from Hollywood to England for the part.

The Inside Dope: Keep Smiling all depends upon how you go for English comedy—and Gracie Fields. It's as flavored as kippers for breakfast.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

The pictures are classified according to the reviewer's prediction. The figures in parentheses after a picture title show the final classification by Liberty's reviewer and the consensus of our readers' ratings.

★★★★—That Certain Age (4, 4), Suez (3, 3½), You Can't Take It with You (4, 4), Men with Wings (3½, 3½), Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—Jesse James, Walt Disney's Shorts (3½, 3½), Sweethearts, If I Were King (3½, 3½), The Great Waltz (3½, 3½), The Sisters (4, 3½), Spawn of the North (3½, 3½), The Lady Vanishes (3½, 3½), Four Daughters.

★★★—Pacific Liner, Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky (3,—), Stand Up and Fight, Pygmalion (3,—), The Great Man Votes, Gunga Din, Christmas Carol (2,—), Trade Winds (3, 3), Dawn Patrol (3, 3), Out West with the Hardys (3, 3), Submarine Patrol (3, 3), Dramatic School (3, 3), Just Around the Corner (3, 3), Angels with Dirty Faces (3½, 3½), The Shining Hour (3, 3), Sixty Glorious Years (3, 3), The Cowboy and the Lady (3, 3), Gangster's Boy (3, 2½), Brother Rat (3, 3), The Arkansas Traveler (3, 3), Mr. Wong Detective (3, 2½), There Goes My Heart (3, 3), Service de Luxe (3, 3), Room Service (3, 3), Garden of the Moon (3, 3), Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware.

THE THOUSAND-DOLLAR SMILE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

Liberty's Short Short

BY JOSEPHINE BENTHAM

NOW, speaking of human interest, said the green-bench philosopher, did I ever tell you about Joe Wilkins? They had quite a lot about him in the papers at the time. It was what they call a human-interest story. . . .

Yes, Joe was this bus conductor and doing all right—living over my oldest daughter with his wife and two young ones. Well, and now this old lady you read about was one of Joe's regular customers—went on a bus ride every blessed day it didn't rain. But it so happened that Joe always had to kind of ease her on and off. She was an old lady that had spread some.

Then out of the blue this old lady goes over Jordan, leaving in her will where it says one thousand dollars for Joe. All on account of that smile Joe had from some Irish in him somewhere. The thousand-dollar smile, the papers called it. Well, and so everybody thought what a break for this Joe Wilkins—

Maybe Joe thought so himself just at first. My oldest daughter got hold of the whole story, part from Joe and part from Joe's wife and part from the neighbors. Well, it seems Joe came home all cock-a-hoop. "What do you know!" he says. And then he tells them. Anna, his wife, and the two half-grown sprouts—Albert and Helene.

Well, he said how he was going to sock this money on a nice little house near the bus terminal. And right away Anna said how ridiculous. But it seems all her married life Anna Wilkins had been ashamed of the furniture. So now she got out a piece of paper and a pencil and wrote down so much for the living-room rug. . . .

But while Joe was sitting there fuming, and while Anna was going on with her budget—well, by this time friend Albert had got started. According to that young spriggins, it was an automobile they had absolutely got to have. But right then and there Helene began telling them how all her life she'd been planning a career in Hollywood. And here was her one chance to get there, her one and only chance, et cetera. A good-looking little jitterbug, my oldest daughter says, and no more sense in her head than a rolled-up sock.

Compromise? Well, how could they? Maybe if that money had been a good deal more, or a good deal less—but did you ever have an even thousand dollars? Did you ever try to compromise with it? Well, then—

Next day Albert went out and bought himself a car. He was so dumb he put Joe's name on a piece of paper because he thought it all amounted to the same thing in the end. Anyway he drove round with the car and the salesman came round with the paper, and by the time things disentangled themselves the salesman was driving away in the car and Albert was marching down the street with a suitcase.

That put the idea in Helene's head. The same night she ran away from home just like Albert, only she did it up right—left a note propped up on the mantel hoping that some day they'd realize, and so forth. In the meantime she and another of these jitterbugs were going to hitchhike themselves to the Coast.

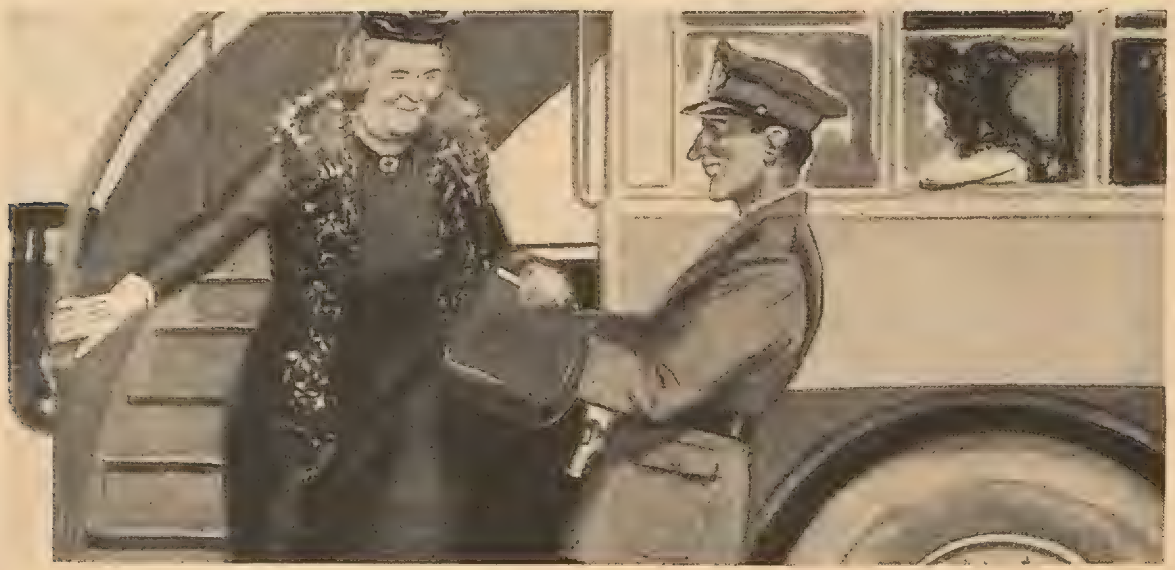
Well, Joe and Anna put the police on Helene's trail, but this business didn't bring them together the way it would in a book. Each one blamed everything on the other one and hell was a-poppin' around there until Anna up and packed her things and went to her mother's.

After that Joe got kind of mean. And so many customers began reporting discourteous cracks on the part of Number 711—or whatever Joe was—that the company fired him.

Well, Joe Wilkins wasn't a drinking man—a few beers, maybe, would be his stint on a Saturday night—but about this time he sat right down to some serious drinking. He'd sit in some dump somewhere and drink this bad whisky he wasn't used to—and brood. Brood Joe did. And the whisky kept saying to him, "Well, Joe, what you got to live for? What, I ask you? Isn't it tough, Joe?" Well, Joe got to nodding at the whisky glass and muttering to himself. . . .

He left a letter for the family. The papers never got ahold of that letter. . . . What? Oh, of course he did it! He went right to the bridge and took off his shoes and threw himself right smack into the river. . . . What? Why, o' course he didn't drown! About a million people saw him jump off that bridge and jumped right in after him. They put him to bed to sleep the whole thing off, and when he woke up there was his family and there was one of the vice-presidents of the company, waiting to give him his job back. . . . My oldest daughter says you'd never know anything had happened—she tells me it's as nice a little family as you'd ever care to know. . . . What's that? Oh, I thought I told you! There wasn't a plugged nickel left of that old lady's estate after they got through paying the funeral expenses. Joe never did get that thousand dollars. . . .

THE END



ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WBBM, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston; WBT, Charlotte; KNX, Los Angeles. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

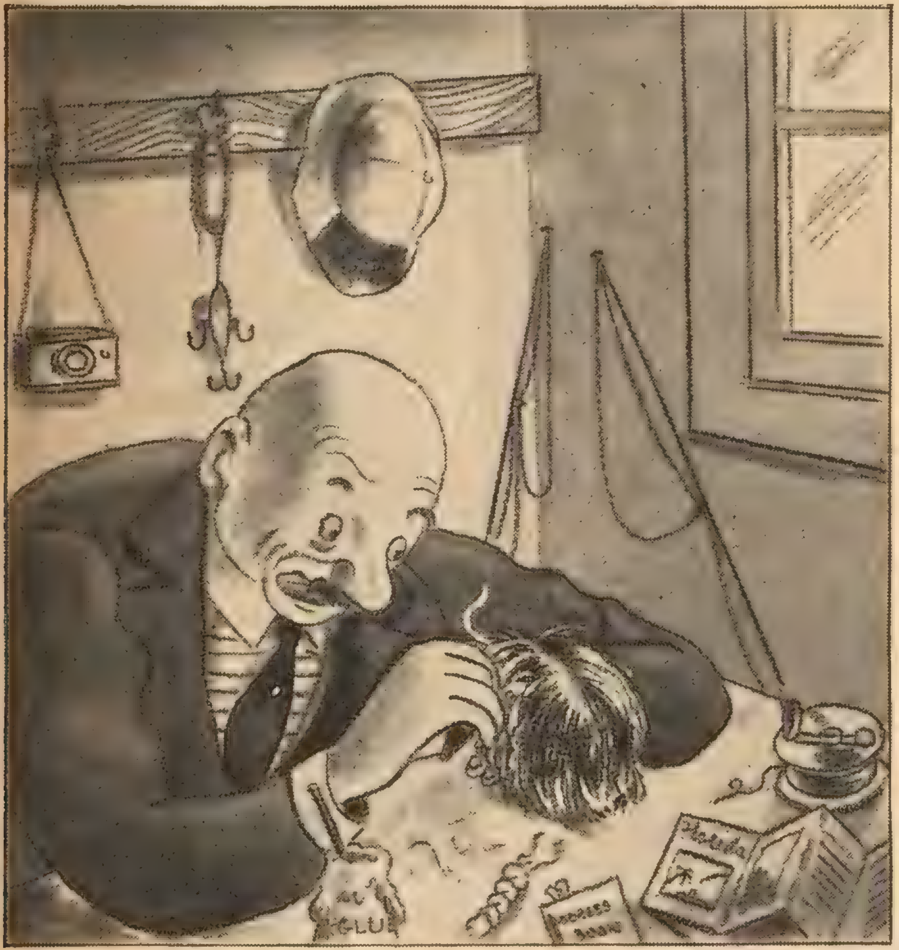
TUNE IN!

▲

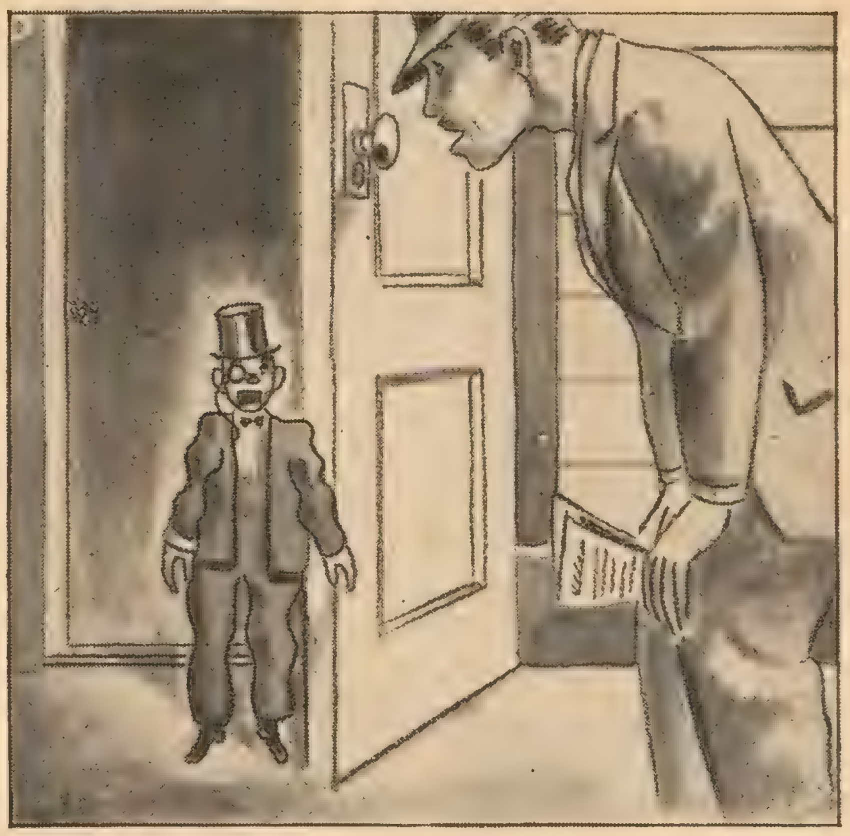
Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

OUR VERY CANDID CAMERA

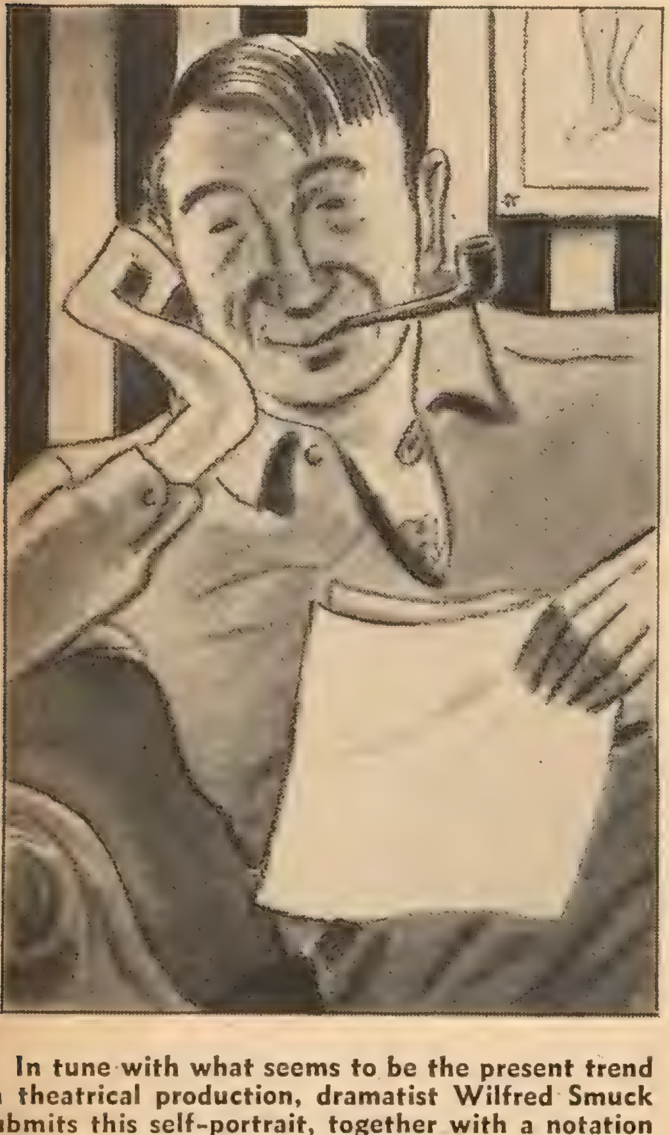
BY JACK SHUTTLEWORTH and F. E. SMITH



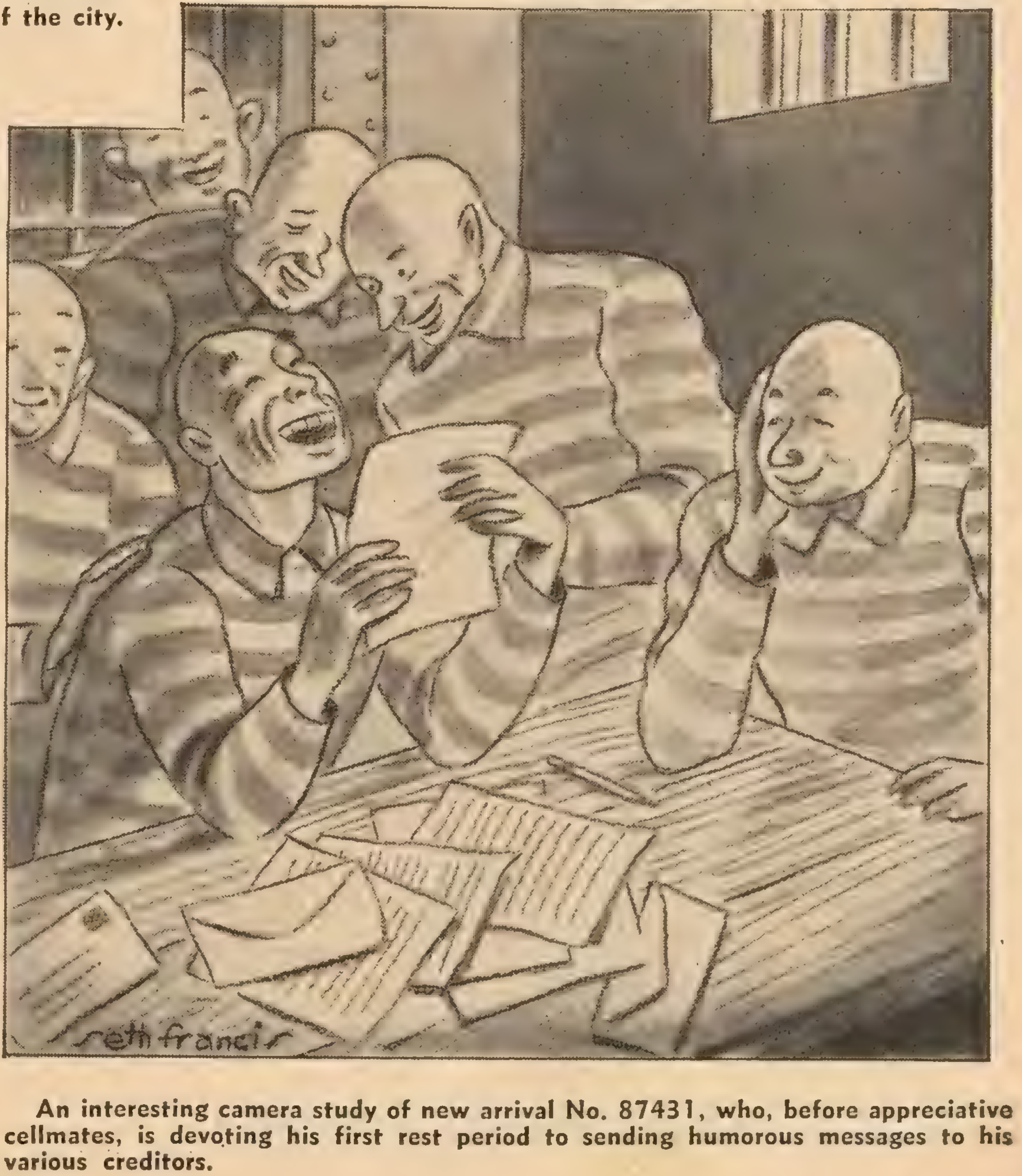
Snapped by a camera-minded butler, this photo shows Mayor Shoebuckle preparing for his annual six weeks in Florida. His Honor is here busily gluing gray hairs on his toupee so voters can see that he is worrying too much about the affairs of the city.



The above shot was sent in by our own Beverly Hills, who happened to be present with his Minicam when Charlie McCarthy was informing a life-insurance salesman that Mr. Bergen had gone to China for an indefinite stay.



In tune with what seems to be the present trend in theatrical production, dramatist Wilfred Smuck submits this self-portrait, together with a notation that he has finally written a play in which the entire action takes place in a drugstore phone booth.



An interesting camera study of new arrival No. 87431, who, before appreciative cellmates, is devoting his first rest period to sending humorous messages to his various creditors.

DEAD ENDS IN DIXIE:

The Bad Man of Happy Valley

by MAY DIXON THACKER

The amazing true story of an American realm where an outlaw is king

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THERE was a hush in the courtroom of a small town in East Tennessee. The jury had brought in a verdict of guilty. The judge looked down upon the eighteen-year-old youth who stood facing him.

"Have you anything to say before I pass sentence upon you?" he asked.

The lad replied, "No, sir. I ain' got nothin' to say. Only—I ain' never had no chance in life."

The answer was a rebuke to state and nation. But the law said he had shot a revenue officer from ambush, with intent to kill—and he was sentenced to hard labor on the county chain gang for five years.

Today that boy, Joshua McCormack, is a man of sixty-one, known as the Bad Man of Happy Valley.

Joshua McCormack is one of a wasted people—three millions of them, living in the southern Appalachian Mountains, within one or another of eight states. These hapless people have the best Anglo-Saxon and Scotch-Irish blood in the nation.

Joshua is not a criminal, in spite of his record of seven terms on the chain gang and in the penitentiary. He is an outlaw, and proud of it; the word unleashes tentacles that reach back through his ancestry to the rebellion of the Highlander Covenanters.

Two McCormack brothers, leaders of a group of outlaw churchmen, sailed from the old country; Aaron to Boston, and Joshua to Virginia. They brought with them to this country the potato and the craft of linen weaving.

Joshua and his followers found that the settlements along the coasts of Virginia and North Carolina were simply bits of England transplanted, with the landed gentry holding the whip hand.

Joshua McCormack swore that he would have none of this domination. He and his followers pushed into the western frontiers and climbed the high mountains. They meant to have a freer life in the wilderness. On April 18, 1782, one Joshua McCormack was granted four hundred acres of land in what is now Southwest Virginia, in the foothills of the Blue Ridge. A rich and fertile grant, but it failed to satisfy the younger generation born upon it. Too close to civilization. On these youngsters pushed, into the wilds of what is now East Tennessee.

So it came about that in 1896 Joshua McCormack the sixth, at eighteen, stood before a bar of East Tennessee justice and was sentenced to the chain gang.

And now the Bad Man of Happy Valley is a dictator. His word is law. And the law is not good.

Josh himself could not tell you how it has come about. To him, the import of his first sentence was devastating. For this lad had dreamed dreams. He had heard, over and over, a family legend that had been repeated for two generations: How there had been a McCormack son named Cyrus who was always tinkering at queer contrivances, and who had run away finally and never come back.

How years later it was told that one Cyrus McCormick had invented a marvelous contraption that did all a farmer's work for him—way off in Chicago.

Everybody in Happy Valley agreed that this man must have been the Cyrus who had run away. That the surname was spelled with an *i* instead of an *a* was explained by the fact that Cyrus didn't have much "l'arnin'."

All his life Joshua had brooded over this story. He too wanted to get away and make something of himself.

That first chain gang ended his dreams—in 1896. Two compensations sustained him. The gang worked in the open; he could look at the beloved mountains and fill his lungs with mountain air. Then—Susy was waiting, back in Happy Valley.

He was past twenty-one when he came home, his sentence shortened by good behavior. The first thing he did was to marry Susy. They found shelter in a cave, her family bitterly opposing the marriage. Josh cut the trees for a cabin. Together they cleared a bit of land. The only thing it would raise was corn, and the only thing Josh knew of to do with surplus corn was to make likker. He made good moonshine and prospered.

Followed one arrest after another. On his fourth offense, he was sent to a federal penitentiary. He took little interest in anything there until he was asked if he would like to be enrolled in the prison school.

"You mean—I kin l'arn to read an' write?" he gasped.

"Sure."

His education began in a fight. New students were allowed informal social hours. What more natural than that Josh should boast of his one and only pride: "You all know Cyrus McCormick of Chicago, I reckon. Wal—I'm a cousin o' his'n."

"You are *not!*" came from the little mild-mannered bespectacled convict teacher in charge.

Josh's right arm shot out and the teacher sprawled on the floor. Two big guards hustled him to a basement, and threw him into solitary.

When he was out of solitary, he

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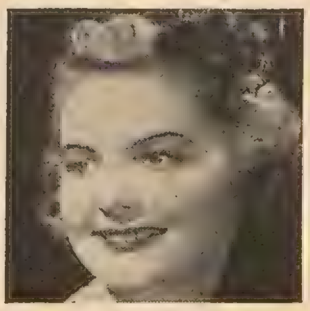
Without Calomel — And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go



The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores.

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Get *quick* relief with "BC"

Don't let headaches, neuralgia or the discomfort of muscular pains ruin your fun. Get quick relief with "BC" the prescription-type remedy in powder form. "BC" contains *several* time-tested, prompt acting ingredients that dissolve quickly and relieve *in a hurry*. Ask for it today.

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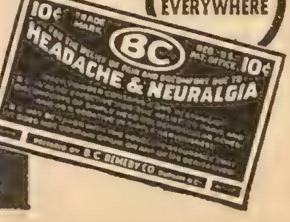


75 MILLION "BC" POWDERS DISTRIBUTED LAST YEAR

was eager to study in earnest. By this time he knew that the bespectacled convict teacher was a man of "l'arnin'" acquired in a state university. He had sold, through the United States mails, fake family histories to eager gullible clients. But he really could tell you the origin of every well known name in America.

Josh sought him out and apologized. The man bore no malice. "The history of the Cyrus McCormick family of Chicago is well known to everybody," he explained. "His people came from Virginia."

"They did?" said Josh, crestfallen. "You're plumb sartin I ain't related to him?" Then he laughed. "Oh, wal, hit don' make no difference. My blood's ez good ez their'n."

He served his year and a day and went back to Happy Valley. Now he could read and write. He began to teach Susy. Together they discovered that the pretty name they had given their third baby, "Larceny," was not exactly appropriate for a girl. They changed it to Ceeny.

He found his biggest still as he had left it, undisturbed, even unsuspected by the revenue officers. Immediately he went back to work. Again and again he was sent to the pen. But he learned more and more.

After his seventh term, however, he decided that he had had enough. Coming home, he found Susy had managed, as usual, to keep the family alive, and had begun to teach the eldest of their seven children. Susy deserved better things, and Josh intended that she should have them.

On the porch of the crossroads store he delivered speeches, casually, to loiterers. He would say:

"As I see hit, being put on chain gangs and in the pen don' do nobody no good. Er being sent to jail, neither. You herd together a lot o' crooked minds, an' they kin think up more devilment in a minute than any one o' them could by hisself in a month."

As time went on, he grew more bold with, "There's goin' to be no more indictments in this county. Nothin's goin' to git to no grand jury, ef you do ez I say. I can' hold no office. I ain' no citizen. But I'm agoin' to see to hit that ever'body in this county gits a square deal, according to our understandin'."

News of Josh McCormack's sayings spread rapidly. The people's confidence in him grew by leaps and bounds. "We can' find no better leader than Josh," one neighbor said. "He's called the Bad Man o' Happy Valley, an' we know he ain't no saint. But he ain' never done murder, though o' course he's killed—as occasion required. He ain' never stooped to steal nothin'. An' all hell could not make him tell a lie."

It gradually came about that practically every man in the county wanted to know what Josh thought of this or that before taking a stand. When he perceived that church attendance was definitely out among the men, he called them together.

"Hit won' do—you never goin' to meetin's," he said. "Folks outside our county will hear about hit and we'll be gettin' a flood o' missionaries and sech. We don' want to attract no outside attention. So go to meetin' now and then, anyways."

To "attract no attention" became a fundamental of their lives. Along every public road a "bell system" was put into operation. When a stranger was passing a cabin, a cowbell must be rung that would give warning to the next cabin ahead.

Moonshining remained their chief industry. Only the dictator and his closest intimates knew exactly how affairs were managed so that no arrests were made except when some one wanted to go to prison in order to learn to read and write. Tribute was collected. Moonshining became less hazardous and prospered greatly.

Josh built a new log-cabin home with two rooms, a lean-to kitchen, and a porch. He bought for Susy some plates and cups and saucers and knives and forks and spoons. Life was good and comfortable. He formed the habit of sitting on his porch most of the time. The people came to him there. Several of the officials of the county depended on Josh in every crisis. He told them what to do, and they did it.

One evening in late summer, as Josh relaxed on his porch with his pipe, a truck pulled into the yard. Two men on the driver's seat hopped down and came forward. "We got a man inside, bad injured," they said.

"Who? How?" Josh asked.

"Wal, hit's Cindy Waters' boy friend. She married old man Eph down in Turkey Holler. You 'member: Eph is past seventy and Cindy, she ain't nigh twenty yit. She an' Jake, they'd bin keepin' comp'ny long time 'fore her folks made her marry Eph. Eph got forty acres—"

"I know all that," cut in Josh. "What happened?"

"Eph come home sudden-like today. Jake war in the cabin with Cindy. He jumped out a back winder, but old Eph plugged him full o' buckshot. He's bleedin' terrible. We war jest passin'—"

"Why didn' you take 'im to the doctor?" Josh demanded.

"We did! We did! But Doc Pingree, when he heard what had happened, he wouldn't tech 'im. Said, 'Jake got what war comin' to 'im—'tain' no consarn o' mine, and shet his door in our faces."

"You go back to Doc Pingree and tell 'im to work on Jake, to save his life if possible. We don' want no killin's—onnecessary. Go on—quick!"

The young man died on the way to Doc Pingree's. There was an inquest later. The coroner's verdict read, "Jacob Wood met his death because of unlawful trespassing," and the case was closed.

Incidents much like this are happening today throughout the Southern Appalachians.

THE END

$2,000 Crossword Contest

THIRD WEEK!

YOU STILL CAN ENTER, WITH AN EXCELLENT CHANCE TO WIN!

COME on, crossworders! There is still time to get into this cash-prize game, with an excellent chance to win one of the many worth-while awards which Liberty has posted. There are ten puzzles in this series. Puzzle No. 3 is right here on this page. You can get into the game by working this one. That will start you toward the goal. Please read the Rules carefully if you have not done so already. They give complete instructions for preparing a winning entry. Note particularly Rule 2, which covers a fifty-word statement which must accompany your solutions, and study this issue with that requirement in mind. Do not mail any solutions until your set of ten is complete. If you have not solved Puzzles 1 and 2, here is the way to obtain them:

LATE ENTRY

For the convenience of contestants who have neglected the first two puzzles, Liberty has prepared reprints of the diagrams and synonyms. They are available upon written request to the address in Rule 4, and five cents in stamps should be enclosed to cover cost of handling and mailing. Upon receipt you can bring your entry up to date. Puzzle No. 4 will appear next week.

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10........	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.

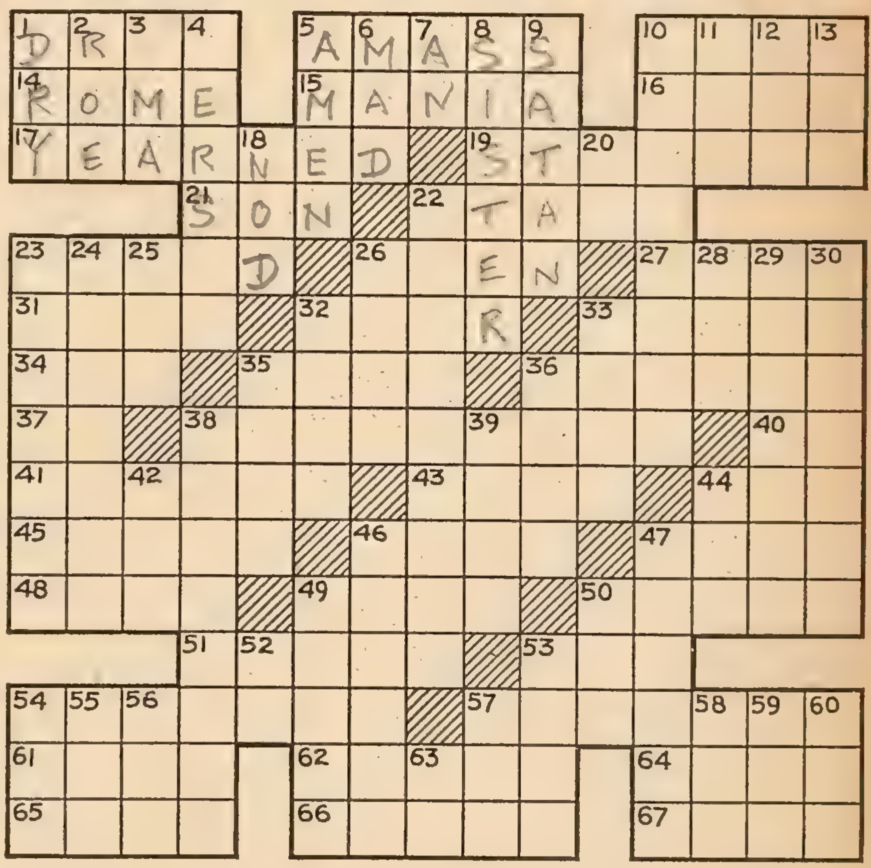
2. When you have solved all ten puzzles, enter them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words on the subject, "The Story, Article, or Feature I Have Enjoyed Most in Liberty During This Contest, and Why."

3. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The next best will receive the $200 Second Prize, and the next best, $100 Third Prize. In the order of their excellence the next twenty will be awarded $10 each, and the next 200 will receive $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORDS EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Thursday, March 30, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.



CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 3

HORIZONTAL

1 A small quantity of liquor
5 Collect
10 Genus of common frogs
14 City in Italy
15 Violent derangement of mind
16 An entrance
17 Longed
19 Having small mouthlike openings
21 A descendant
22 Adult male of red deer (pl.)
23 Put to a trial or experiment
26 The solar disk, in Egyptian mythology
27 Ground ivy
31 Spirited
32 Support for either end of a bridge span
33 Relating to an hour
34 Metal in native state
35 Load
36 Mental state, as of a body of men
37 Letter of Hebrew alphabet
38 Soft fluffy feathers used in pillows, etc.
40 Type of electric current (initials)
41 Old World wild goats
43 Tender or painful to the touch
44 An insect
45 Quoted
46 Egyptian deity
47 The space covered by a step in walking
48 Any celestial body visible as a point of light
49 Month of the Jewish year
50 Denuded
51 City in Panama
53 Cooking vessel
54 One who regards with approbation
57 Roves
61 Hawaiian wreaths
62 Relief force for carrying on work
64 County in New York
65 Unaspirated consonant
66 Autocrats
67 A tear

VERTICAL

1 Without moisture
2 The spawn of fishes
3 Vessel used for wine in early Christian church
4 River in England
5 Word of ratification
6 Insane
7 Indefinite article
8 Female relative
9 The archfiend
10 Device used as a crane hook
11 Woman's name
12 Insect egg
13 Devoured
18 Incline the head slightly
20 King of Bashan
22 Helmsman
23 Region lying between Capricorn and Cancer
24 A dish of cheese, ale, and condiments
25 Frost
26 An officer who assists a general
28 Old money of account
29 Drapery for a bed or the top of a window
30 Chosen
32 Cushions
33 Inventor of sewing machine
35 Assumed a reclining position
36 Morning
38 Practice
39 Portal
42 A Greek letter
44 River in Switzerland
46 To pay divine honors to
47 Cater to
49 Watchful
50 Forbid
52 Either
53 Satisfies the claims of
54 Entire
55 River in England and Wales
56 Egyptian deity
57 Contest or conflict by force of arms
58 Sooner than
59 Japanese measure of length
60 Collection of things belonging together
63 Syllable sounded in solmization

VOX POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Experienced Railroad Men Needed on the I. C. C.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Mr. Pelley, president of the Association of American Railroads, had a very interesting article in December 3 Liberty in regard to our railroads; and as he has spent his life in the railroad business, he certainly knows his subject. Why not have the views of some more of our railroad executives?

Mr. Pelley says, "It's up to *you*, as citizens, to decide what the future of the railroads is to be." He gave two of the chief needs for our railroads, but could have added a third one which is quite important but is never mentioned by railroad officials for fear of reprisals by the nonrailroad men who compose the Interstate Commerce Commission—the boss of all our railroads for over fifty years. The very poor record these nonrailroad Commissioners have made certainly does not reflect any credit on them when you consider that since 1894 about 800 roads have been in receivership or bankruptcy and over 100 of them have failed during the past seven years.

The Railway Age was absolutely correct when it stated recently: "The fact that the railroads are now virtually bankrupt after over half a century of I. C. C. control should be answer enough to any one who contends that the I. C. Commission under its present powers and personnel meets the need for intelligent planning for the transportation industry." In other words, fifty years of misrule and mismanagement of our railroads, that have done so much to build up our country, by the I. C. Commissioners—not one of whom knows anything about the management or operation of a railroad—is the outstanding crime number one against our fine American railroads. No wonder they are broke and no one wants to buy any of their securities. Those who hold railroad stocks and bonds will have to wait a long time before they can dispose of them to any advantage or even get what they paid for them.

One of our senators who is not very friendly toward the railroads said that "the I. C. Commission was badly in need of new life and new blood," which is true, and President Roosevelt should force the resignation of all the present Commissioners and put in their place experienced railroad officers, who would do far more to help the railroads out of their troubles and get them on their feet again than all the quack remedies advocated by men who have never worked for a railroad.

Every business man knows that when the railroads are prosperous and buying, every firm in the country is prosperous, as the railroads are the biggest buyers we have of over 70,000 different items from 12,000 cities and towns, and when they stop buying it affects all lines of trade. In the Pennsylvania Railroad Station in New York there is a large sign which says: "The Railroads are the Nation's best customers. They spend over a billion dollars yearly in purchasing new equipment, supplies and materials."

I would add a third need for our railroads to Mr. Pelley's very interesting article:

Replace immediately the nine nonrailroad I. C. Commissioners with nine experienced railroad men, and do it now!
—An Ex-Railroader.

AMERICANISM DEFINED

WALLACE, IDA.—"Americanism," a word used a great deal lately by press and radio, seems a bit obscure. Would the editor of Vox Pop, or its readers, kindly elucidate?—*M. Anderson.*

[The United Spanish War Veterans and ladies of their auxiliaries, a group of all-Americans more than 200,000 strong, define it as follows: "Americanism is an unfailing love of our Country; loyalty to its institutions and ideals; eagerness to defend it against all enemies; undivided allegiance to our flag, and a desire to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and posterity."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

BACKS LINDBERGH'S JUDGMENT

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—That article by Frederick L. Collins, Why Did Hitler Give Lindbergh a Medal? (December 17 Liberty) makes me mad all the way through. Why, I ask you—why must Liberty stoop so low as to besmirch our dearly beloved Lindbergh? It is simply Jewish propaganda.*

I know Lindbergh personally, and you have done him a great wrong. You should apologize. If Slim did what you accuse him of, he did it because he thought it was right. And I'd back his judgment any day against Collins and his ilk.

And when Collins says that a "hundred million Americans" are against the Colonel in what he did, he's nuts! The "hundred million Americans" are still with Colonel Lindbergh. And you can put me down with a million other Legionnaires as backing him.

You printed Collins' article—now, in all fairness, print this. You always print both sides of every question, so I know you won't be afraid to do so.—*Legionnaire.*

"AT THE END OF THE NIGHTMARE"

WASHINGTON, D. C.—At the End of the Nightmare, Liberty's December 17 back page, should have a reprint in *big print* on page 4 of your next issue. And it should be translated into German and Italian and distributed to every German and Italian.

But, above all, every American should read it in the excellent English in which it is written.—*J. S. D.*

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—It is so seldom one sees such pieces as that written by Fulton Oursler, At the End of the Nightmare.

This Editor's talk was, beyond any doubt, one of the finest and most direct utterances ever published in your magazine.

The prayer in Vox Pop was also most unusual, and it is a shame that both of these articles were printed on the reverse sides of one sheet.—*Mayme Washer.*

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—What is happening to Liberty? Up to December 17 we have had the best stories, articles, etc.—except the story of "Wrong-Way" Corrigan, which was poor stuff, to my way of thinking.

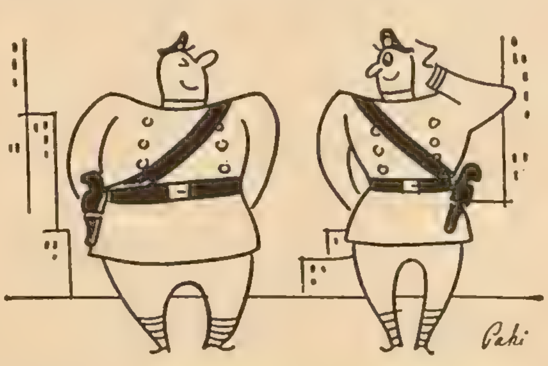
The only interesting thing in the December 17 number was the Editor's announcement on the last page, At the End of the Nightmare.—*Thomas M. Street.*

WIFE OF COP SETTLES SAM BROWNE BELT QUESTION

CLE ELUM, WASH.—Ex-Cop (December 10 Vox Pop) had better take the back seat and let Roy C. Diaz get in the front seat.

Cops wear their Sam Browne belts either on the right side or the left side, according to the policy of their organization.

My husband, being a cop, wears his on the right shoulder, as do all Washington State patrolmen.—*G. R. C.*



"HELL" IN SWEDISH IS "HAIL"

BALTIMORE, MD.—And now comes Mrs. Lundgren (December 10 Vox Pop), bristling with indignation and full of contempt over the ignorance of her fellow countrymen.

When I went to school in Sweden I was taught that the word "hell" in Swedish meant, translated into English, "hail."

The Swedish word for slope or hill, Mrs. Lundgren, is now, as then, spelled "häll."—*Anders Applequist.*

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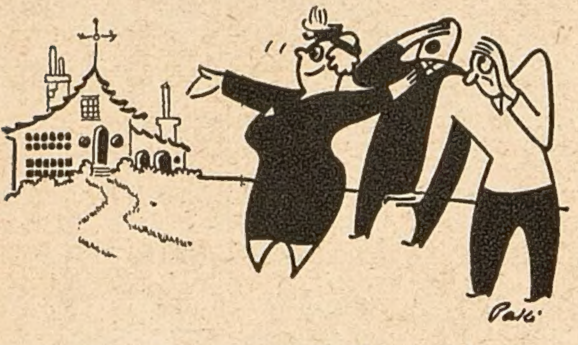
* It is not propaganda of any kind.—VOX POP EDITOR.

WOMEN ARE BEHIND ARCHITECTURAL HORRORS?

TRENTON, N. J.—Apropos of Princess Kropotkin's essay on old mansions (December 10 Liberty), I wish to observe that from time immemorial women have made jackasses out of men. Back of most follies committed by men there hovers a woman's shadow.

We never hear the name of a woman connected with these nightmare residences, as the little woman keeps in the background and nobly permits the man to bear the obloquy of the unfortunate lack of good taste. Only the architect or a few chosen acquaintances know that Mrs. Barnaby was the instigator of the architectural monstrosity that provided another horror for onlookers to shudder over.—*"Doc."*



THAT MATHEMATICAL TICKLER

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—In November 19 Liberty under Twenty Questions you gave the solution to this problem $(6\times7\times2-4\times0\times2-60\times.5=?)$ as equaling "nothing."

According to all rules of algebra, the answer is 54.

All mathematicians that I have submitted the problem to are agreed that your answer is incorrect and so many have asked me to write for your solution that I am taking the liberty to ask that you please send us your solution.

We are curious to see how you solve it.—*J. W. Garner.*

Others who disagreed with the answer to No. 3 were: Paul Hoornstra, Mount Pleasant, Mich.; Samuel Rees, Weirton, W. Va.; Robert Van Geffen, New Orleans, La.; E. Howard Potter, Jr., Auburn, R. I.; Lewis G. Coscia, Baltimore, Md.; J. H. Norris, Omaha, Neb.; George Y. Payzant, Savannah, Ga.; William R. Thompson, Great Bend, Kan.; Frank R. Stewart, St. Bernard, Ohio; B. E. Lundy, Arlington, Va.; Alva B. Gross, Spartanburg, S. C.; Paul O. Davis, Fairfield, Conn.; L. R. Page, Des Moines, Ia.; Dr. L. B. Dobben, Rockford, Mich.; Robert T. Scherer, Carney, Md.; Nelson F. Richards, Roanoke, Va.; E. E. Sanborn, Columbia, S. C.; F. Darwin Smith, Long Beach, Calif.; Hadley C. Galleher, Columbus, Ohio; Harris L. Emerson and Harold M. Anderson, Northfield, Minn.; Thomas Nevin, Atlanta, Ga.; J. H. Riendean, Cleveland, Ohio; Howard L. Howbridge, Belmont, N. Y.; Joe Norvell, Jackson, Tenn.; and Warren L. Shook, Voltaire, N. D.

[This question was a real mathematical tickler, and our Twenty Questions Editor explains it like this: "Six times seven times two minus four times *nothing* equals nothing more than nothing." And he says still further: "One may multiply, divide, or subtract from nothing till kingdom come, and the answer is still nothing."]

"PERFECT SOCIAL SECURITY—LIFE IMPRISONMENT"

BOSTON, MASS.—That was a dandy editorial, Perfect Social Security—Life Imprisonment (December 3 Liberty), but try and get away with it! I hope you do but can't imagine it.

A fine way to keep down the costs of relief would be to disfranchise the recipients; but the same kind of softness that allowed us idly to watch the Germans cross the Rhine and rearm may allow us to watch the recipients of government aid become more than half the nation. Should that happen, then nothing short of a sociological earthquake can save this country of ours—unless indeed all other countries are equally foolish.

And just a line of approval for the article by John J. Pelley, The Railroad Crises Can Be Solved, If—.

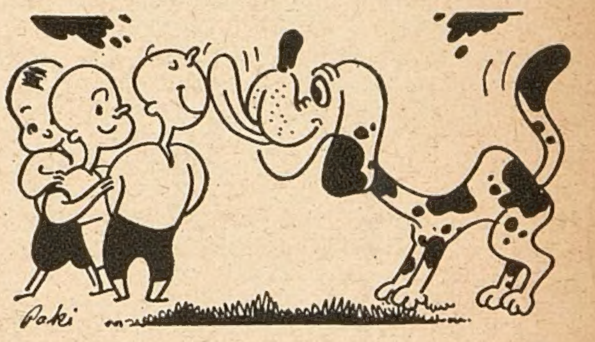
I have always said that the fundamental of prosperity in this country was the prosperity of the American railroads. The wage schedule is unquestionably too high among the brotherhoods but not for the track workers.

But fully as bad are the objectionable features of the working agreements, and on these he doesn't touch in his article. If he will examine these closely, he will find, I feel sure, that the more the railroad managements help the public the more the agreements penalize the railroads.—*W. S. Appleton.*

BOYS AND DOGS

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—With a bloodhound, police went hunting three youths who had escaped from the Arkansas Boys Reform School. Then they went hunting for the hound too. And what do you suppose happened?

The boys were seen later at Jefferson Springs. They had the bloodhound with them!—*Oliver Mahl.*



HUGH FULLERTON WAS RIGHT!

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Hugh Fullerton was right in his story about Ernie Lain of Rice. Lain certainly proved himself a "Whizzer" in the S. M. U. game.

Those fellows from Waco, Texas, that disagreed with Mr. Fullerton (December 10 Vox Pop) ought to hide their heads after Ernie Lain's performance against S. M. U.—*Jimmy Banker.*

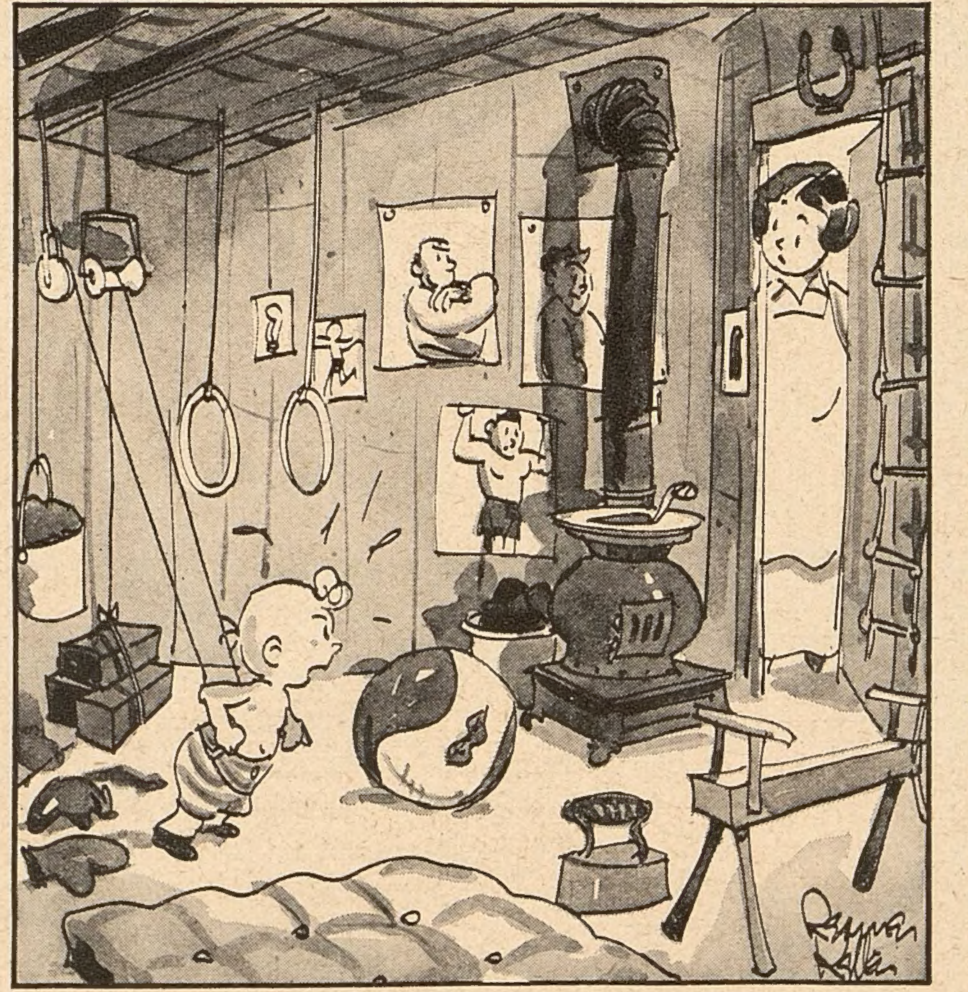
CORRIGAN NEVER WORKED ON THE EMSCO MONOPLANE

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Corrigan in his story in Liberty spoke of the Emsco Monoplane having so many gadgets on it that it went haywire before the flight started, and which necessitated calling the trip off. Now, Mr. Corrigan never worked on this plane at any time, and the reason for calling the flight off was due to adverse weather conditions and the advice of Dr. Kimball, who was in charge of the United States Weather Bureau in New York.

I received weather reports twice daily from Dr. Kimball for a period of forty-four days, and as it was getting late in the fall season, he advised postponing the flight until the following spring. However, the plane was flown back to the Pacific coast, and shortly thereafter I sold it to King Carol of Rumania, when it was sent to Europe on a contemplated distance record flight from Bucharest, Rumania, to Durban, South Africa.

As to the gadgets Mr. Corrigan speaks of, only the necessary instruments were installed for a distance flight, and the above is the reason that the flight was postponed, and nothing else. — *Theodore S. Lundgren.*

"HARDTACK"



"Gosh, ma, how am I goin' to get any exercise with you bothering me about emptying ashes and choppin' kindling all the time!"

Will the Catholic Church Be Hitler's Waterloo?

WITH THE increasing tension in world politics today, with growing distrust, especially between the United States and Germany, many of our correspondents write in to ask if nothing can halt the march of oppression against the rights of man. The danger to religious freedom is definitely on the minds of a great number of American citizens, as reflected in letters that come to our desk. The persecution of the Jews, the affronts to the Catholics, the general antagonism to all established faiths represented in the news dispatches from Germany are matters of profound concern. Some of our readers—many of them, in fact—have raised the question: Can Hitler conquer the Catholics? In answer to that question, Liberty offers next week one of the most interesting articles we have read in a long time—Will the Catholic Church Be Hitler's Waterloo? by Donald Furthman Wickets. This frank facing of a problem grave enough to embroil the world in war looks to its answer in a balanced and historical perspective. When Bismarck tried to humble Rome, he finished up with a stomachache from an enforced diet of humble pie. Hitler is familiar with that famous experiment and how it failed. Will he learn from the experience of his great predecessor in office? The article next week offers a profoundly stirring speculation. . . . THE TABLE OF CONTENTS next week groans, like the banquet board of Lucullus, under the weight of many good things. . . . For example, every woman is likely to shudder at the thought of being forty. Hell or Heaven After 40, by Margot Hulbert, faces this subject with daring candor. You can make your life after forty what you wish it to be, at least in part—and the most important part. Let this courageous woman tell you frankly how she has figured it out. . . . Another exciting feature, of an entirely different cast, is Walter Karig's WHAT ROOSEVELT WANTS AFTER 1940. Perhaps you think you know. In any case, we predict that Mr. Karig's answer will surprise you. . . . Before this we should have mentioned something about the exceptionally strong fiction in the new issue. . . . We especially recommend HELP WANTED, by Stanley Paul, and Rebellion in Eden, by Betty Blair Treynor. . . . We also recommend Fred Allhoff's fascinating true detective story, MARGARET BROWN'S STRANGE DEATH; Europe's Queer Notions About the U. S. A., by Frank Catalano; more stories about candidates for our Valor in Citizenship Medal, by Frederick L. Collins; I Fought the Best of Them, by that redoubtable slugger of bygone days, Tom Sharkey; Our Junior Police Force, by Commissioner Timilty, head of Boston's police force; and heaping portions of all the current serials. . . . "SENATOR FOOTLOOSE," our anonymous Washington correspondent, sends us another confidential memo: "This may sound like fiction, but, at a party at a well known writer's house after the Republican National Committee meeting, four eminent public figures got into an argument at which John Barleycorn was the fifth member of the quartet. All four agreed on just one thing: 'Roosevelt has no economic sense and couldn't run a hot-dog stand.' One official put up the theme that only a return to free capitalism can bring prosperity by converting into credits dormant and disproportionate bank deposits. A judge said, with heat, that, by Godfrey, it was either a return to free capitalism or plunging into totalitarianism, that there was no halfway or middle ground. Another judge opined there was a middle ground but it had not been found yet. A labor leader said he was against all isms, from capitalism to Communism, because subscription to an ism meant that you excluded the rights of all who did not agree. He said he favored essential democracy, but that he could get along with Republicans O. K. (joke). Said, too, that capital and labor should in all conscience get together; that it was an ideal not at all impracticable, but capital would never meet labor as an equal and had never made an agreement with labor yet that it didn't hire top-flight lawyers to provide with loopholes. Said he had talked with some of them and they got nowhere. To this two judges agreed, one jokingly saying, 'Labor should have written the Constitution.' The other official said it would have been a more conservative document than it is now. The labor leader wound up by saying the Republicans would elect a President in 1940, fail to meet current and new problems, and a more radical New Deal would be proposed in 1944. That left the old boys speechless." . . . IF YOU LIKE to laugh, take our advice and rush out and get a copy of "Now I'll Tell One"—Harry Hershfield's Book of Laughs. We think it is the finest collection of funny stories ever assembled.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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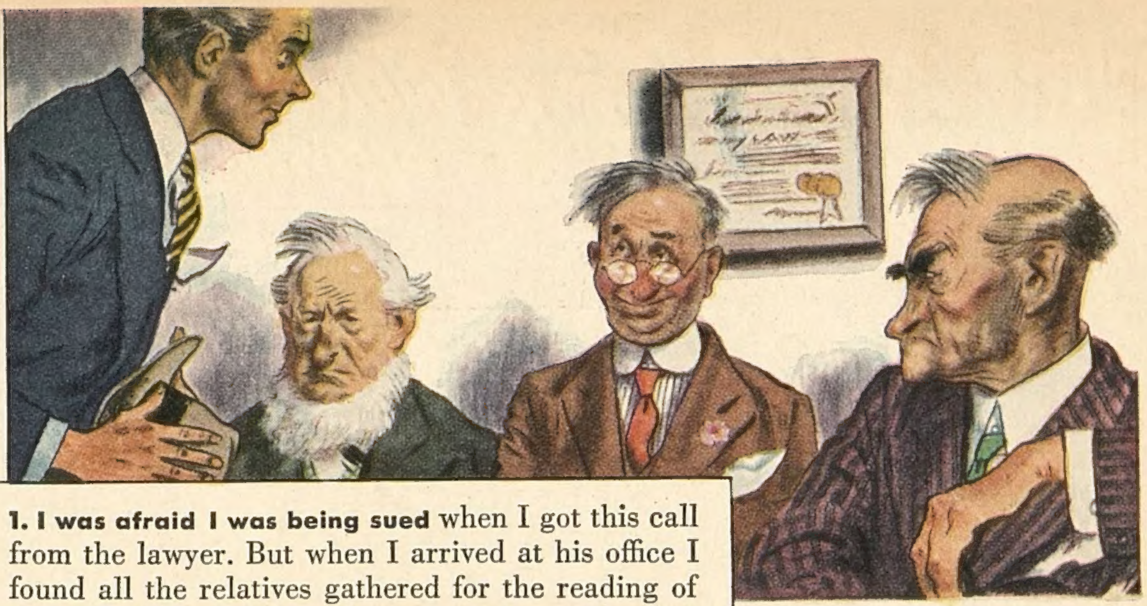
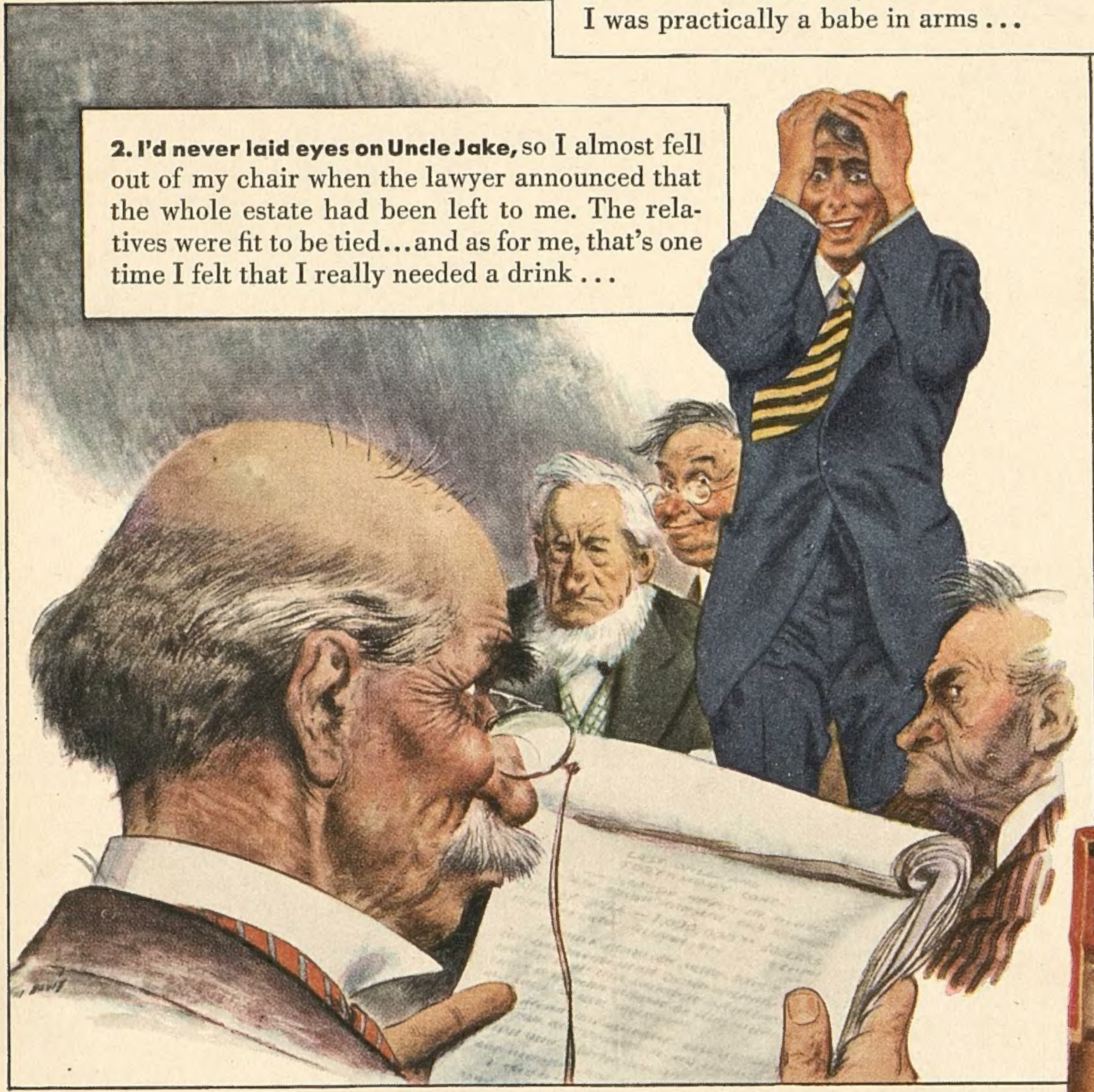
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY HUGH J. WARD

You could have floored me with a Feather!



1. I was afraid I was being sued when I got this call from the lawyer. But when I arrived at his office I found all the relatives gathered for the reading of the will of Uncle Jake, who went to Australia when I was practically a babe in arms . . .



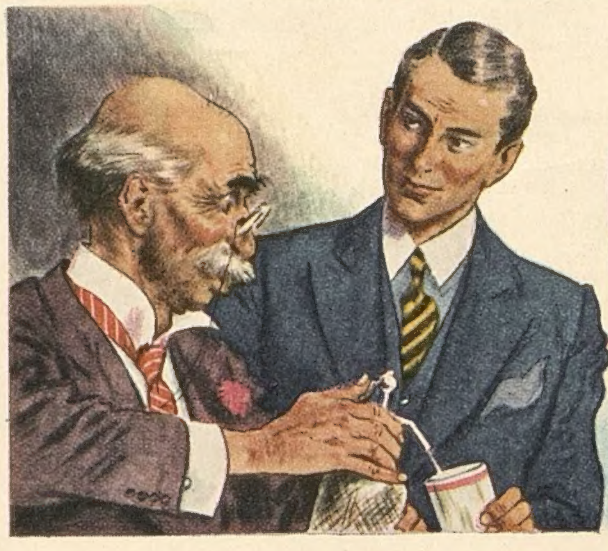
2. I'd never laid eyes on Uncle Jake, so I almost fell out of my chair when the lawyer announced that the whole estate had been left to me. The relatives were fit to be tied . . . and as for me, that's one time I felt that I really needed a drink . . .

Why there are "NO ROUGH EDGES" in Ten High

Until you taste TEN HIGH you'll find it hard to believe that any whiskey at any price can be so rich, yet be so gloriously light in body! But here's the secret:

TEN HIGH is distilled under doubly-careful control in the world's largest distillery. Nothing is left to chance—so nothing can possibly mar its perfectly balanced, light-bodied flavor. Check the difference yourself *today*. Ask for TEN HIGH at your favorite bar or liquor store. It costs no more to Double Your Enjoyment of your favorite drink! 90 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

3. The lawyer was an understanding old codger. "Here, Double Your Enjoyment," he says, handing me a glass. "Thanks," I says. "I guess now I can afford rich whiskey like this." Then he flabbergasts me again! "You always could," he says. "This is TEN HIGH, the whiskey with No Rough Edges and it costs less than you think." Imagine, discovering a swell, low-priced whiskey on the day you inherit a fortune!



Hiram Walker's
THE EMBLEM OF FINE WHISKEY
Hiram Walker's
TEN
A rich straight Bourbon whisky distilled by a firm founded in 1858
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY Hiram Walker & Sons Inc. Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.
90 PROOF
HIGH

Double your enjoyment with

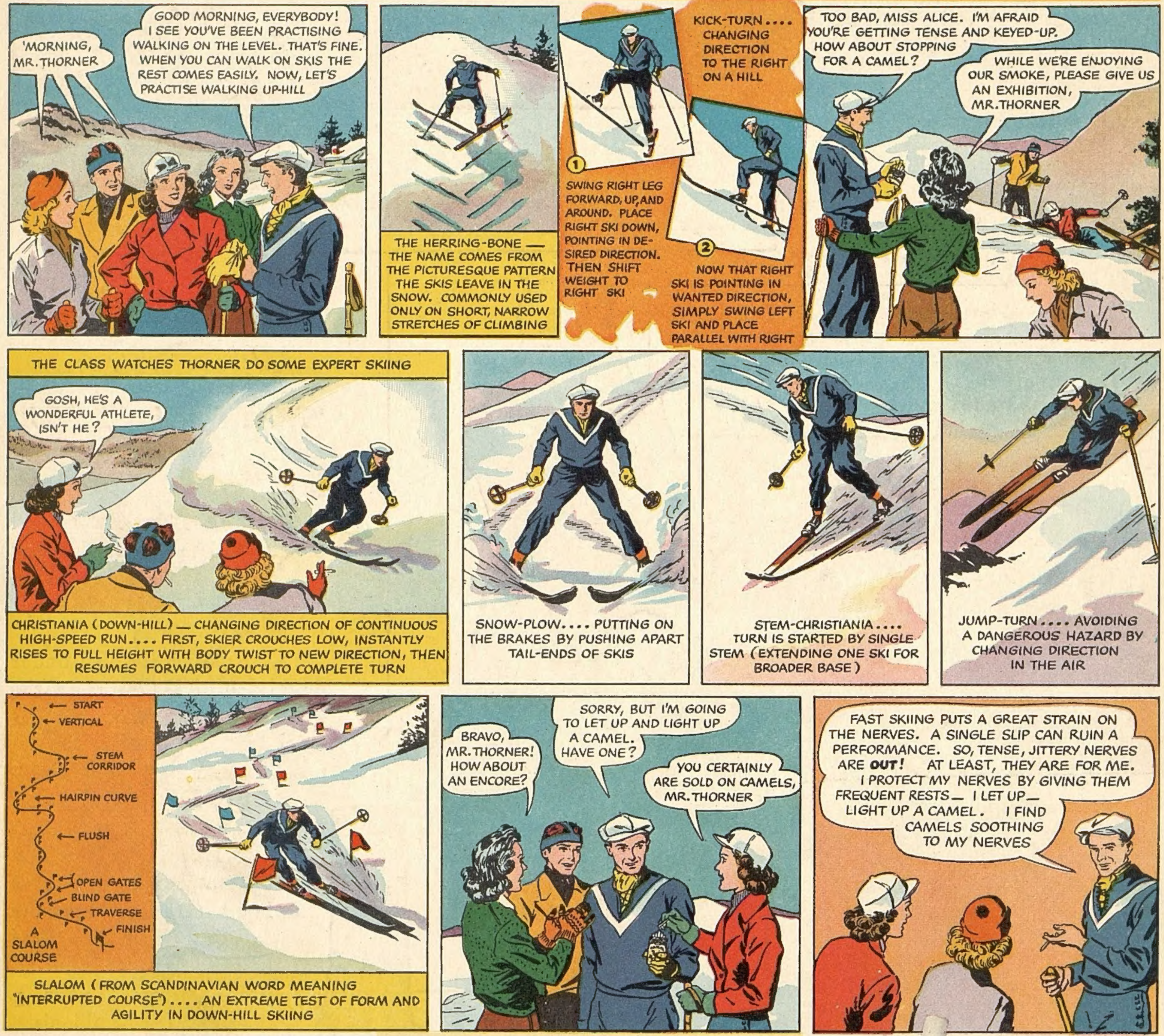
TEN HIGH

STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKEY

"SKIING IS WONDERFUL SPORT WHEN YOUR NERVES ARE PLEASANTLY AT EASE"

SAYS HANS THORNER, NATIONALLY KNOWN SWISS SKIING EXPERT

HANS THORNER, DIRECTOR MOUNT WASHINGTON (N.H.) SWISS SKIING SCHOOL


'MORNING, MR. THORNER
GOOD MORNING, EVERYBODY! I SEE YOU'VE BEEN PRACTISING WALKING ON THE LEVEL. THAT'S FINE. WHEN YOU CAN WALK ON SKIS THE REST COMES EASILY. NOW, LET'S PRACTISE WALKING UP-HILL
THE HERRING-BONE — THE NAME COMES FROM THE PICTURESQUE PATTERN THE SKIS LEAVE IN THE SNOW. COMMONLY USED ONLY ON SHORT, NARROW STRETCHES OF CLIMBING
KICK-TURN.... CHANGING DIRECTION TO THE RIGHT ON A HILL
① SWING RIGHT LEG FORWARD, UP, AND AROUND. PLACE RIGHT SKI DOWN, POINTING IN DESIRED DIRECTION. THEN SHIFT WEIGHT TO RIGHT SKI
② NOW THAT RIGHT SKI IS POINTING IN WANTED DIRECTION, SIMPLY SWING LEFT SKI AND PLACE PARALLEL WITH RIGHT
TOO BAD, MISS ALICE. I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GETTING TENSE AND KEYED-UP. HOW ABOUT STOPPING FOR A CAMEL?
WHILE WE'RE ENJOYING OUR SMOKE, PLEASE GIVE US AN EXHIBITION, MR. THORNER
THE CLASS WATCHES THORNER DO SOME EXPERT SKIING
GOSH, HE'S A WONDERFUL ATHLETE, ISN'T HE?
CHRISTIANIA (DOWN-HILL) — CHANGING DIRECTION OF CONTINUOUS HIGH-SPEED RUN.... FIRST, SKIER CROUCHES LOW, INSTANTLY RISES TO FULL HEIGHT WITH BODY TWIST TO NEW DIRECTION, THEN RESUMES FORWARD CROUCH TO COMPLETE TURN
SNOW-PLOW.... PUTTING ON THE BRAKES BY PUSHING APART TAIL-ENDS OF SKIS
STEM-CHRISTIANIA.... TURN IS STARTED BY SINGLE STEM (EXTENDING ONE SKI FOR BROADER BASE)
JUMP-TURN.... AVOIDING A DANGEROUS HAZARD BY CHANGING DIRECTION IN THE AIR
START
VERTICAL
STEM CORRIDOR
HAIRPIN CURVE
FLUSH
OPEN GATES
BLIND GATE
TRAVERSE
FINISH
A SLALOM COURSE
SLALOM (FROM SCANDINAVIAN WORD MEANING "INTERRUPTED COURSE").... AN EXTREME TEST OF FORM AND AGILITY IN DOWN-HILL SKIING
BRAVO, MR. THORNER! HOW ABOUT AN ENCORE?
SORRY, BUT I'M GOING TO LET UP AND LIGHT UP A CAMEL. HAVE ONE?
YOU CERTAINLY ARE SOLD ON CAMELS, MR. THORNER
FAST SKIING PUTS A GREAT STRAIN ON THE NERVES. A SINGLE SLIP CAN RUIN A PERFORMANCE. SO, TENSE, JITTERY NERVES ARE OUT! AT LEAST, THEY ARE FOR ME. I PROTECT MY NERVES BY GIVING THEM FREQUENT RESTS — I LET UP — LIGHT UP A CAMEL. I FIND CAMELS SOOTHING TO MY NERVES

(left) **THE BOSTON TERRIER,** shown relaxing, is often called the "American Gentleman" of dogdom. Yet at rough-and-tumble play he's a bundle of flashing energy. His nervous system is hair-trigger fast, sensitive—much like our own, but with an important *contrast.* Right in the midst of strenuous action the dog stops, calms down—*instinctively!* We humans are not so apt to favor our nerves. Too often, we grind on at a task, regardless of strain. Yet how well it pays to give your nerves *regular* rests. Do it the pleasant way—LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! In mildness—ripe, rich flavor—sheer comfort—Camels will add new pleasure to your smoking.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

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1939
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem,
N. C.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES